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Frontier Times

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November, 1974
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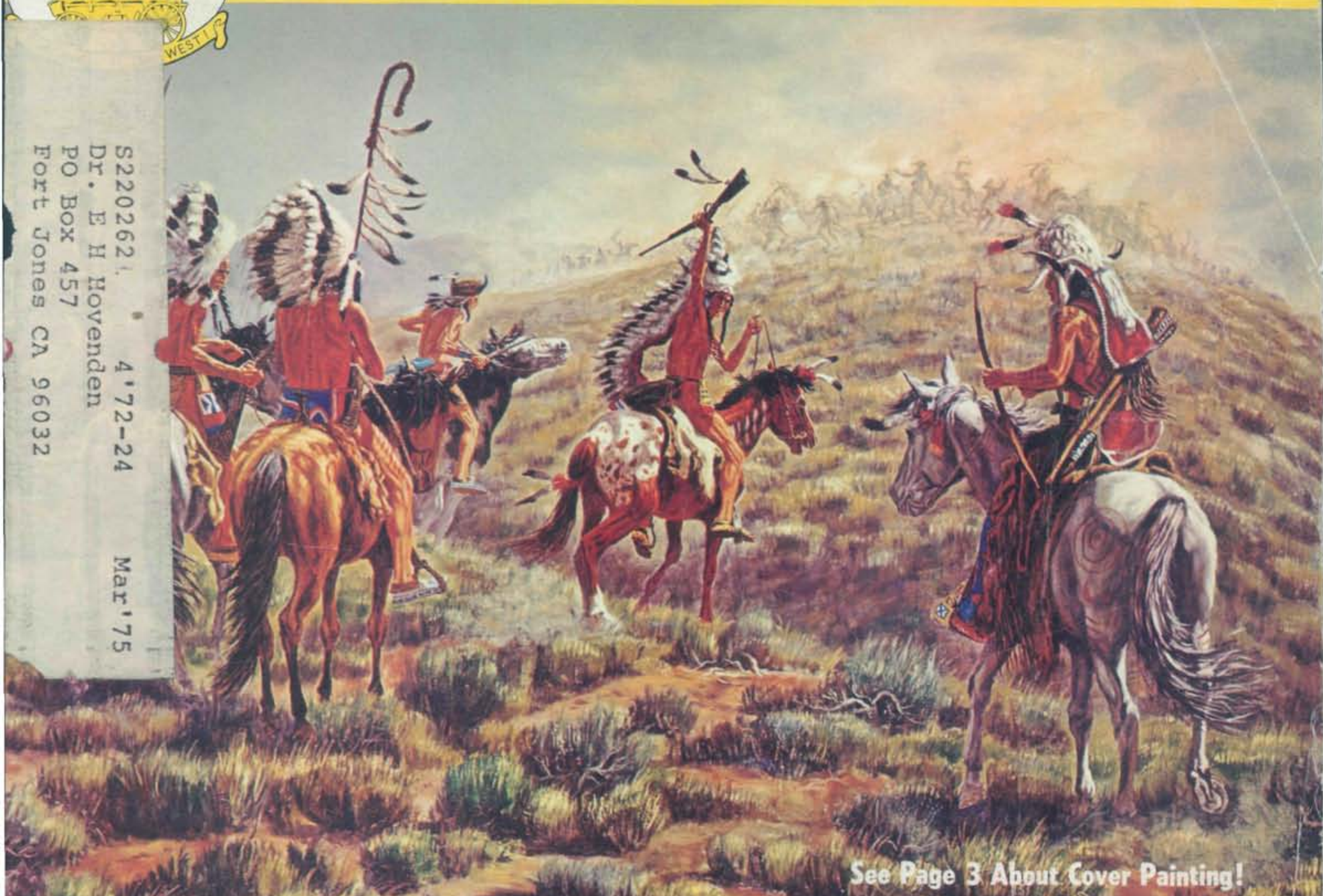

See Page 3 About Cover Painting!

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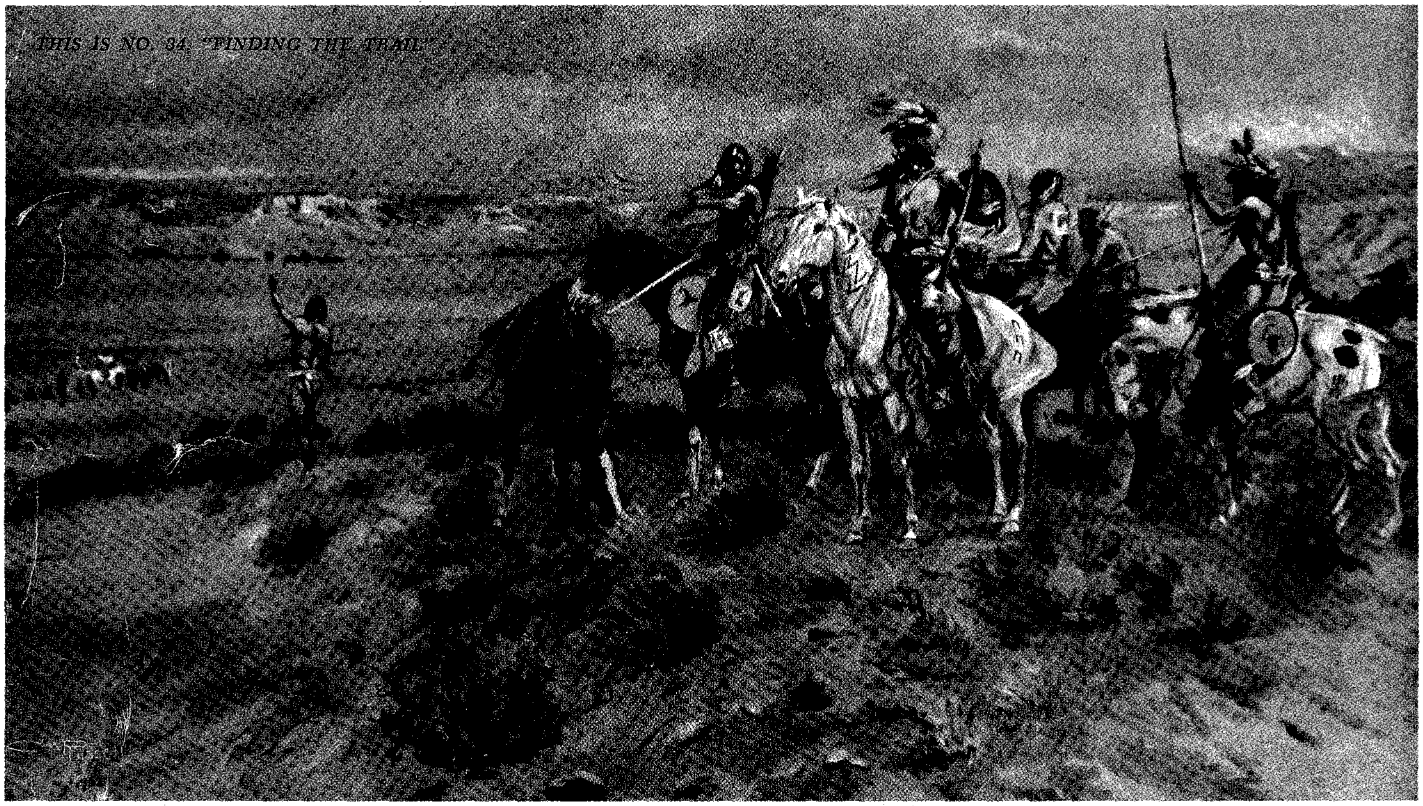
THIS IS NO. 34 "FINDING THE TRAIL"

CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

(PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH)

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—*Boss of the Trail Herd*, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 16x11½
15—At Close Quarters 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—*Cowboy Life*, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—*Deadline on the Range*, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—Buffalo on the Move, 16x11½
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—The Cattle Drive, 11½x16
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Invocation to the Sun, 11½x16
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Wagons Westward, 11½x16
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—*At the End of the Rope*, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Trail of the Iron Horse, 16x11½
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
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78—The Drifter, 16x11½
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—When the Trail Was Long Between Camps, 10½x6½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6 (Cartoon)
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—The Scouts (Indians) 9½x7
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Land of Good Hunting, 16x11½
106—The Fire Boat, 16x11½
107—Our Warriors Return, 16x11½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½

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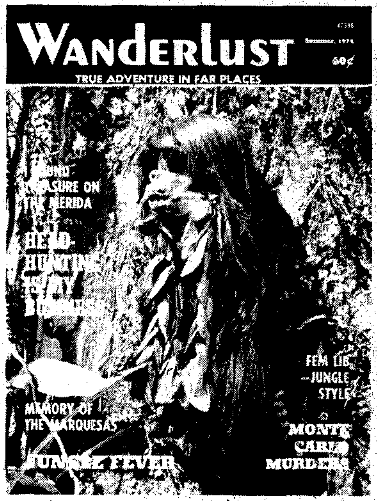

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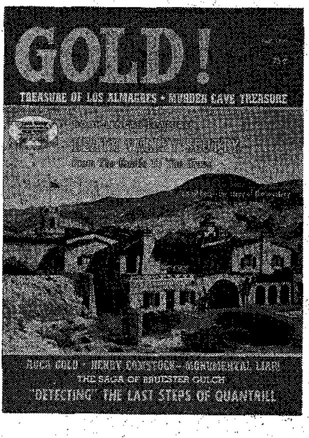
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FRONTIER TIMES

A Joe Small Publication

October-November, 1974
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New Series No. 92

True Stories of the West!

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of grea historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."— Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: Joe Grandee

In the cover painting, as Crazy Horse begins his ride toward the battle in the distance, he turns and gives a salute to the other major chiefs.

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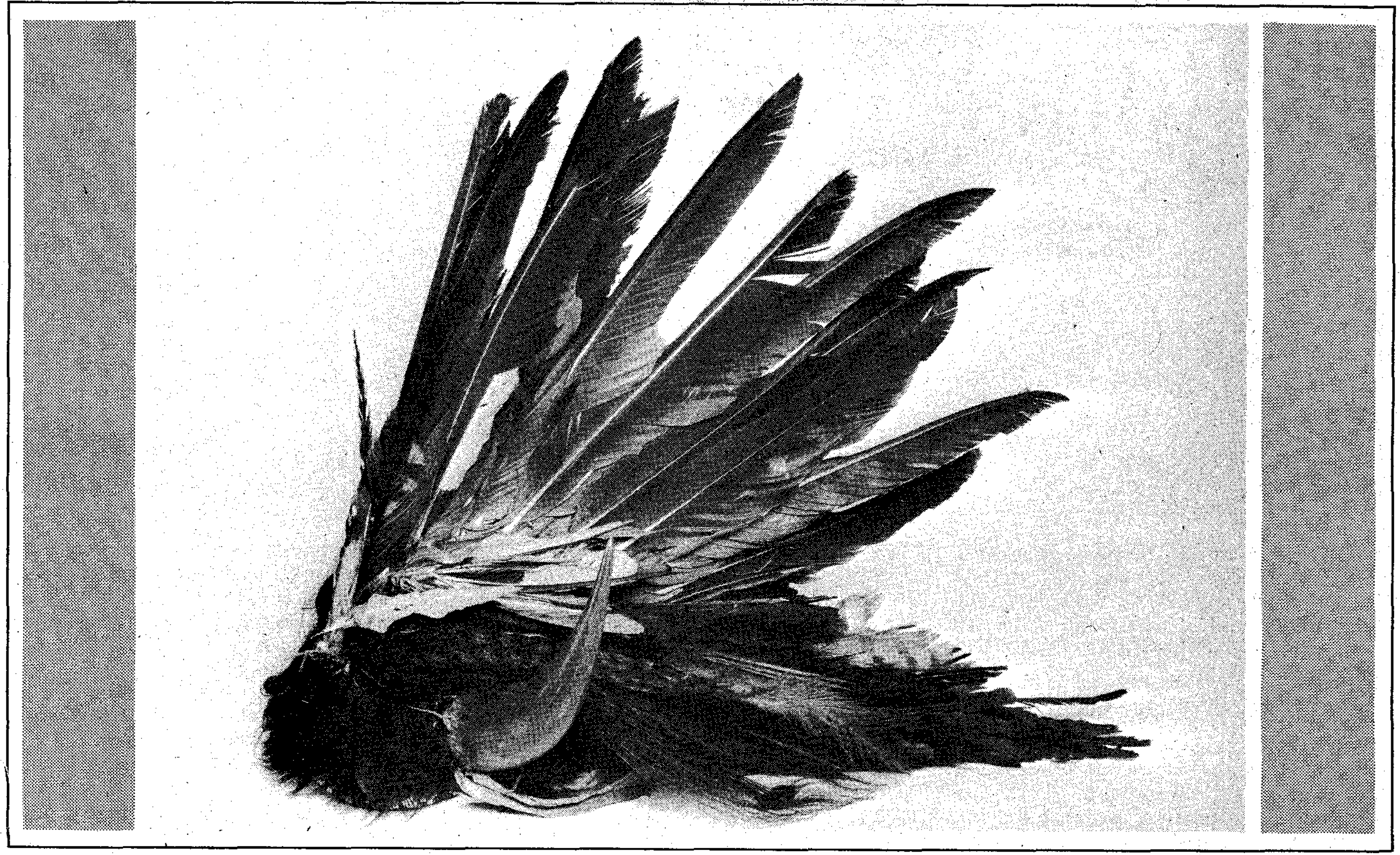
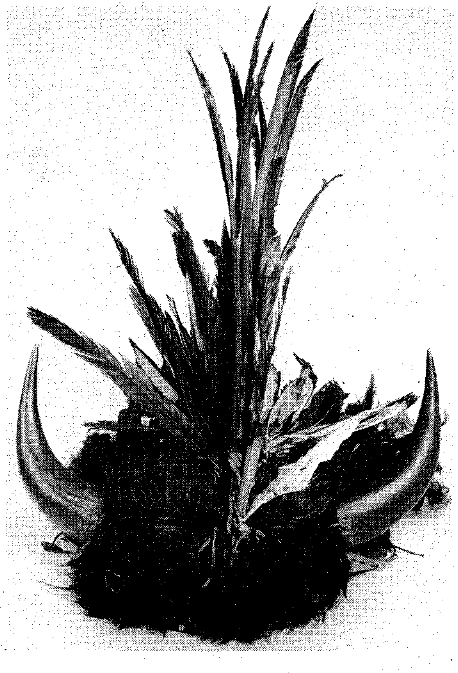


CHIEF CRAZY HORSE

THERE is little knowledge of the early life of the great Oglala Sioux war chief Tasunka-Witko, better known by his English name, Crazy Horse. He was a light-skinned, sandy-haired man slightly less than six feet tall. He was proud of his people and fiercely brave in battle, and his otherwise reserved nature added dignity to the man. His scalp shirt is among the rare items in the collection of the Nebraska State Historical Society.

The 1868 Treaty of Fort Laramie had established reservations for the Sioux and guaranteed the sanctity of certain hunting lands which included the Black Hills. The 1874 discovery of gold brought demands from white Americans to open the Black Hills. The Sioux refused to cede the area or allow the leasing of mineral rights to miners. While hunting buffalo during the winter of 1875-1876, the Sioux were ordered to return to the reservations. The time allowed made it impossible to notify the Sioux, let alone have them return to their reserves. On January 31, 1876 the United States Army was ordered into the field to crush the resistance of the Indians. While many bands returned to their reservations when the weather allowed, others were attacked and open warfare resulted.



The headdress of Chief Crazy Horse, standing 21" high, shown from the front (above) and a side view (top).

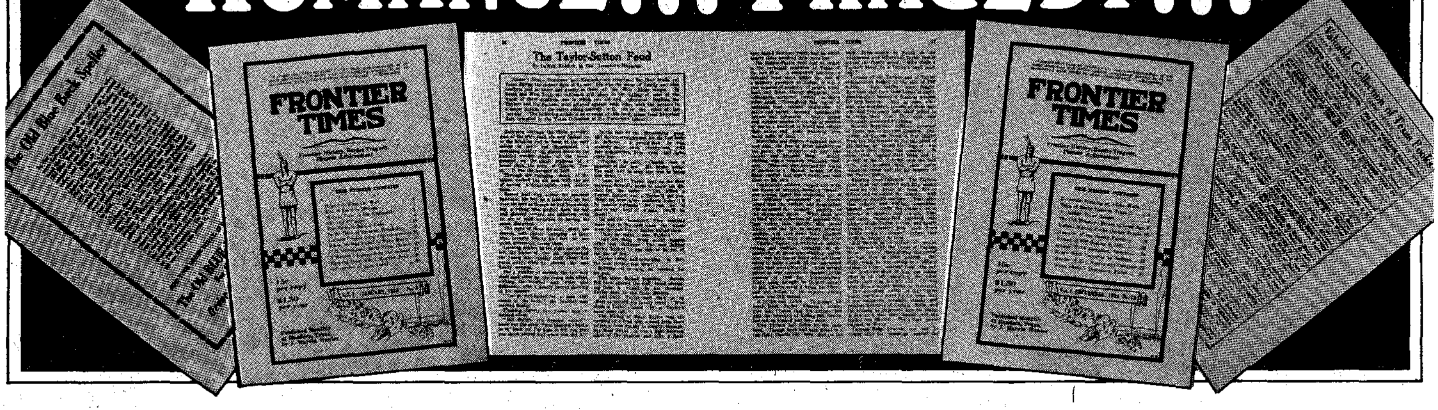
Photos Courtesy
Museum of the American Indian,
Heye Foundation

Throughout the conflict known as the Sioux War of 1876, Crazy Horse distinguished himself as a more than able warrior and military strategist. His engagement with General George Crook on June 17, 1876 at Rosebud Creek in Montana Territory was closely fought, but the Sioux claimed victory because they prevented Crook from uniting forces with Gen. Alfred Terry. Eight days later at Little Big Horn, Sioux and Cheyenne under the command of Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull annihilated five companies of the Seventh Cavalry led by Lieutenant Colonel George Custer, Terry's subordinate.

Following the defeat of Custer, the main body of Sioux broke into smaller bands and scattered throughout Montana and Dakota Territories while Sitting Bull moved to Canada. With the coming of winter, the supplies and strength of the U. S. Army began to tell. Crazy Horse, carrying Oglala women and children with him, tried to establish a winter camp but was constantly harassed by the troops of General Nelson Miles and Crook. Short on supplies, only the proud spirit and determination to be free sustained Crazy Horse's band. Finally, on May 6, 1877 Crazy Horse surrendered with his people at Red Cloud Agency near Fort Robinson.

The desire of Crazy Horse to return to the traditional way of life was evident, and he was kept under constant surveillance. He was asked to scout for the army during the expedition against Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce. His reply was misinterpreted as a refusal and he was ordered arrested. While being escorted to his guardhouse cell, Crazy Horse tried to escape and was mortally wounded. Following his death, the Omaha *Daily Herald* described the man in an editorial appearing September 7, 1877: "It is probably true that Crazy Horse was one of the most remarkable men of his remarkable race, and that as a warrior it is questionable whether it ever produced one greater."—*Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln.*

"ROMANCE... TRAGEDY..."



WHEN you think there are several *hundred thousand* people reading TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES and OLD WEST and only several *thousand* reading the old HUNTER'S FRONTIER TIMES, it sort of makes you feel sad. Well, it makes *me* feel sad, at least. As I have been saying, I am trying to tell you what this magazine is all about but really not trying to cram it down anybody's throat since I suppose we should be killing off some titles instead of adding. Anyway, I will bring you bits of the magazine started in 1923 which J. Marvin Hunter himself called "the only one of its kind in the world!" and I will add that it *still is*. Here is one of his "solid type" advertisements on the back page of his January, 1924 issue.

Romance and Tragedy

"FRONTIER TIMES . . . contains historical data that is not obtainable in our school histories. Teachers should use it in their class work by reading the sketches to their pupils, who will find them not only interesting, but instructive as well. We have no boasts to make of the typographical appearance of this little magazine, for we are doing our best to give it the appearance of a magazine printed forty or fifty years ago, but we do claim that its contents are of great value to the student of history and will prove of great aid in giving to the rising generation a knowledge of conditions that existed in Texas a half century ago.

"There is no country on the North American continent that can present a more romantic and tragic history than can Texas. From her earliest period there has clustered around her ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY. The records of her early explorers is a story of incomparable Romance, and Tragedy is stamped on every page. Texas was long regarded as a land of mystery, rich in LEGEND, TRADITION and FABLE. Many of her early explorers risked their lives in their persistent search for the fabulous gold of Gran Quivira and the Seven Hills of the Aijados.

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"The editor of FRONTIER TIMES is a native of Texas and knows personally many of the men and women whose sketches will appear in these columns. His father, John Warren Hunter, was one of the best historians the State ever produced, and at the time of his death, which occurred at San Angelo in 1915, he was engaged in compiling a history of Texas and her heroes. We have a vast accumulation of historical data—thrilling in the extreme—representing more than thirty-five years' effort in collecting, and we are still gathering data of this kind, which is to be used in FRONTIER TIMES, that our boys and girls, the old and young, and future generations may read of the exploits, adventures, undertakings, and heroic achievements of the men and women who made Texas the wonderful State she is today. Help us to perpetuate the history of our forefathers, that future generations may be inspired by the same lofty courage and patriotism.

"Subscribe today. Let your boys and girls read FRONTIER TIMES."

HOW ABOUT THAT for an ad? I thought I could write ads back in the days when our next day's meals depended on just how many subscriptions we got in. Sometimes I'd like to go right back to those days when we had a little bitty baby—three mouths to feed, as the old-timers like to put it, and very blamed little to do it on.

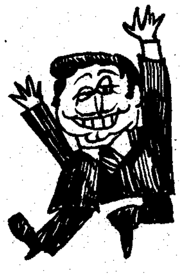
And, doggonit, we are having to work just as hard now to keep going, what with the peculiar things that are going on in the magazine business today. Ever wonder why such giants as LOOK, etc. went out of business? Did you ever suppose that big chain stores would charge 10% of the cover price (over and above what they regularly make on the sale of a magazine) just to handle your magazine? Call this crying or a statement of facts, but the average reader doesn't know that the old "bite" is being put on magazines this way. When you take out time and explain what is going on to a very intelligent person and see the look of astonishment on his face, you realize that only a very few people know how "lucky" a publisher is to stay in business today.

There are also rising prices, racketeering, outside hands in back pockets, all kinds of kickbacks, everything else in other businesses, but most companies have been able to survive by charging higher prices and absorbing all this stuff —a situation that I highly resent because it simply is not the free American enterprise that we have grown to love and believe is a part of our country. In the magazine business, when there is a pull on the purse string, it is only natural for people to buy food, clothes, housing and the necessities before buying something to read—so magazines are hit first and hardest.

We are hanging in there, though. The funny thing is, I never thought I would be writing in 1974 what I wrote in 1953—namely, that if you like our publications lend a hand, tell your neighbors, ask the manager of any store WHY you can't buy TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES, or OLD WEST there, if you once did. J. Marvin Hunter was doing this in 1923. My guess is that he had only a few hundred circulation and was trying to spread the word because he had something good. So from 1923 to 1974 there is still struggle—but for different reasons.

Oh well, nobody asked me to get into the magazine business and I have had years filled with wonderful experiences. If I am never rich in money, I am already rich in memories. So quit complaining, Joe Small, and cut this off by saying, "See you later!" —Hosstail.

TO HECK WITH BAD NEWS!



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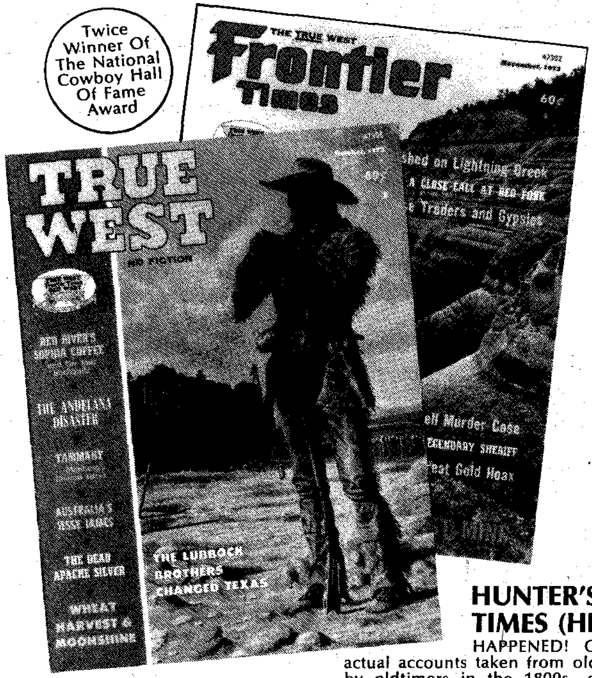

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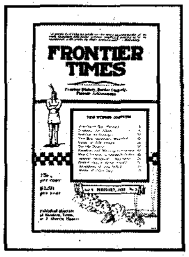

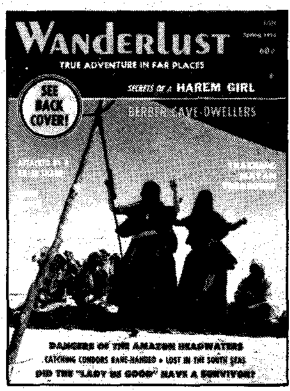

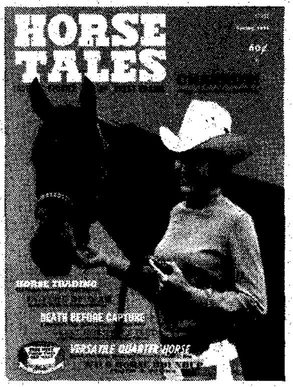

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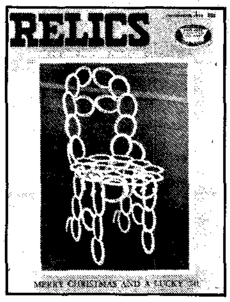

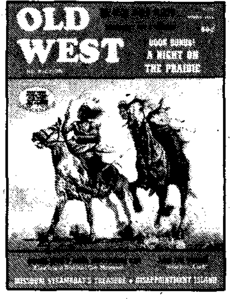

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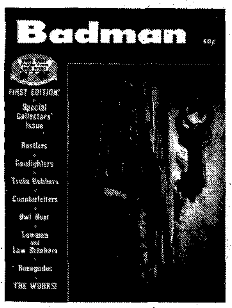


FRONTIER POST

Eugene Harold "Butch" Clark
1913-1974

So many times I have sat down to write you this letter, but I could not go through with it. My dear husband, Butch, is dead, never living to see the lovely way you presented his article. But he did live to see the check, and have fun about it. Cancer took him, and he was 65 days the last time in the hospital, going in when he lost the ability to walk. He was 61 years old.

He was such a brave cowboy, never complaining. He never once asked, "Why me, Lord?" He was a fun person to be around. We would have been married a quarter of a century this month. He was an outspoken person, but always kind. I used to hint to him to clothe things in diplomacy, but he did things the blunt but honest way, and yet he had no enemies.

His pallbearers were all cowboys, ranchers, rodeo hands, one a rodeo impresario; his funeral was beautiful. He was not a rodeo cowboy, but rodeo was one of his great loves, because animals, and particularly the horse, were favorites with him. He was skilled at breaking work horses, for they sensed his kindness and gentleness and they would work out their hearts for him. It was the same with race horses, who would run for him because they loved him.

Money never interested him, and he could have gone through life content with the clothes on his back and a saddle in his hand. Work he liked, and particularly where it was group work, as a roundup, or stringing a power line, or building missile sites—he loved the teamwork of work. He gave his all to the job.

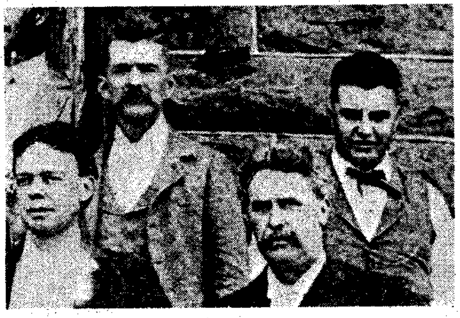
He had the cowboy's love of travel, and always wanted to see what was on the other side of the hill. Rolling grass was his idea of beautiful country, and especially if it stood belly high to a horse.

Butch had natural wit, and people were always quoting him. He had the ability to give people names which befitted them, making for such good humor. He loved life, and he lived it to the fullest while he could.—Helen Clark, 843 Lewishon Street, Butte, Monana 59701

Cataldo Mission Restoration

I find your magazines very interesting, especially your photographs of old buildings in the West.

Our firm is restoring the Cataldo Mission (1848) in Cataldo, Idaho. I would very much like to hear from anyone who has old photographs of the mission before 1930. This includes exterior as well as interior views and photographs of the numerous old buildings that once were situated around the mission. All photographs will be returned. Also, I would like to hear about any other material related to the mission.—Gerron S. Hite, Project Coordinator, Box 71, Cataldo, Idaho 83810



Red Lucas (arrow) identified in photo from July '74 FRONTIER TIMES page 7.

Red Lucas Photo Identified

Since my story on Red Lucas appeared in the July 1974 *Frontier Times*, I have had a letter from Leila C. Wilcox (the lady who cared for Red in her Muncie rest home) identifying Lucas as one of the "unidentifieds" in a photo that accompanied my story. Mrs. Wilcox believes that in the group photo of Oklahoma lawmen in 1895 on page 7, Red Lucas is the second man from the right in the second row, the fellow with the mustache standing behind Caleb Brooks' right shoulder. Lucas would have been about 37 years old in 1895 and the man in the photo might well be that age.

But I have more concrete evidence that convinces me Mrs. Wilcox is correct. The *Muskogee* (Okla.) *Sunday Phoenix and Times-Democrat* issue of June 2, 1974 carried a review of my story along with a photo of Lucas from their files. This Muskogee newspaper photo of Red was taken sometime apparently between 1950 and 1954 at an Old Settlers Reunion at an Oklahoma Free State Fair in Muskogee on which occasion Lucas was awarded a gold-headed cane for being the oldest old-timer in attendance. I have compared these two photos and despite the great number of years separating them, the undeniably strong resemblance between the two is immediately obvious and quite convincing.—John Wallace, 1801 West 35th, #C, Austin, Texas 78703

Hoe Ranch and Lincoln Pie

I am looking for information and maybe some of your readers can help me. My father, O. C. Hurtt, homesteaded in the Powder River, Wyoming country early in the 1900s. Mother's folks, Cristlers, did the same Now across old Powder from my uncle's place twenty-five miles east of Susser was the remains of the old Hoe Ranch. Can anyone tell me who owned it, when it ceased to operate, and why it was in operation during the Johnson County War. My uncle and my dad showed us where one of its punchers was ambushed.

Also, does anyone know what "Lincoln Pie" is? When my dad was batching, he wrote to my mother and said he was "making a Lincoln Pie." Probably it is a dried fruit concoction but maybe someone remembers.—Mrs. A. F. Mote, 1820 Lincoln Road East, Helena, Montana 59601

Till Goodan, Artist

I have an old picture which appears to be on canvas, painted by Till Goodan. The subject is Range Baby. Can anyone give me any information as to where to write about this? It is probably a reproduction but I would like to find out. Any information would be greatly appreciated.—Joyce Yates, Box 783, Okeechohee, Florida 33472

Now That I'm 75

Now that I am 75, I have many regrets:

I regret that for at least 70 years I have not eaten the proper food—none reminded me of 'wild hickory nuts'!

I regret that years ago I did not know about all these modern methods for brushing my teeth—I've already lost four!

I regret that I did not begin early with a tonic of iron—I might have become a singer on a great TV show!

I regret that I did not change oil each 1000 miles and change my spark plugs every 10,000—perhaps now we would not have such a transportation problem!

I regret that Mother did not know all about child psychology and the great teachings of Dr. Spock—maybe I would have learned about LOVE and lived in a happy paradise supported by loveable taxpayers!

I regret that as a child I was scolded for being bossy, and that my elders did not recognize potential leadership genius!

I regret that I have not been able to join all the religious, political and philosophical groups and organizations so that I might have enjoyed and sympathized with them through their trials, though no one has ever been able to explain their 'Whys.'

I regret that I will not pass this way again to hear the music and laughter, or even enjoy those confusing days.

And I regret—perhaps most of all—that as one of God's children I have done so much to annoy Him!—Howard Steiner, Route 1, Box 700-6, Tuolumne, California 95379

They're Still Fiddling in Texas!

Referring to "Fiddler on the Phone" by Eddie Trussell in the May 1974 issue, long live the old-time fiddlers! In Texas, around 1900 and later, they had contests to see who was the best. There was one who lived east of Houston, known as "Boss" Gravis who was much in demand for country dances. He used to take out for the San Jacinto River whenever the mood struck him and be gone for several weeks. He would come back with deer meat, which he sold.

I recall the names of a few tunes pop-

(Continued on page 42)

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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INDIAN WARRIOR

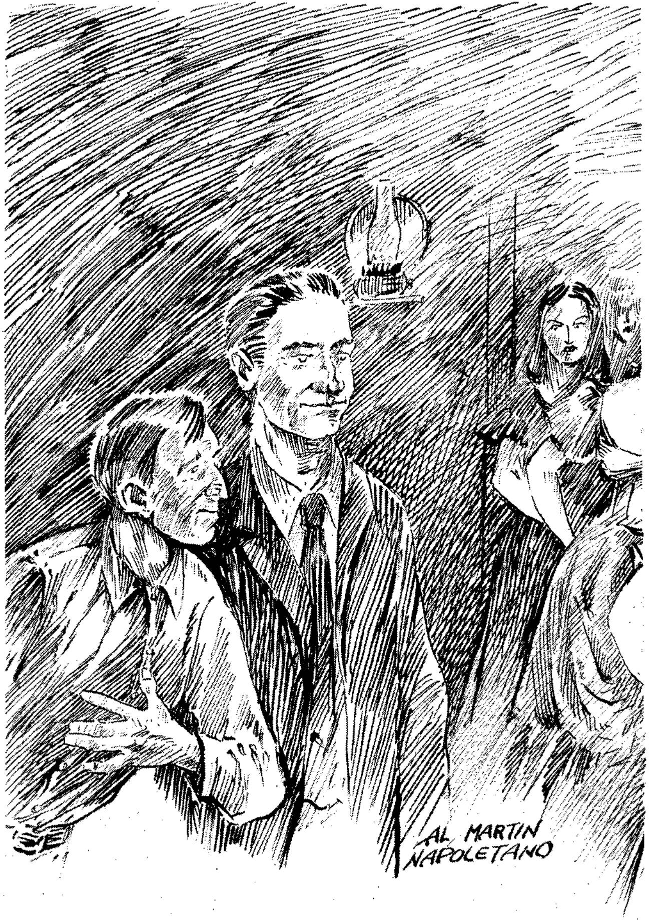
Dan L. Thrapp's *Victorio and the Mimbres Apaches* (University of Oklahoma Press, $9.95) is the first comprehensive account of Mimbres from their first encounter with the Americans in 1849 until their destruction in 1880. Unfortunately, Mimbres country in southwestern New Mexico included the Santa Rita Copper mines and the emigrant road to California. To complicate matters, a gold strike at Pinos Altos brought in miners and prospectors to usurp Mimbres lands. The Mimbres were peaceful but the miners were not and they raided the Apache camp killing several, wounding others and capturing fifteen women and children. The author makes a strong case against the Army for its brutality in dealing with the Mimbres and other Apaches. The Indians were deceived, entrapped and killed in violation of the treaties they had signed in good faith. Reservation stops at the Bosque Redondo, Tularosa, San Carlos did not help but Victorio finally won consent to return the Mimbres to their home country only to learn that he was to be arrested for theft and murder. He led his band on the warpath and for a year, 1879-80, he out-ran, out-foxed and out-fought the armies of this country and Mexico. When finally cornered in Mexico, Victorio was killed and only a remnant of the Mimbres was left. So much has been written about Mangas Coloradas, Geronimo and Cochise and their leadership of Apache bands that Victorio was virtually forgotten—yet he was their peer as a leader and their superior as a war chief. Fine photos, a bibliography and an index enhance the book. Recommended.

MODERN COWBOYS

Despite the generally held belief that the day of the cowboy is long since past there are, by far, more beef cattle in this country in this decade than ever before. As our population increased, the demand for beef kept pace and while modern management, equipment and methods have lightened the load there is still work for cowboys. Hard, dirty, disagreeable chores that the cowboy—the famed "Hired Hand on Horseback" of Gene Rhodes—must do. Bill Surface, a professional writer, spent a spring and summer on a big ranch in the dry country west of the Pecos in Texas. His account, *Roundup at the Double Diamond* (Houghton Mifflin, $6.95) tells the story of the American Cowboy today. To be sure, chores would differ in various sections of the West where the big spreads are found but the basic jobs of riding, roping, branding, and shipping remain the same. The author observed the spring work on Double Diamond (the only thing fictitious about it is the name) and followed the fall roundup that involved hiring a number of temporary hands. There is no indication that Surface participated in the work but he was a good observer with a keen ear for the earthy cowboy talk. He sought information and he got it. The result is good salty reading about present-day cowboys, the horses they rode, the cattle they worked and their opinions and attitudes. The illustrations by Larry Bjorklund complement the text. Recommended.

(Continued on page 49)

RUCKUS OVER A FRIED BOBCAT DINNER



BY WALT COBURN

Photo Courtesy Author

Illustrations by Al Martin Napoletano

—A Ringbone Sam battle-of-the-century story!

EVERY YEAR after the last fall shipment of beef to the Chicago market, Ringbone Sam would draw his time for what wages he had coming at the Phillips ranch, saddle his private horse, load his roundup bed on an extra horse, and head for town.

"This time for sure," the big, rawboned cowpuncher would solemnly promise, "I aim to winter my saddle. Get me a job tendin' bar, with a little tinhorn gamblin' on the side. Spur straps let out to the town hole when I sashay down the sidewalk of the main drag. 'Yonder struts Ol' Sportin' Life hisself!' the town gals will whisper to one another as they make goo-goo eyes at yours truly. I'll be the fair-haired boy at Big Casino's dance hall, cuttin' fancy pigeon wings, with Piano Jim ticklin' the ivories."

Thus spoke Ringbone Sam, bronc rider, top hand, straw-boss in charge of the cattle at the large B. D. Phillips cattle and sheep outfit, and he snapped his galuses and told it scary to one and all. Big as a skinned mule, good-natured and fun loving, with a penchant for playing practical jokes, he was somewhat of a braggart who had a habit of living up to his boastfulness. To sum it up, Ringbone Sam was a character who was becoming somewhat legendary on the range and in the various cowtowns of Malta, Glasgow, Chinook and Havre, the railroad shipping points along that section known as the Highline.

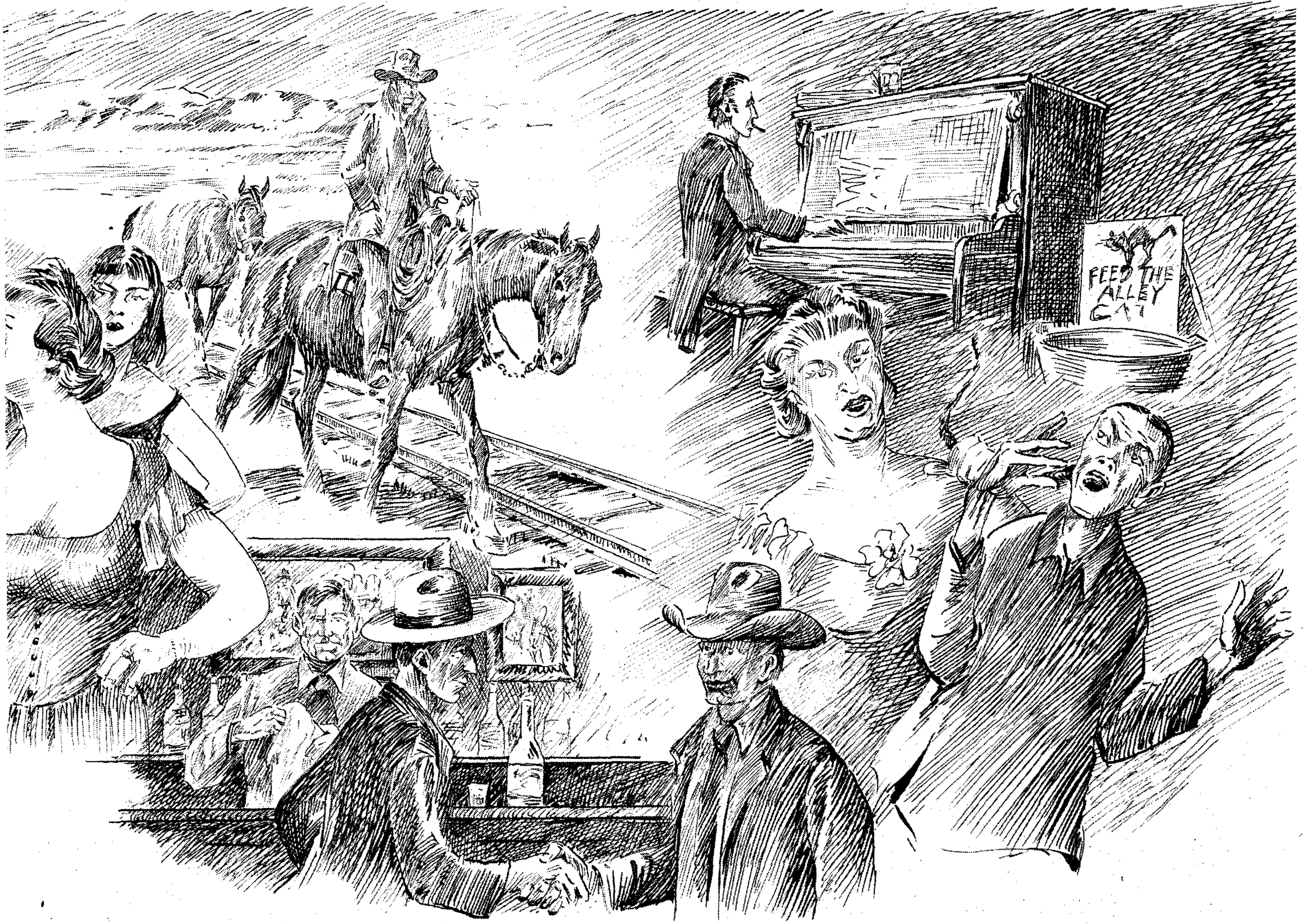
The mining camps and the cowtowns of Landusky and Zortman in the Little Rockies country of northeastern Montana on more than a few occasions had heard the raucous sound of Ringbone Sam's cowboy holler as he bucked his horse down the streets—the echo of his belly laugh—the sound of his voice as he bought drinks for the house at the various saloons, squandering his hard-earned pay with prodigal hand as most cowboys in town were wont to do.

He was an easy-going cowhand drunk or sober—never the quarrelsome type. But when crowded into a rough-and-tumble ruckus, Ringbone Sam could more than take his own part. Once pushed into battle it was 'come one, come all,' as he fought with flailing fists, and a grin plastered on his battered face. He took it as a sort of game and survival of the fittest. Win, lose or draw, the lanky Ringbone Sam would shake hands at the end of the fight, buy drinks for the house, and never hold a grudge. He was wont to say that he hadn't an enemy in the wide world, and he meant it.

The Little Rockies, with badlands that extended to the Missouri River, was reputed to be the north end of the old Outlaw Trail that led south to the Hole in the Wall country, Brown's Hole, Robbers' Roost, and on into New Mexico and south across the Mexican border. Gunslingers from the Johnson County War in Wyoming had drifted into the badlands of the Little Rockies under assumed names to hire out as cowhands to the big outfits, along with cowpuncher outlaws from the Hole in the Wall Gang and the Wild Bunch. They thumbed their collective outlaw noses at the Pinkerton range detectives and bounty hunters who prowled their trail.

In his day Ringbone Sam had met more than a few of those tough, gun-toting cowhands with a bounty on their hides—worked with them on the roundups—drunk with them in the saloons, yet he was not one of them and his name was never listed among the members of the outlaw gangs. Nor was he ever a member of the lesser renegade horse thieves and cattle rustlers such as Long George Francis, Dutch Henry, and the like.

It was not a part of the nature of Ringbone Sam Frazier to travel the outlaw trail in any way, shape or form. He was simply one of the many restless cowboys who had drifted into Montana, and had finally come to the end of his long trail when he hired out to the B. D. Phillips cattle and sheep outfit in Phillips County. It was Mr. Phillips who hung the nickname of Ringbone on the lanky,



rawboned cowhand, after Sam Frazier had broken an ankle that left him with a slight limp to his swaggering gait. Many never knew his last name, and he was habitually known only as Ringbone Sam. Thus he lived out his own legend in his own inimitable fashion.

IT WAS the first week in October, with a little snow on the ground giving a sign of early winter, when Ringbone Sam, leading his bed horse, rode into Malta. Timing his arrival for mid-afternoon, he rode across the railway tracks west of the Great Northern depot, headed for Claude Moore's livery barn next door to Phil Castleberg's Malta Hotel and its Annex Saloon on old Main Street, on the north side.

At that time (around 1904) the south side of Malta, later destined to be the business district along Front Street, was in its infancy. A two-storied brick building housed Max Sklower's brand new Great Northern Hotel and Trafton's new brick mercantile store. First State Bank, organized in 1903, had opened for business. But Malta's south side, across the tracks, was too sedate and high-toned for the taste of the reckless, don't-give-a-damn nature of a cowboy in town to celebrate. The old north side was Ringbone Sam's stomping ground, with its row of saloons, restaurants, Pete Clark's barber shop, the Malta Mercantile, and Big Casino's dance hall across the alley.

Ringbone Sam had it made when he left his two horses at the livery barn. "Let that hull of mine gather dust and cobwebs, Claude," he told the barn man. "I aim to winter in town."

Leaving his saddle, chaps and bedroll in the saddle room, the cowboy swaggered into the lobby of the Malta Hotel and signed his name with a flourish on the register. "I aim to stay here for a few days, Phil," he announced importantly as Mr. Castleberg cashed his check, "until I locate a cabin to shack up in for the winter. Mebbe find some cowpuncher to share the rent."

Ringbone Sam, after a few drinks at the Annex Saloon, let Little Mac at the Malta Mercantile outfit him with new underwear and sox, a blue flannel shirt, a pair of Pendleton wool riding pants, a corduroy jacket and a new Stetson hat. Emerging an hour later from the barber shop, bathed, barbered and dressed up, he swaggered into Puck Powell's Saloon, a handsome figure of a range dude.

"Long time no see, Ringbone," the genial, ruddy-faced Puck greeted him from behind the bar, as he set out a bottle and a couple of shot glasses to buy the customary first drink on the house.

They were on their third or fourth drink when Frank Howe, top cowhand for the Circle C outfit, sauntered in. Howe had just returned from Chicago where he had gone with the last trainload of beef steers.

"I'm holed up at the White House," Howe said. The White House was a white frame cottage owned by the Circle C at the far end of Main Street, set back from the street a-ways and located on a fenced-in homestead that extended to the banks of Milk River. It had two bedrooms, a front sitting room, adjoining kitchen, and a privy in the back yard. The White House was used by the men of the Coburn family, by the Circle C foreman Horace Brewster, and a few top hands when in town for a few days. It was strictly a man's house and littered with men's trappings. There were brass beds with mattresses, where a cowhand could use his own roundup bedroll, battered chests of drawers, wash stands with huge crockery water pitchers, wash bowls and slop jars, brass cuspidors and lard-pail ash trays, a caddy of Bull Durham on the table in the front room, a bottle of whiskey in a kitchen cupboard, canned goods, cooking utensils, dishes, a roundup stove, and spare clothing stashed in closets. As a matter of fact, the White House was something akin to a boar's nest that was always badly in need of swamping out.

FRANK HOWE was dressed up in a blue serge suit with double-breasted coat, white, soft-collared shirt, and a four-in-hand red necktie. His boots were freshly shined and a new Stetson slanted on his head at the proper angle. He was a well built, husky six-footer, with a nose that had been broken and badly set years before, giving his face the battered look of a meal-ticket pug. But his wide-lipped mouth had a humorous hint of a smile, and there was a hidden chuckle in his husky voice.

"Saved my summer wages," Ringbone Sam was saying. "Aim to winter in town. Stayin' at the Malta till I find me a cabin to batch in."

Frank Howe grinned approval as he downed his drink. Ringbone Sam's boastful words, while galling as rubbing salt into a raw wound on account of the big Circle C straw boss had returned from Chicago badly bent financially, held a certain significance. If Howe had been a bird dog he would have been sniffing the air with pointed tail.

"How's about throwin' in with me at the White House, Ringbone?" Howe made it sound loose and careless, as he motioned Puck that the next round was on him.

"Ain't the White House reserved for only Circle C men?" Ringbone Sam asked warily.

"Hell's bells, Ringbone, I've been working for the Circle C so long I'm practically one of the Coburn family. If I want to invite a man to share the White House with me, nobody's goin' to set up a holler." There was no doubting the hearty sincerity of Howe's welcome. That all but penniless cowhand was practically desperate.

By nightfall Ringbone Sam was located and established, his tarp-covered roundup bed spread out on one of the brass beds. After a few drinks the two cowhands decided to have supper at the T Bone, where the giant Hambone Negro, a roundup cook, was presiding in the kitchen, resplendent in a white chef's cap cocked at an angle, and a spotless flour-sack apron tied around his ample girth. As he recognized Ringbone Sam and Frank Howe sitting straddle of stools at the long lunch counter, he walked over and confided, "Big Casino and her gals will be showin' up directly. They'd be proud to have you two handsome cowboys join them in the private room." Hambone's grin twisted to one side. "Providin' the pangs of starvation can hold off for a while."

"Never let it be said," Ringbone remarked, "that the wrinkles in this cowhand's belly were stronger than the natural-born instincts of a true gentleman. Me and my partner will hang the rattle till the cows come home. Lope into Cavanaugh's Saloon next door, Howe, and fetch back a few bottles of wine." He took a fistful of crumpled money from his pocket and peeled off a couple of ten-dollar bills. When he shoved them at the big straw boss, Frank Howe muttered a feeble protest.

"It's on ol' Ringbone Sam, Howe. That trip to Chicago is bound to leave you a little hard up for ready cash. So rattle your hocks and hurry back, while I wash up and slick down the cowlick in my raven locks."

It was evident that Ringbone Sam was feeling no pain as he swaggered with a slight limp through the swinging door into the kitchen, whistling and grinning.

Less than half an hour later the statuesque Big Casino led her soiled doves through the ladies entrance into the private dining room at the T Bone. There was a look of surprise in her large blue eyes when she saw Ringbone Sam and Frank Howe sitting at the table. Both tipsy cowhands rose to their feet in somewhat unsteady unison, bowing stiffly from the waist, a solemn look on their barbered faces that were a little flushed from a mixture of excitement, booze, and heat from the room's pot-bellied stove.

Big Casino eyed the wine and the two dressed up cowhands with suspicion that was based on past performances of having been a victim of Ringbone Sam's practical jokes, figuring in her mind that when the evening festivities ended and the bill was totaled, she would be stuck for the damages. It had happened before and Big Casino knew full well it could happen again—because it was widely known amongst the sporting life, the saloon owners, bartenders and tinhorn gamblers, that the natural blonde descendant of the Scandinavian Vikings was a sucker for any hard-luck story that concerned cowpunchers. And, although Big Casino would have hotly denied it, the prankster Ringbone Sam was her favorite in spite of the fact that he was forever thinking up some practical joke to play on her and her girls. More than once when the Madam had lost her temper Ringbone Sam had tucked his bushy tail between his legs and run like a scared coyote, quitting the country like a horse thief with a bounty on his hide.

Big Casino had a double-barreled, sawed-off 12-gauge shotgun loaded with birdshot and rock salt, a gift from some badge polisher admirer, but as she had an ingrained fear of firearms of any description, she kept the loaded gun in an old Saratoga trunk in her bedroom. A blacksnake bullwhip, given to her by the nighthawk, Humpy Jack Davis, was more to her liking, and it hung from deer antlers on the back bar in the dance hall.

In regard to the status of Big Casino's parlor house and dance hall, and the unwritten law governing the red light district of the cowtown of Malta, Montana, the cardinal rule of "No Pimps Allowed" was strictly enforced by the law and by Big Casino. The only man connected with Big Casino was a tall, cadaverous, black-clad professor, Piano Jim, her common-law husband.

It was Big Casino's boast that every dollar her girls made in the dance hall or crib rooms belonged to them. Each girl paid a small weekly rent for her room. They ate all meals at either the T Bone Cafe or the Chinaman's, where each girl had her own meal ticket. A weekly medical examination cost each girl a nominal sum. There was also a strict rule on the part of Big Casino in regard to their ladylike behavior and cleanliness both on the dance floor and in public. No rough stuff or profane language was permitted. Big Casino was satisfied with the money she took in for drinks.

DESPITE Big Casino's haunting suspicion that Ringbone Sam, aided and abetted by the fun-loving Frank Howe, was up to some shenanigans, she welcomed them both with a genuine smile that touched her eyes.

"As I live and breathe," Big Casino said in her soft, husky voice. "Take a look, girls! The two handsomest cowboys in the cow country, dressed up like a pair of range dudes! Buying wine like a couple of drummers! The one and only Ringbone Sam, and thanks be he ain't twins! And Frank Howe from the Circle C, just back from the big city of Chicago!" Then turning, she said, "Meet a couple of new girls, gentlemen, Rosita Chavez from El Paso; Goldie Brown from Reno, Nevada."

As if on signal Piano Jim appeared in the doorway, a faint smile on his hollow-cheeked face, his pale eyes sizing up the situation as a tinhorn gambler sizes up a pair of suckers. A hand-rolled cigarette, made of his own special mixture of Virginia tobacco and marijuana that was shipped to him in sealed pound tins from Juarez, Mexico, hung from the corner of his mouth.

"Ringbone Sam is the hot sport buying the wine, Professor," Big Casino said, giving him a sidelong look that had a special, secret meaning, "but the fried chicken supper goes on our meal tickets. *Dutch treat.*" She gave Ringbone Sam a caustic glance. "It's been like that," Big Casino explained to the new girls, "since this long-eared joker treated me and my girls to a fried rabbit dinner a year ago at the Chinaman's. I get nauseated every time I think of it."

"No average in bringing it up now," Ringbone Sam grinned uncomfortably. "It was only a big josh."

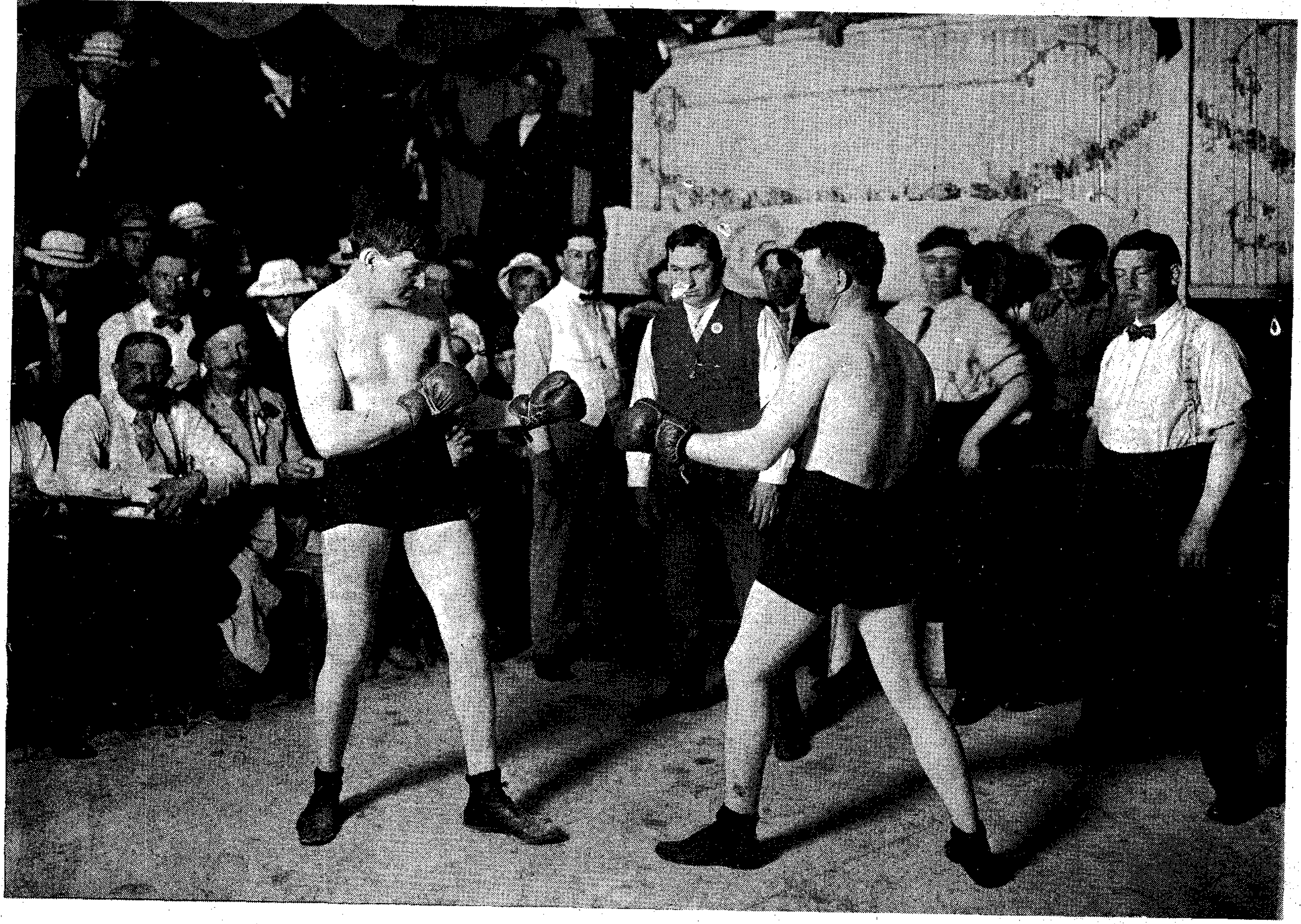
"Ringbone Sam," Big Casino said, her voice a little grim, "has a warped sense of humor, girls. Only for the fact that I'm a poor shot with a sawed-off shotgun, this character would be pushing up the daisies."

THE STORY of that fried rabbit dinner had become a part of the legend of Ringbone Sam and his penchant for practical jokes. Sing Fat, the pigtailed Chinaman who owned the restaurant, had done himself proud that winter evening during the Christmas holidays. The crisp fried rabbit and all the trimmings had made quite a banquet, and with wine they had toasted their proud and smiling host, Ringbone Sam.

It was after everyone had dined and wined and returned to the dance hall that Big Casino and her girls got the horrible suspicion that Ringbone Sam had made them the victim of one of his jokes. Tacked to the outer door of the dance hall was a fresh hide of a bobcat that had for the past weeks been raiding the chicken coops and hen houses. The town residents who owned chickens, including the restaurant owners, had offered a $25 bounty for the night-prowling bobcat. Below the fresh hide was a crudely printed notice, which read:

KILLED BY RINGBONE SAM. ENJOY A FRIED WILD BOBCAT DINNER AT SING FAT'S TONIGHT!

Courtesy John Town, Bridger, Montana



Boxing match in Shorty Young's honky-tonk, Havre, Montana, 1907.

Even as Big Casino and her fur-coated girls stared in shock at the crudely printed lettering, the hushed silence of the frosty night was shattered by Ringbone Sam's hearty laughter coming from some hidden place in the dark alleyway.

Big Casino had run to her room, snatched the sawed-off shotgun from the old trunk, and run back out into the dark alley. The blast of both barrels, loud as the roar of a cannon, drowned out Ringbone Sam's laughter. Before the last echoes of the gun blast died, Big Casino had charged into the kitchen of the Chinaman's restaurant and grabbed the unfortunate Sing Fat by his long queue. Her customary polite language was blistered by un-ladylike profanity.

"Fried chicken, hell! You pigtailed heathen! Fried wild bobcat was what you fed us!"

"Labbie! Labbie!" the Chinaman screamed. "Not wild bobcat, Labbie!"

Then the deep, sonorous voice of Piano Jim was heard as he intervened, prying Big Casino's clutching hands free and explaining that the cook was telling the truth— that it had been a young Belgian hare that Sing Fat had served. And he, the Professor, had seen the crate of Belgian hares and had been in the kitchen when Sing Fat had prepared the food.

Piano Jim had a somewhat busy time of it for the next half hour or so, quieting down Big Casino and half dozen miserable and angry girls.

Meanwhile Ringbone Sam had boarded the westbound Oriental Limited to spend the Christmas holidays at Shorty Young's honky-tonk at Havre, there to relate the big joke he had played on Big Casino. For a long time the cowboy was *persona non grata* at Big Casino's dance hall. He'd worn out his welcome, and Big Casino had sent word to Ringbone Sam by one and all that her sawed-off shotgun was kept loaded with rock salt and bacon rind—that if he ever dared set foot inside her dance hall again she'd give him both barrels in the seat of his britches, where he had his brains. Big Casino meant every word of it, and no one was more aware of it than Ringbone Sam.

Actually that shotgun blast in the dark alley that winter night had been a near miss. Ringbone Sam had been crouched behind a stack of empty beer kegs, within range, and he had listened to the ominous rattle of birdshot, rock salt, and bits of hard bacon rind make a deadly hail on his beer barrel barricade. Ever since he'd been a barefoot boy on his father's farm, he had heard tell of shotgun shells loaded with rock salt and bits of bacon rind, used by neighborhood farmers to protect their watermelon patch against the night raids of school kids. Bacon rind pellets and rock salt, imbedded a fraction of an inch in a kid's rear end, was very painful indeed. The sting of the salt increased the pain considerably. He'd heard from other kids about their mothers having to call a doctor to dig out each small wound with a pair of tweezers, and then swab the holes with a carbolic solution.

So Ringbone Sam, educated by his boyhood recollection, kept clear of Big Casino's dance hall. As a matter of fact, this was the first time he had ventured within shotgun range. Now as the dinner progressed and wine was consumed, and everybody was in a festive mood, Ringbone Sam, well fortified by the whiskey he and Frank Howe had consumed, waxed eloquent.

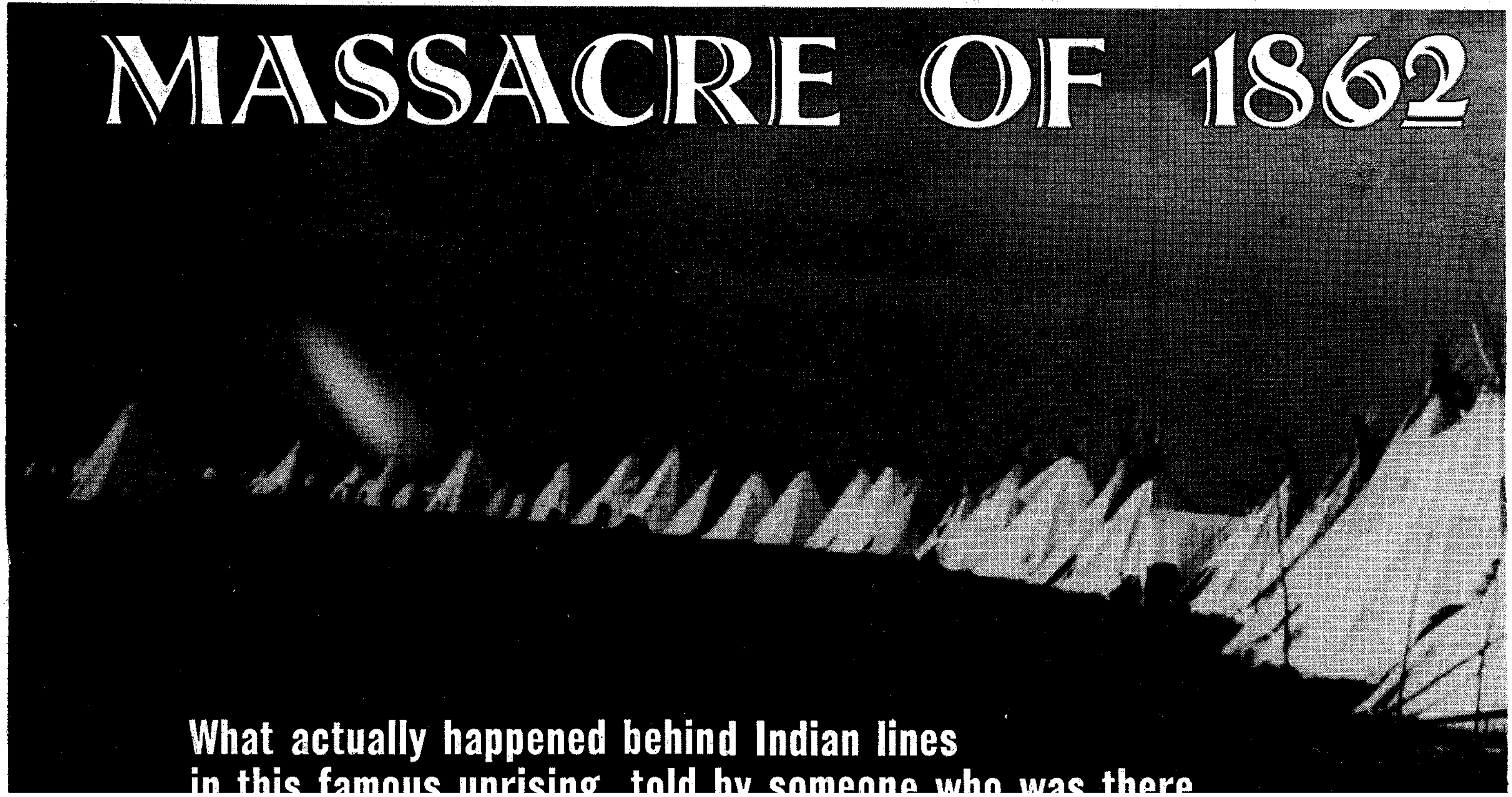
In his own inimitable manner of relating comical anecdotes Ringbone Sam told the story of the watermelon swiping. And when Ringbone Sam finished talking and got to his feet to reveal a buckskin seat sewn by some squaw in his brand new Pendleton wool riding pants, he said, with a speculative sidelong glance at Big Casino, "Guaranteed to shed rock salt and bacon rind." The daring quip was good for a hearty laugh; thus the tomahawk was buried and all was forgiven.

(Continued on page 38)

MASSACRE OF 1862

BY SAM BROWN
submitted by
R. J. PERRY, Past President
of the South Dakota Parks Association

Photos and Fort Plan Courtesy R. J. Perry



What actually happened behind Indian lines
in this famous uprising, told by someone who was there

Explanatory note: Senate Document Number 23, 56th Congress, Second Session, 1900 contained unpublished material regarding the Sioux War of 1862, written by Samuel J. Brown. It presented the first authentic account of the massacre and war from the Indian side. Brown, his mother, and sisters and brothers, were prisoners of the Sioux from the beginning of the massacre, August 18, 1862, until the release of the captives by General Henry H. Sibley the latter part of September.

Sam Brown was the son of Major Joseph R. Brown, probably the brainiest man among the early settlers of Minnesota. At the time of the Sioux outbreak Major Brown's family was living in a comfortable home south of Minnesota River, within a short distance of the Sioux agencies.

The reminiscences which follow were addressed to John C. Wise, Esquire, Mankato, Minnesota.

AT THE TIME of the outbreak of the Mdewakanton and Wahpakoota bands, under the leadership of Little Crow, the Sioux chief, the Sisseton and Wahpeton bands were living upon a reservation and had an agency exclusively their own on the Minnesota River, above or north of the Yellow Medicine Creek, and these bands were known as the Upper Sioux and the agency as the Upper or Yellow Medicine Agency. Below or south of the Yellow Medicine Creek, and also on the Minnesota River, were the Mdewakanton and the Wahpakoota bands, also owning a reservation and an agency; these were known as the Lower Sioux and the agency as the Lower or Redwood Agency.

The upper and lower agencies were about thirty miles apart and the business affairs of both were conducted under the supervision of one agent. These Indians were accustomed to meet at their respective agencies each year to receive their annuities, and were gathered in 1862 for this purpose. Owing to the delay of the disbursing agent, they were kept in great distress for lack of food for nearly two months, waiting for their annuities.

The lower bands, becoming impatient and because of wrongs, either real or supposed, finally broke out and the dreadful massacre of 1862 followed. A few of these (lower) Indians remained loyal to the Government and some of them became scouts, but the bands, as bands, were engaged in hostilities.

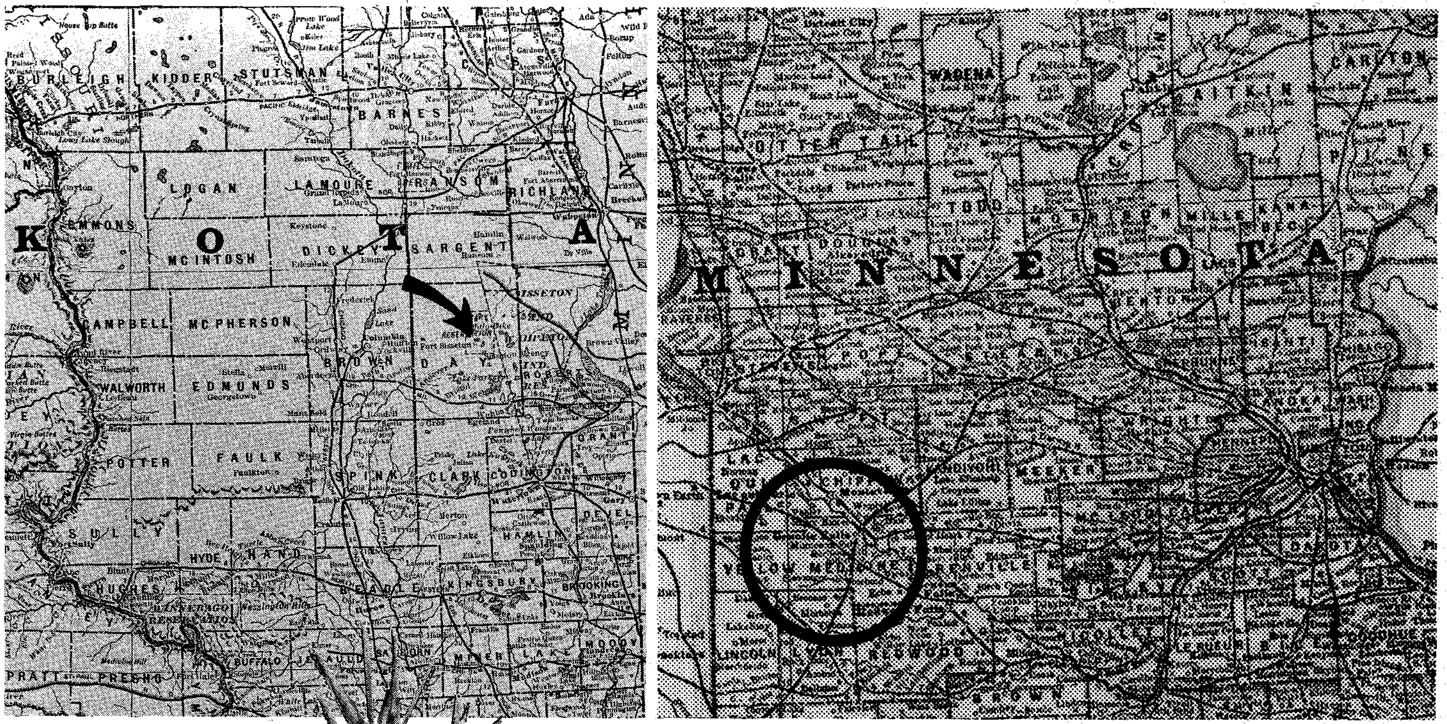
While a few of the young men of the upper bands joined in the hostilities, the bands, as bands, were loyal to the Government. They were principally instrumental in bringing about the final release of the captives, joined and did good service with the expeditions sent against the hostile Indians, rendered most valuable and efficient service as "avenging angels" of Fort Wadsworth or Totanka Republic, killing many Indians who were on hostile raids; and finally, by the terror they inspired, stopped all hostile expeditions against the whites. The number of persons, according to the census, upon which the upper bands were paid their annuity money in 1861—last payment—was 4,524, and of this number 17 were condemned to death. The number of persons, according to the census, upon which the lower bands were paid their annuity money in 1861—last payment previous to outbreak—was 3,213, and of this number 286 were condemned to death. Of the upper bands, 2 were hanged; and of the lower, 36.

At the time of the outbreak I was residing with my parents in a fine stone house, elegantly furnished, twenty-five miles above the Lower or Redwood Agency and seven miles below the Upper or Yellow Medicine Agency, on the opposite side of the Minnesota River. This house was totally destroyed by the Indians during the first week of the massacre and the entire family (except my father, who was absent looking after his steam-wagon venture) made captives by Little Crow.

The following particulars connected with the affair are mainly notations taken from my old diaries, and I do not hesitate to vouch for its absolute correctness.

ON MONDAY, the 18th of August, I went to Yellow Medicine with my sister Nellie, to get some washing done. On the way an Indian named Little Dog came out of his house as we passed by, and beckoned to us to stop. We did so and he approached us, and as he came up we could see that he was troubled. He

Maps from **Cram's Family Atlas of the World, 1888**



BURLEIGH
KIDDER
STUTSMAN
BARNES
LOGAN
LA MOURE
RANSOM
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MC PHERSON
BROWN
DAY
WALWORTH
EDMUNDS
POTTER
FAULK
SPINK
CLARK
CODINGTON
GRANT
SULLY
HYDE
HAND
HUGHES
BEADLE
KINGSBURY
BROOKINGS
BUFFALO
JERAULD
SANBORN
MINER
Fort Sisseton
WADENA
OTTER TAIL
AITKIN
CARLTON
TODD
MORRISON
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ANOKA
WRIGHT
MEEKER
CARVER
RENVILLE
YELLOW MEDICINE
REDWOOD
LINCOLN
NICOLLET
LE SUEUR
BROWN
DAKOTA

Above: Portion of South Dakota and Minnesota. Area of the massacre is encircled and arrow points to Fort Sisseton (formerly Fort Wadsworth).

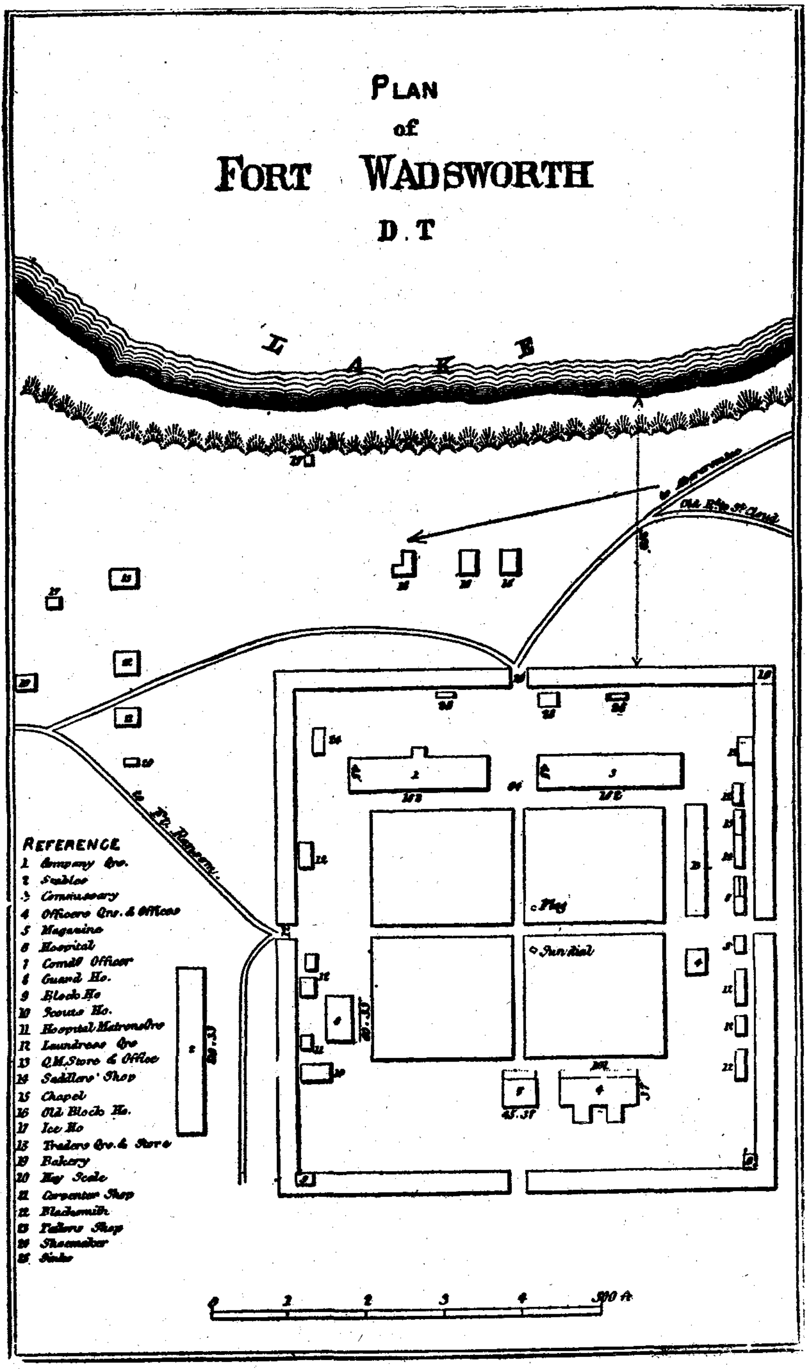
Left: Another Fiske photo of Sioux Indians, a tribe the photographer knew intimately.

Opposite page: Sioux camp from the *Fiske Collection*.

told us breathlessly that the lower bands had broken out and killed everybody at the agency and were slaughtering the whites in the vicinity of Beaver Creek, and that they were killing everybody without mercy and without regard to age or sex, and intended to sweep the country as far as St. Paul. He begged us to turn back, tell Mother, and get out of the country. He said that he warned us at the risk of his life.

Little Dog was a "farmer" Indian, one of that band of Sioux braves who had their hair cut, their scalp locks taken from them by Uncle Sam in 1858, who discarded the Indian dress for that of the white man—the breechcloth for the pantaloon—who lived in a brick house instead of a skin teepee, drove oxen instead of horses, and depended for his subsistence upon the plow and hoe instead of the bow and arrow.

As Little Dog attributed his present prosperous condition with this change, to my father when he was Indian agent from 1857 to 1861, he naturally had a warm spot for our family. But the Indian was an inveterate liar. Indeed, he was regarded as one of the greatest liars in the country; and, besides, "Indian scares" had become so frequent that we paid no attention to the warning and drove on. This was about noon, and as we were passing the agency headquarters, one and a half or two miles farther on, George Gleason, the Government clerk there, came out to our carriage and chatted with us. He said he was going away that afternoon with Mrs. Wakefield—wife of the agency physician—he to visit his


PLAN
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D.T
LAKE
Old Rd. to St. Cloud
to Ft. Ransom
Flag
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REFERENCE
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2 Stables
3 Commissary
4 Officers Qrs. & Offices
5 Magazine
6 Hospital
7 Comd'g Officer
8 Guard Ho.
9 Block Ho
10 Scouts Ho.
11 Hospital Matron's Qrs
12 Laundress Qrs
13 Q.M. Store & Office
14 Saddlers' Shop
15 Chapel
16 Old Block Ho.
17 Ice Ho
18 Traders Qrs. & Store
19 Bakery
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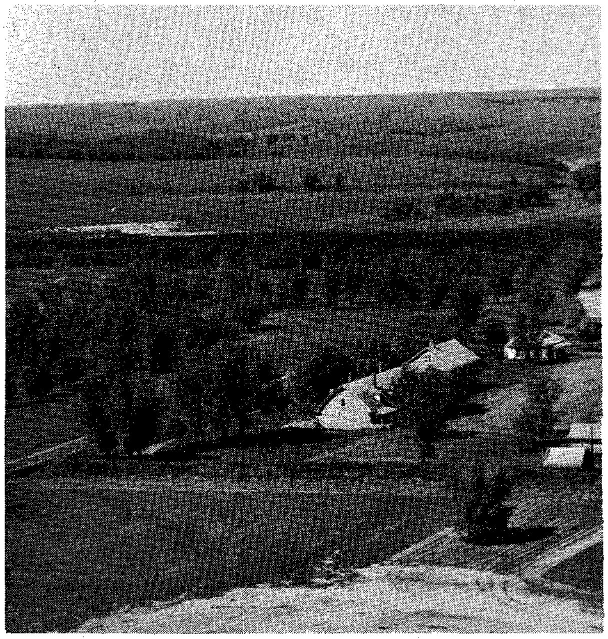


Above: Fort Sisseton, South Dakota in a 1963 view from the air. Left: An original plan of Sisseton when it was in the Dakota Territory and known as Fort Wadsworth.

people in the East and she to visit with friends at Shakopee, Minnesota. He promised that when he got back he and Honorable James W. Lynd would visit us at our home and spend the fall hunting, fishing, horseback riding, etc.

About three miles farther on we arrived at the washerwoman's, near Dr. Williamson's old mission station. As we were coming away an old Indian woman ran up and told us in a whisper that we had better be getting away, as there would soon be trouble. We drove rapidly to the agency and stopped at John Fadden's for dinner. We there asked an Indian woman who was doing the washing at the hotel if she had heard any news and if there was any trouble among the Indians. She said she had not, but when we told her what we had heard she said that all this talk grew out of the report that the Missouri Indians were coming over on a horse-stealing expedition and that the people were excited over it.

We left the agency at about half past three. George Gleason and Mrs. Wakefield had just left. When we reached home that evening we told all we had heard. My brother Angus and brother-in-law, Charles Blair, pooh-poohed the idea of trouble with the Indians, but Mother was scared. After we had all gone to bed she locked and bolted the outside doors and then retired.

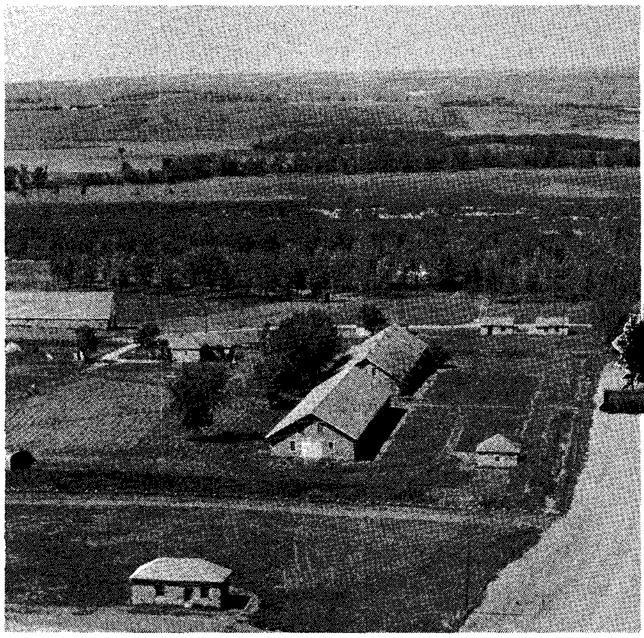
ABOUT four o'clock the next morning, Tuesday, August 19, while lying half awake in my bed, I heard someone outside directly under my room window. I was up in a back room in the third story. I heard someone outside calling in a loud voice a number of times for "Brown! Brown! Brown!" But I was tired from the trip to Yellow Medicine the day before and was sleepy, and therefore did not feel disposed to answer the call. An ox train from Forest City on the way to the agency had camped the evening before on the hill just back of the house, and as I kept a ferry I thought the voice came from one of the teamsters who wanted to cross on the ferry.

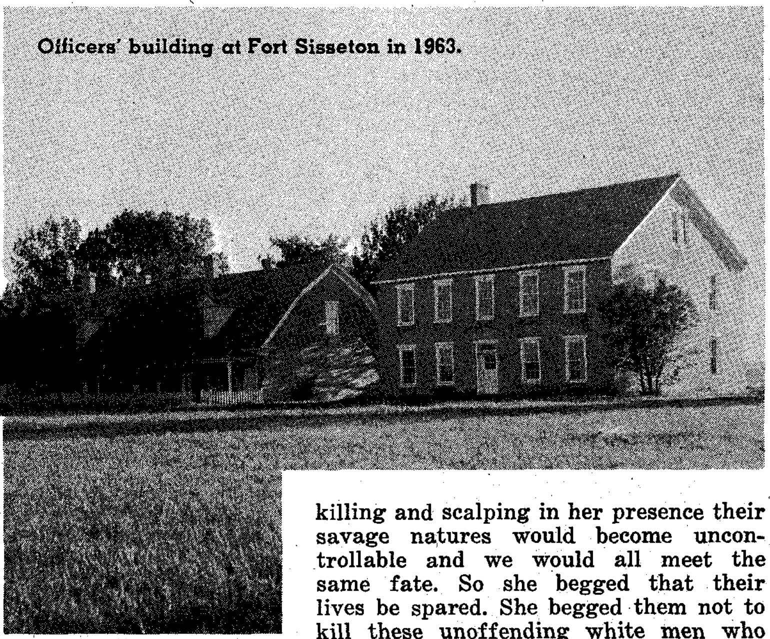
I lay abed, perfectly still, half awake and listening, when Charles Blair, who was occupying a room adjoining mine, raised the window and called out: "What do you want this time of night?" and the answer came: "For God's sake, hurry; Indians are burning everybody at the agency. The Yanktonnais are burning the stores and killing everybody. I have barely escaped with my life—for God's sake, hurry!"

I lost no time in getting into my clothes and hastening downstairs. I do not know how I got down two flights of stairs, but I think I slid down most of the way on the banisters, for I was very soon at the bottom and in the dining room listening to the particulars of the attack on the stores—of the burning, plundering, and killing—from the lips of old Peter Rouilliard, an old Canadian Frenchman who had lived with the Indians for many years.

We became very much alarmed. Mother told me to awake Lonsman, the hired man, and send him at once for the horses. I rushed to Lonsman's room but found it locked. I pounded and kicked, and finally I succeeded in waking him and getting him out of bed. He immediately started for the horses (they were running loose on the prairie), and after chasing them around a bit and failing to catch them he went to the cattle yard where we had over 100 head of oxen and cows, and yoked three pair of oxen and hurriedly hitched them to three lumber wagons.

By this time five or six families, neighbors of ours, had arrived—two Ingalls





Officers' building at Fort Sisseton in 1963.

girls, Charles Holmes, Leopold Wohler and his wife, Garvie's cook, and two or three others whose names I cannot now recall. We gave them two of the teams and kept one for ourselves. All got into the wagons and started for Fort Ridgely, thirty-five miles below us. We started up the hill back of the house and then took the Ridgely road. My brother Angus and brother-in-law, Charles Blair, caught a horse apiece and remained behind, intending, should any Indians be seen approaching the house, to mount and gallop after us. We had gone but a mile or so, however, when they caught up to us, concluding it was not safe to stay.

They had ridden out to the teams camped back of the house on the Forest City road and told the men to unload their teams and hurry back, that the Indians were killing the whites, and they would surely be killed if discovered. There were two teams, and both were loaded with flour for the agency. The drivers made good their escape.

We jogged along pretty fast, the oxen being kept on a trot, and calculated that we would reach the fort about noon or a little after. When we had gone about six miles we saw some people a mile or two to the right of us, near the timber on the brow of the hill, but supposed they were white men working in their farms. (The Yanktonnais whom we were afraid of, lived above us.) These people were running back and forth. They soon began to run toward us or, rather, to scatter out toward the road ahead of us. Very soon an Indian, half naked and on horseback, popped up before us from behind a knoll and began to beckon the others toward him, and before we knew it we were surrounded.

MOTHER at once grasped the situation. Little Dog had told the truth. We were in the midst of the murdering Indians. She knew that to save us she must speak and make herself known. She must do so quickly or we would be killed. So she stood up in the wagon, and, waving her shawl, she cried in a loud voice that she was a Sisseton, a relative of Waanatan, Scarlet Plume, Sweetcorn, Ah kee pah, and the friend of Standing Buffalo; that she had come down this way for protection and hoped to get it.

We immediately saw swarms of Indians around us. They were popping out of the grass on every side and in every direction, every blade of which seemed to have suddenly turned into an Indian, all running toward us; some with blackened faces and bloody hands came up and demanded that we be killed. The awful Cut Nose, the terrible Shakopee or Little Six, and the imprudent Dowanniye, three of the worst among the Lower Sioux, came to us first, shaking their bloody tomahawks menacingly in our faces. They were the most savage-looking of the lot—perfect man-eaters in appearance. We had brought along two shotguns, but no ammunition. The barrels were empty, and we were completely in the power of the Indians.

But there happened to be one in the crowd that took our part. He rushed up to our wagon with gun in one hand and uplifted tomahawk in the other, intending to massacre us, when he happened to recognize my mother. This Indian had once (the winter before) come to our house when he was freezing, and Mother took him in and warmed him. He told the other Indians of this, and said he remembered it and would show his appreciation of the kind act by protecting us. Upon recognizing Mother he jumped into our wagon and shouted at the top of his voice: "This woman," pointing to Mother, "saved my life last winter and I shall save hers now," and in an impassioned speech declared that not a hair on our heads should be molested.

The others then withdrew sullenly, saying "they would kill the white men anyway." There were five of these white men besides Blair and Lonsman, and each Indian had selected his victim, the particular one he was to shoot. But Mother knew the Indians too well to allow any killing to be done. Besides her desire to save the lives of these white men, she knew that if they once got to killing and scalping in her presence their savage natures would become uncontrollable and we would all meet the same fate. So she begged that their lives be spared. She begged them not to kill these unoffending white men who had come to her for protection. When she saw that they were not disposed to turn from their purpose she angrily demanded that their lives be spared, telling them plainly and eloquently that unless they did so the vengeance of the upper Sioux would befall upon them. "Save them, save them! What do you mean?" said Cut Nose, with bloody hands and face and arms. "Save *them*—are you not grateful that your own life is spared?"

"Remember what I say—if you harm any of these friends of mine, you will have to answer to Scarlet Plume, Ah kee pah, Standing Buffalo, and the whole Sisseton and Wahpeton tribe," continued Mother, and then appealed to her friend for help. Whereupon he, with Cut Nose, Shakopee (or Little Six), Dowanniye, and all the other Indians, repaired to a mound close by and held a council. They soon came running back to the wagons where we were all huddled together (twenty-six of us) and informed us that Mother and her family, including Blair and Lonsman, could live, but the rest must die. They had vowed at the commencement of the outbreak the day before, they said, to spare no white man, and should they spare these, Little Crow and the Soldier's Lodge would have them (the warriors) all shot.

Mother again pleaded and then argued, and at last threatened, and all went to the mound again to talk the matter over. After much bitter wrangling, and mainly through the persuasive eloquence of our friend, they reluctantly decided to accede to the wishes of my mother—that is, to spare the lives of the white men and let them go. Holmes, Wohler, and Garvie's cook, and one other were ordered to start off at once across the prairie in the direction of the big woods, while old Peter Rouillard was ordered back to his Indian wife at Yellow Medicine. The three women, Mrs. Wohler, Misses Jennie and Amanda Ingalls, were ordered to remain still in their wagon.

Then all the men ran off, four in one direction and one in another. Immediately one of the four (Mr. Wohler) turned and ran back to get his boots. Cut Nose ran up to him, while Mother was screaming for help, and cocked his gun and threatened to shoot him if he did not hurry off. Leopold picked one boot and started off, but turned again and ran back for the other when, in the midst of Mother's screaming, the Indians again drove him away. But this was not all. Leopold went a little ways and returned for the third time. It so happened that in the excitement he had not offered to kiss his wife goodbye. Cut Nose was leading her off when Leopold ran up, baring his breast, saying, "Shoot me, but I shall first kiss my wife." Mr. Wohler was but recently married and was desperately in earnest.

This act completely paralyzed the Indians, for they stood like statues while Wohler embraced his pretty young wife and showered her with kisses, then broke loose and ran away. With the exception of Blair and Lonsman the men were now all gone. Lonsman, the Indians said, must stay and drive the oxen and do chores for my mother, while Blair would be attended to later on. The white women—Mrs. Wohler and the two Misses Ingalls—were then parceled out among the Indians and ordered to follow them. One beautiful young girl of about seventeen years of age refused to alight from the wagon when ordered to do so. Cut Nose had told her he wanted her for his wife, and to get out of the wagon and follow him. She screamed and resisted, when he drew his knife and grabbed her by the hair and threatened to scalp her, and frightened her so that she got out and he led her away. Presently the Indians came back with the women and ordered them all to get into one of the wagons—our family and Lonsman and Blair, sixteen in all, being in the other—and started for we knew not where, the Indians ordering us to follow them.

ONE hideous-looking fellow—Dowanniye by name—who was on horseback, rode up to our wagon and snatched my sister's hat from her head and placed it upon his own, and then commenced singing the war song. He was very merry. He would shout and yell at the top of his voice, and say that the Indians would have a good time now, and that if they got killed it would be all right; that the whites were trying to starve them to death to get rid of them, and were delaying the payment for that purpose; that he preferred to be shot and die as becomes a Sioux rather than to be starved.

He jerked off Lonsman's vest and put it on inside out. Lonsman got very angry at this and demanded its return. He wanted it back, he said, because there was a $20 gold piece in one of the pockets—all the money he had in the world—and the Indian might lose it. He was making a great fuss over this, when Blair ordered him to shut up or he would throw him out of the wagon. Lonsman quieted down, muttering something about "making that Indian pay for this some day." Shakopee or Little Six, who was also on horseback, would now and then gallop ahead, and then suddenly turn and, with a whoop and a yell, dash toward us and cock his gun and eye us fiercely. Mother did not like this. She told him that she wanted none of his foolishness around her, and that he must either shoot and kill or stop his antics. He would reply that we were his prisoners, and should not talk so much, and then commenced singing the war song. He would shake his tomahawk at Blair and Lonsman and then repeat the war song that got so familiar afterwards:

Iaxica-canze-maye-ca-e,
Niyakee-bawahunhun-we.

The English of which is, "The Dutch have made me angry, I will butcher them alive." When he saw that Mother was not afraid of him he quit his fooling.

We had proceeded but a little way when we came upon four dead bodies—three men and one woman—all horribly mutilated. Our captors had committed the murders. The men had been mowing and the woman had been raking hay. Their scythes and pitchforks lay near; the woman had a pitchfork sticking in her person, and one of the men had a scythe sticking into his body. Cut Nose gleefully told that he had killed this man, and described how he did it.

The man was mowing, he said, and he went up to him in a friendly manner and offered his hand, and as the white man threw down his scythe and reached out his hand, the Indian drew his knife and like a flash plunged it into the white man's breast, just under the chin, whereupon the white man grasped him around the waist and both struggled for the mastery, when they fell—the white man on top. In working the knife into his breast the Indian got his thumb into the white man's mouth and "got bit." The knife in the hands of the Indian soon touched a vital spot, and the white man rolled off dead. Cut Nose held up his bitten thumb. It was bitten and chewed, and was lacerated most horribly.

This fiend in human shape, this man Cut Nose, presented a most forbidding, horrifying spectacle. With his bloody thumb he had besmeared his naked body; with his blackened face and long, bushy hair, like a Zulu's, and half nose (one of his nostrils was missing), he was by far the ugliest-looking and most repulsive specimen of humanity I had ever seen.

He was hanged at Mankato, along with thirty-seven others, December 26, 1862, and my father was the signal officer on that occasion—tapped the drum that cut the rope that held the trap that sent Cut Nose to the happy hunting grounds.

Our Indian captors then took us to their camp on Rice Creek, about seven miles above the lower or Redwood Agency, on the Minnesota River, which we reached about noon. Here we learned that on the day before all the soldiers sent out from Fort Ridgely had been massacred at the lower agency ferry. An Indian had a mule team which he said he had captured there. He had them hitched to a wagon, but was afraid he could not manage them, so Angus and I drove them about awhile.

We remained at this camp but one hour or two, when it broke up and all moved toward the main or Little Crow's camp, seven miles below. We stopped at the house of John Moore, a mixed-blood Sioux, while the train moved on and camped on the hill across the Redwood River. At Moore's we were put upstairs in a dark room and told to remain quiet, for bad Indians were around, and if we were seen we might be killed.

Several captive women were there besides ourselves, but owing to the darkness we did not recognize them. In a few minutes three savage-looking Indians came up and ordered us away, saying that we could go to the camp on the hill. They ordered the other captives to remain, while we groped our way in the darkness downstairs and out of the house, got into the wagon and drove off, following the Indians. When we got about half way to the camp, and as we were crossing the Redwood Creek, we suddenly missed our Indian guides. We supposed they crawled into the bushes on the bank of the creek and hid from us, so we wandered on toward the camp.

AT THE FOOT of the hill, a few hundred yards farther, we passed a white woman with six children, the eldest not more than ten years of age, two in her arms, two on her back, and two traveling on behind. She was accompanied by a half-naked Indian with a gun on his shoulder and a tomahawk in his hand. We stopped and asked the woman to get in, but the Indian would not let her. He said the woman was his and he would do as he pleased with her, and ordered us to hurry on. He looked so fierce and ugly that we were afraid he might make quick work of us, so we passed on and went up the hill. About a half mile farther on we arrived at the camp, but were sternly told to "go on"—on to Little Crow's camp, a few miles farther on. Mother begged to remain until morning, but the Indians were obdurate. She was told to "go on, go on; no Dutchman wanted." This was a heavy blow to Mother, and she for the first time that day broke down and commenced to cry. She gave up all hope and told Lonsman to drive down the road. There was no escape and we must all die. It was quite dark and the Indians were returning from their bloody work. We felt that death was staring us in the face as we drove along.

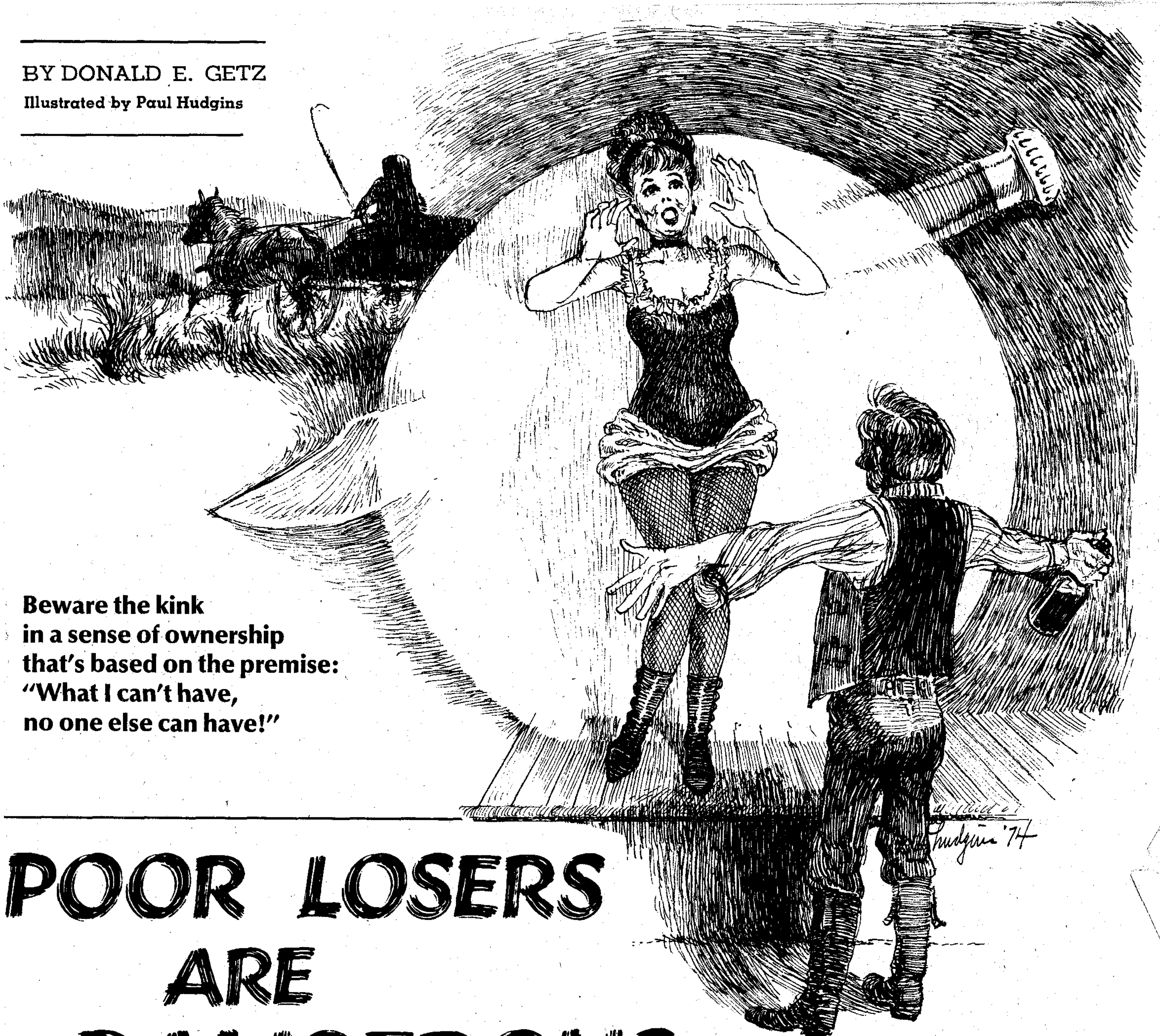
But we had not gone more than a mile when an Indian woman, standing on the roadside in front of her house as we were passing along, recognized Mother and hailed her, and we stopped. She asked us in. We drove up to the door and all quietly alighted. Indians passing along—going to and coming from Little Crow's camp below and the camp above—would stop and ask all sorts of questions—who we were, what we wanted, etc. The Indian woman would not allow Lonsman to enter the house, saying that his presence would endanger the lives of the rest of us. She advised him to run through the cornfield and into the woods back of the house, and follow the river down to Fort Ridgely—about sixteen miles. He laughed at the idea, saying that he was not afraid of the Indians, and started off in the direction of the camp we had just left.

It so happened that he reached the camp in safety and entered the first lodge he came to, and went in and found an old Indian woman there. She was delighted to see the white man. She had no one to live with, and wanted some

(Continued on page 54)

BY DONALD E. GETZ

Illustrated by Paul Hudgins



Beware the kink in a sense of ownership that's based on the premise: "What I can't have, no one else can have!"

POOR LOSERS ARE DANGEROUS

ON October 4, 1868, Bernard (Barney) Cosgrove, age thirty-one, was serving a short term in a San Francisco, California jail. There were no kitchen facilities for cooking or a dining hall, so meals for the prisoners had to be carried from a beanery across the street. This task fell to a demure little Annie McManus, affectionately known as Dolly because of her doll-like face.

Dolly and Barney soon became fast friends and when Barney was released from jail, they became even better acquainted. Barney asked Dolly to marry him, but Dolly refused and Barney, being a poor loser, threatened her with bodily harm.

Dolly fled to Virginia City, Nevada to stay with friends, hoping that would end the matter. While there she danced in a chorus line and eventually worked her way up to become the star attraction at the Miner's Rest Saloon. Her fame soon spread as far as San Francisco and when Barney heard of her and realized that this entertainer was his lost Dolly, he made tracks for Virginia City.

Dolly was up on the stage, singing her number, when she spotted Barney entering the saloon. She cut her number short, not taking the encores, and made a hasty departure. Dolly fled to her friends' home, changed her clothes, and asked them to lend her a horse and buggy so she could drive to Reno, and there take the stage for Elko to the sanctuary of other people she knew. A good fast horse was harnessed, her luggage was placed in the buggy, and Dolly took off into the dark night.

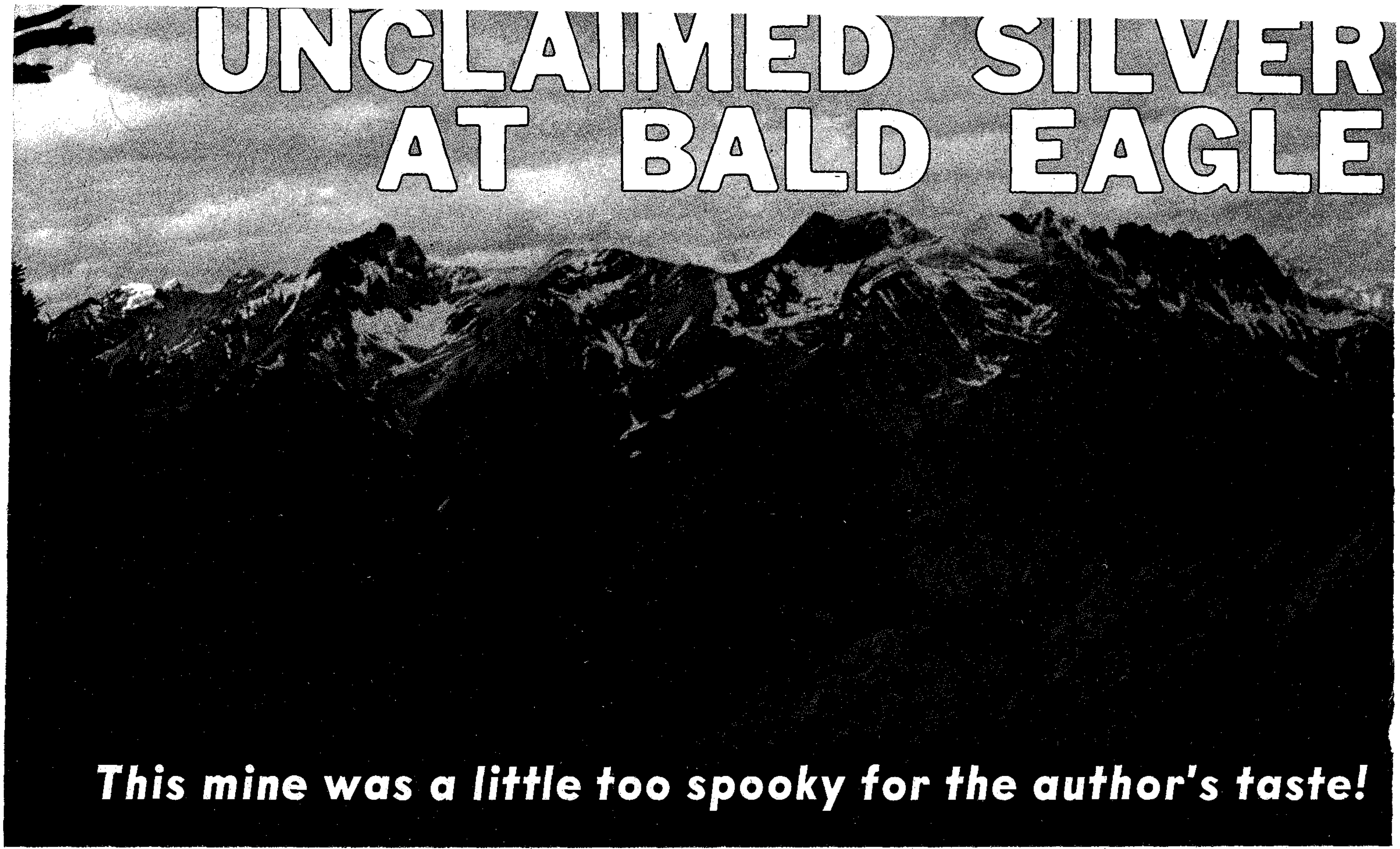
Upon her arrival in Reno, she left the rig at a livery stable and told the attendant that a friend from Virginia City would stop by in a few days and pay the stableman for boarding the horse. Then Dolly sat around the station until the stage came in from Truckee on its way to Elko.

In Elko, Dolly right away sought out her friends and stayed with them at their boarding house, just on the outskirts of town. Once again she started out with a chorus dancer's job, gradually working her way up to the role of the star attraction.

BARNEY, not knowing that Dolly had gone to Elko, had boomed around for awhile in Virginia City, then had drifted to Denver where he had gained quite a reputation as a card sharp. Upon hearing of the pretty singer in Elko, Barney

(Continued on page 47)

UNCLAIMED SILVER AT BALD EAGLE



This mine was a little too spooky for the author's taste!

A view to the west from Bald Eagle claim, British Columbia, Canada.

BY NOEL ROUTSON

Photos Courtesy Author

I got interested in prospecting when I was seven years old—the summer my dad let me tag around after him in Central Idaho. The urge stayed with me through boyhood, adulthood, and despite whatever I happened to be doing to make a living.

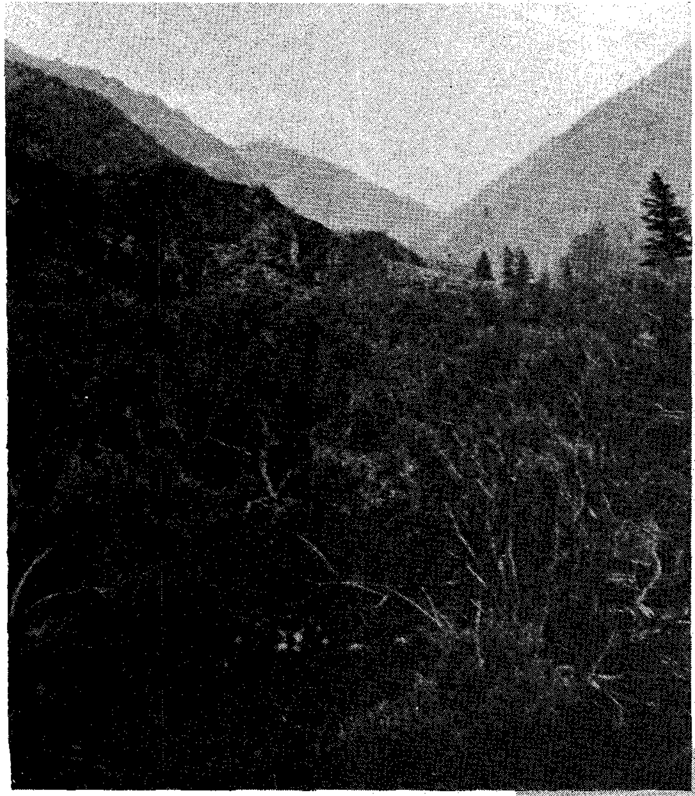
In 1944 I was in Tanacross, Alaska working as a District Ranger with the Fire Control Service when our family doctor advised me that my three-year-old son could not stand the climate.

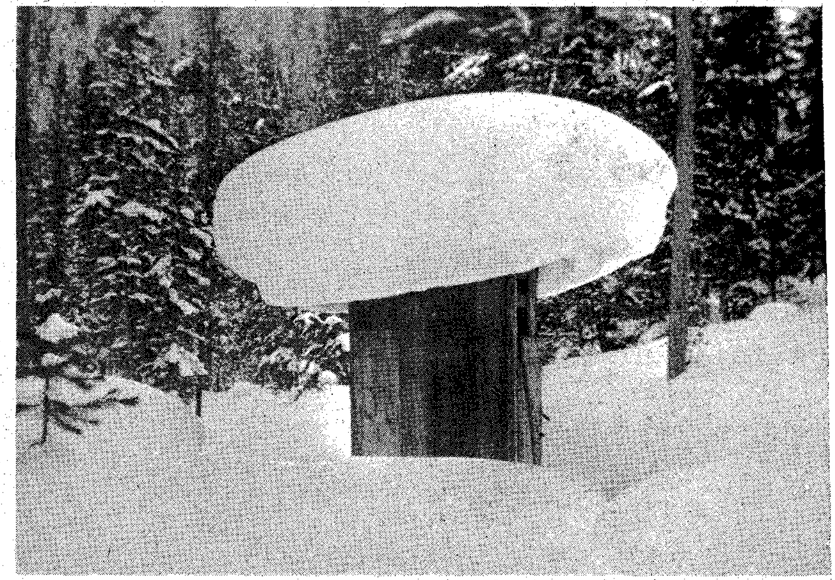
We decided to go first into British Columbia and then on to the States. From all I heard, Windermere seemed to be an ideal location because of the mining there and also because it was such beautiful mountain country. I bought a ten-acre place and did carpenter work around the area to support us.

Early in February one of the old-timers, Sinclair Craig, a blacksmith and prospector, told me about the Bald Eagle silver property and stated that it might be open for location. The owner, John Burman, had died the year before. Mr. Craig was eighty-five years old and laid up with rheumatism so he hadn't been able to investigate the validity of the claim.

My first step was to get a Free Miner's Certificate for $5 which gave an American citizen the same prospecting rights as Canadians had. I also inquired about the Bald Eagle. After a week the mining recorder stated that, according to their records, the claim had lapsed.

The author, with rifle, and his son Emmit (named for his uncle), 1956.





Above: The old root cellar at Paradise Mine wears an unusual "hat" of snow.

Left: At an 8,500' elevation, looking west into Boulder Creek near Burman (Bald Eagle).

Below: The author's ranch at Windermere, B.C.

Mr. Craig told me how to get to the old property. I borrowed a pair of snowshoes, got a sharp axe and some metal tags, and took off. (A pair of metal tags are used on each claim, one stamped "Initial" with a number, and the other tag stamped "Final" with the same number. Claims comprise over 50 acres each, 1,500 feet x 1,500 feet. Two stakes mark each claim with metal tags attached.)

About the middle of February I started for the Bald Eagle by walking up Toby Creek above Invermere. The first eleven miles to Spring Creek made easy going —the trail was packed from game travel —but from the mouth of Spring Creek my route followed the old Paradise Mine Road and I gained altitude steadily. At first I was breaking about six inches of new snow, but each mile this amount increased. When I finally reached the Paradise Mine there were at least eighteen inches of new snow over about six feet of packed snow. The mine was at an elevation of 7,500 feet and my climb had started at 4,500 feet.

By then it was getting dark so I tried to find shelter in the mine buildings. The property had been abandoned for a couple of years, and the doors were all locked but I found access to a partially open basement, where I spent the night. Early the next morning, after eating a sandwich, I started my ascent to the main divide between Toby & Boulder Creeks. The climb was very steep and, after about two hours, I topped out on a high saddle at about 9,000 feet. A long ridge led into Boulder Creek and I remember thinking, "I hope I'm on target," as to get on another ridge would take hours of dangerous travel over steep snowslide country.

I went down this ridge about one and a half miles and there, in a small patch of timber, loomed a large hump of snow. When I got closer, the hump turned out to be Burman's old log cabin, completely covered. According to Craig's description, the mine was below the cabin in some steep bluffs. When I got down to these bluffs, the snow wasn't so deep because of loss of altitude, and it wasn't hard to locate the portal of his old tunnel. The inside had a lot of glacier ice but I was able to squeeze by and explore it with a candle. Forty feet from the portal there was a side drift of about ten feet, and this showed approximately four feet of solid galena (apparently a replacement in the schistose limestone and dolomite) from there to the face. The tunnel followed a small vein from six to eighteen inches wide, showing tetrahedrite (grey copper). One assay on this ore ran 1,900 ounces of silver to the ton.

I then had enough information to make my location, so located one claim. By then it was noon and I started back home and never stopped until I reached Invermere, a distance of about twenty miles.

THAT same spring, in June, another son Emmit went with me by car to the Paradise Mine. This made it possible to get tools and supplies over the hill to the old Bald Eagle.

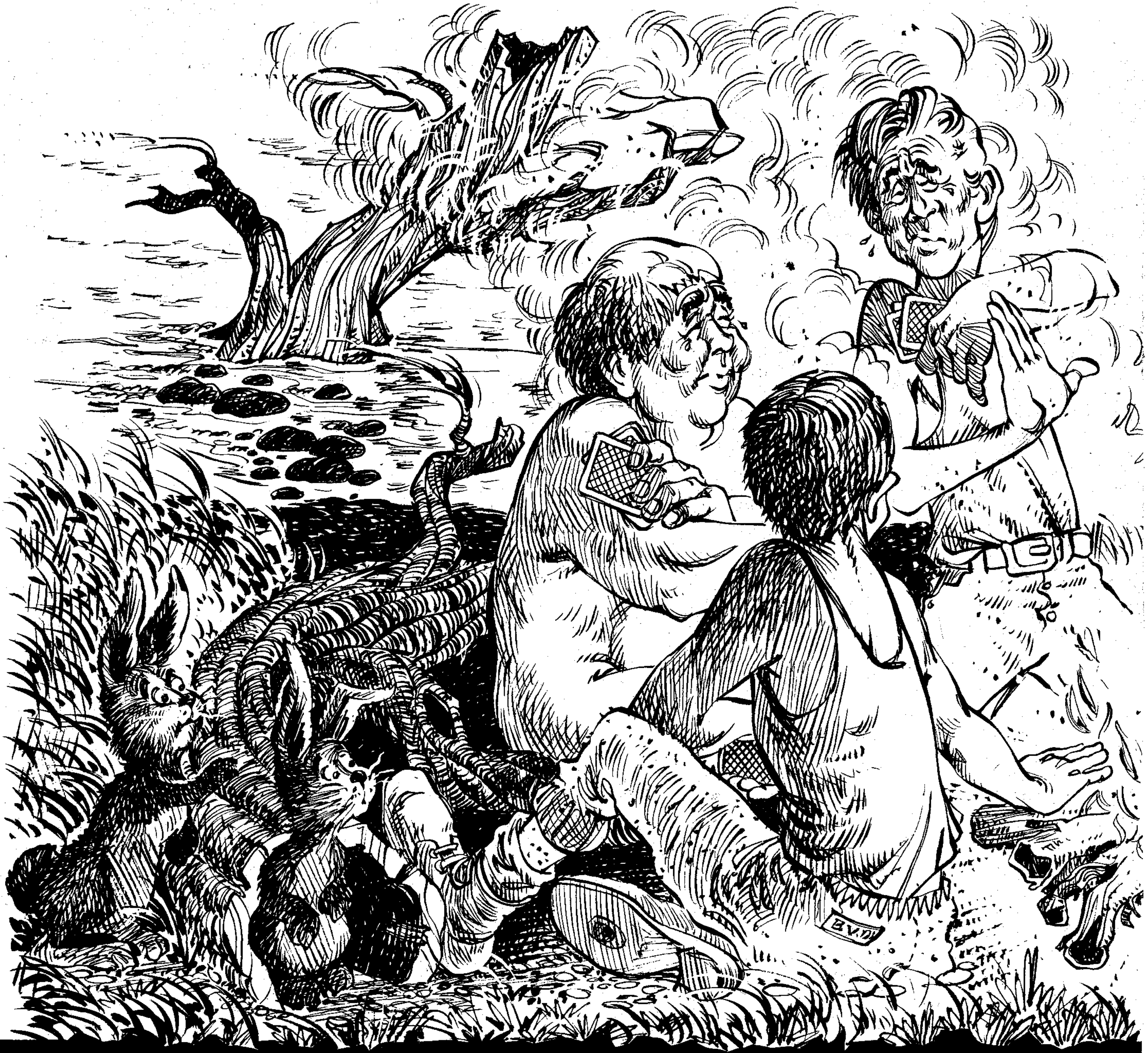
We first dug a location hole and then I started prospecting the immediate area. A large fault passed approximately 400 feet north of the Bald Eagle, which I took to be the continuation of the Paradise Mine, showing gossan and copper mineralization. The Bald Eagle could have come from fractures in the formation leading out from the Paradise fault and replacing in a dolomite formation (schistose, limestone, dolomite and some argillite) with bands of quartzite.

One afternoon we were digging on a fault south of the claim, and about two o'clock I asked Emmit to go to the Burman cabin and start a fire under the beans. (At that altitude it took longer to cook beans, rice, etc.) He went to the cabin and I kept digging until five p.m. and then went in. When I tried to open the door, I found it locked.

"Emmit!" I said, "open up—it's Dad."

Emmit was about twelve years old and plenty rugged, so I was very surprised, when he opened the door, to see him so pale and excited.

(Continued on page 52)



A STRIP POKER PARTY

BY ANDREW PHILLIPS

Illustrated by Bud McCaulley

THE PARTY started out as an all-night fishing trip. There were either six or seven of us, all boys, and if you are looking for anything scandalous—we were all perfectly normal, maybe not perfect but all very, *very* normal. Technically I was the winner, but only technically. Actually, I was the loser, and I lost big. We did intend to play poker that night, but not strip poker. The game we intended to play was "nosy poker," a game where you do not lose money but can lose some "skin off your nose," literally.

In this game each player is dealt five cards, and five cards, face down, are placed in the middle. The first player has a choice of exchanging his hand for the widow or turning it up for all to see.

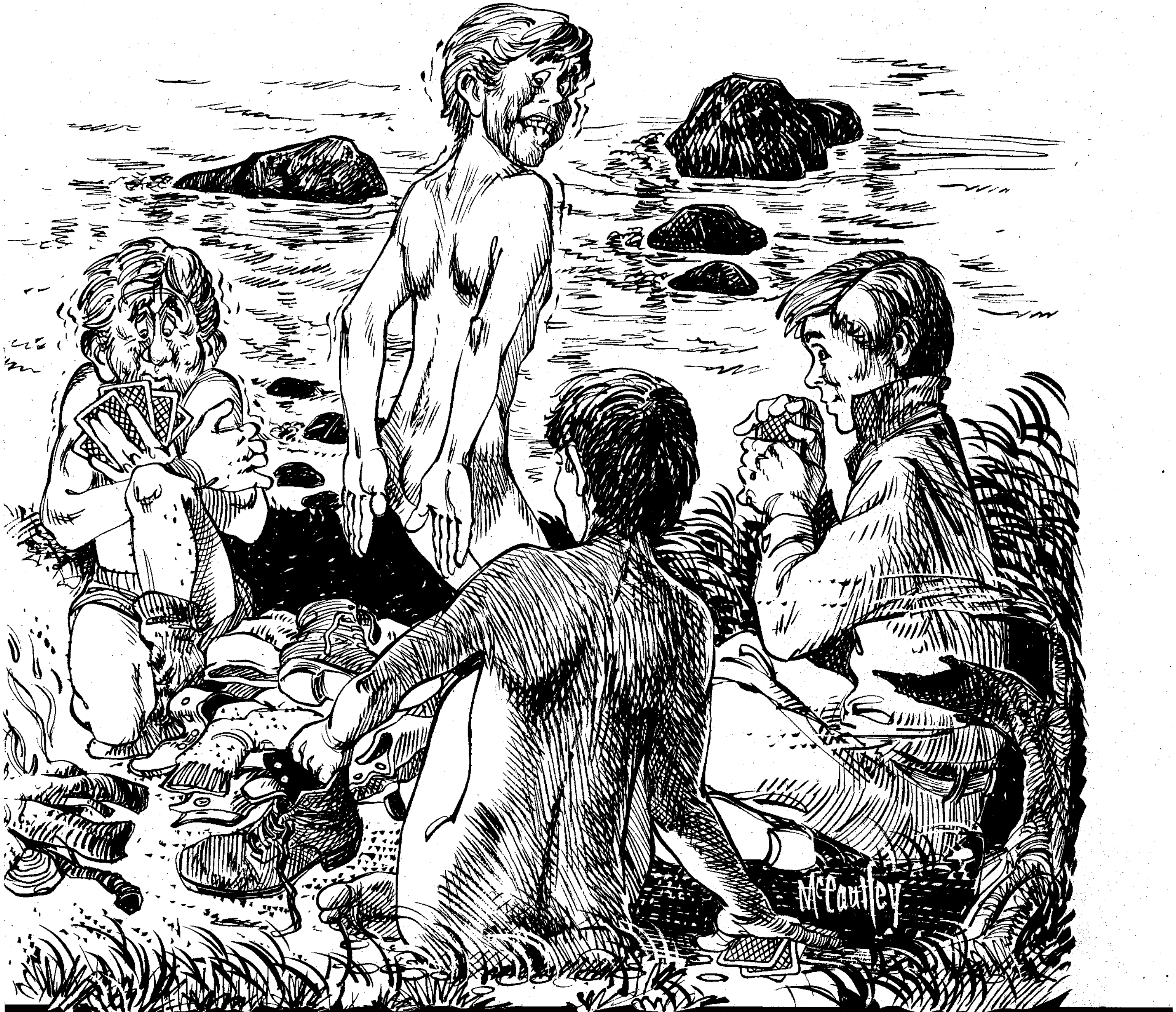
The next player can exchange any card in his hand for any in the widow or he may "sleep"—that is, lay down one card and wait his next turn and exchange one card for two; or he may sleep again.

When some player is satisfied with his hand he may "knock," which means that when play gets back to him it is over. Each player must have five cards in his hand for the showdown.

After the showdown the winner and loser keep five cards each. The rest of the deck is shuffled and the one with the low hand draws to determine his punishment for losing. An ace meant one lick, a king meant thirteen, the others in between. The joker meant that the loser escaped scot-free.

The loser used his five cards to protect whichever eye was vulnerable. The winner swung at the loser's nose with his five cards. If he hit a lot of nose with a lot of cards, there was little or no pain. If he missed entirely, that was a bonus for the loser. If the loser flinched, causing a miss, he was penalized that blow and another. The idea was to use speed and finesse, just barely flicking the end of the nose, which was painful. With a new deck, it could be very painful.

I don't know if the game was ever



No bunch of boys ever organized an overnight hunting or fishing jaunt where they hunted 100% of the time or fished 100% of the time. There has to be a little sideline entertainment!

widely played, but it was a fad at that time among my age group. It didn't take money (which few of us had), only skin which would grow back. A lot of our parents disapproved of the game, but aside from a sore nose I don't think it ever hurt any of us much—at least, not permanently.

TO GET back to our strip poker party, it took place on a Friday early in March. We had planned the fishing trip all week, the first of the year. Each was to go home after school, get the food he was to bring, and go to the river as soon as his chores were finished. It was about two and a half miles to the river, taking some short cuts; about three miles, not taking them.

We chose a campsite near the river where there was plenty of driftwood from a previous overflow. We then put out our lines and went back to camp to prepare supper. About the time we got back, a spring norther blew up. The temperature dropped by twenty or thirty degrees and a strong wind was blowing from the north.

I was either fifteen or sixteen years old. My brother was three years younger. There was another set of brothers about our same ages. The rest were sixteen or seventeen.

After we had eaten and built a roaring fire, someone suggested we play strip poker instead of nosy poker. That may not sound like much fun, but if you have ever seen a stark naked boy in front of a campfire on a cold, windy night—well it is funny. There is no way he can be anything but miserable. One side is freezing, the other burning. All he can do is keep turning, turning, turning. Being on the side away from the wind isn't quite so bad, but it sure isn't comfortable. One can turn slower, but the smoke fills your eyes and nose.

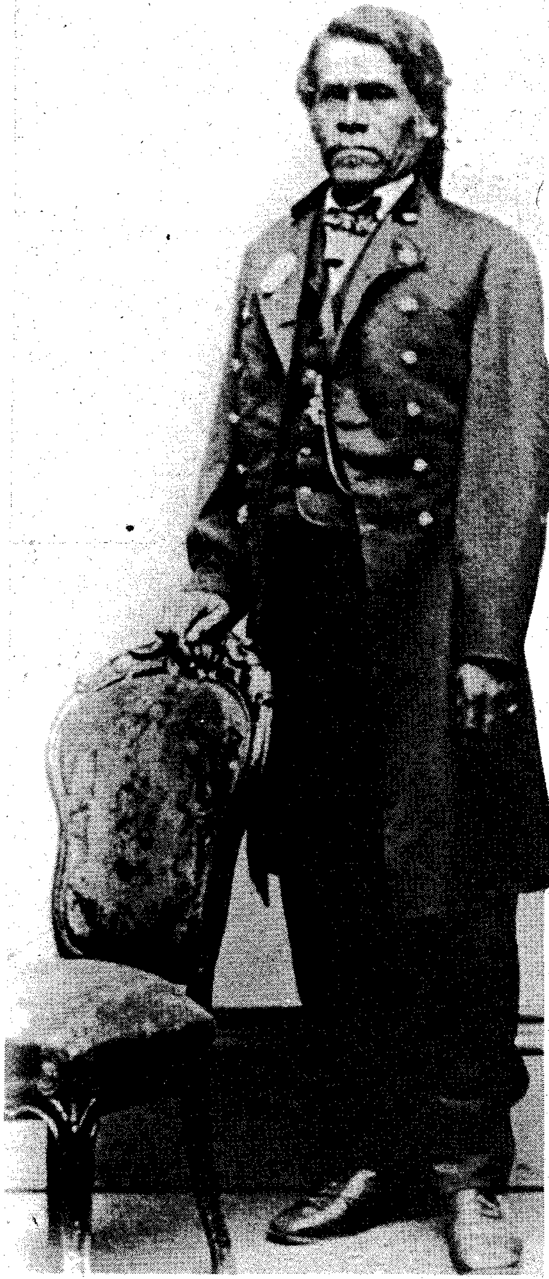
All of us knew this, but we were optimistic (aren't all poker players?) and thought someone else would be doing the turning. We decided to play until only one lucky boy had any clothes left. Then we would play "reverse poker" with the one with the highest hand putting on one article of clothing.

(Continued on page 32)

IRETEBA'S OU

His tribesmen just didn't believe he'd seen any such "elephant"!

Courtesy Colorado Historical Society



Ireteba as he looked during his trip East in 1864. This photograph reportedly was taken in New York at a studio across from the Metropolitan Hotel.

BY WILLIAM B. SECREST

Photos Courtesy Author

JOHN MOSS was bored. As he looked around at the tents and rock huts of his fellow miners in El Dorado Canyon, he suddenly felt a profound lack of interest in the story-telling and jug-passing that comprised the camp's principal amusement. He thought of going over to the Indian village and visiting friends, but that idea bored him also. He could go down to Fort Mojave and visit the officers there, but he had been to the fort recently and things were as dead there as here in the canyon. Having just returned from San Francisco and Los Angeles, neither of those towns appealed to him either.

Kicking an empty bottle down the slope Moss headed toward one of his mines farther up the canyon. Just lately he had sold one of his mines and it irked him now that a man of means should be at a loss as to how to spend his hard-earned money. Moss was only twenty-four years of age at this time, but an old-timer in the West. He had left his home in Iowa in 1857 and was prospecting in Arizona by 1859.

Back home he had spent considerable time in nearby Indian villages learning the sign language and studying the Indian character. This early training had stood him in good stead when he lived at intervals with the Piutes in Utah, the Apaches in Arizona, and the Mojaves and Pimas along the Colorado River. He quickly picked up various dialects and adapted easily to the Indian way of life, being as much at home in a wickiup as in a hotel room in San Francisco.

It was along the Colorado River, in the blistering desert country of Arizona, that Moss struck paydirt. He and five others were prospecting for silver in April 1861 when their guide, a Mojave Indian chief named Ireteba, showed them some rich ore in El Dorado Canyon. The men went to Los Angeles to fully equip their mining operation and soon news of the strike was appearing in the newspapers. As miners began fanning out over the bleak and desolate country, Moss kept busy putting the mines in operation as well as prospecting for other locations.

In the spring of 1863 Moss, Frank Skinner and Bill Francis discovered the Moss Lode and began developing the San Francisco Mining District. It was in the fall of that year that Moss sold one of his mines for some $30,000 and suddenly became weary of the endless desert wilderness that surrounded him.

There had been sporadic fighting between the Indians and the first Dragoons who had established Fort Mojave. By 1863 the Hualapais, Chimihueves, Piutes and Apaches were likely to commit any depredation they thought they could get away with; even the friendly Mojaves, threatened with the loss of their land and removal to a worthless reservation, were likely to turn hostile at any time.

Moss knew all this, of course, and was anxious to see trouble averted. He knew the Indian mind and thought that if the red men could somehow see the world of "civilization," they would realize how futile war with the white man truly was. Moss had a genuine affection for these children of nature, admiring their virtues while knowing their faults. If only all of these Indians could be shipped back East and shown the cities and people . . .

SUDDENLY a plan began taking shape in his mind. He was indeed bored and really needed a change. Why not take a trip home and visit the East, now that he had money and could do it in style? And while he couldn't afford to take all the Indians with him, why not take several along and let them tell their fellow tribesmen of the wonders they had seen? Why not! It would be amusing to watch their reactions and at the same time might be just what was needed to avert bloodshed along the Colorado.

Moss eagerly looked forward to the trip and, quickly settling his affairs in the canyon, took off for Fort Mojave and the Indian camp. There were two particular Indians Moss had in mind for the experiment. One was Antonio Azul, a Pima chief, and the other was Ireteba, a chief of the Mojaves. Of the two, Ireteba was much the better known and Moss had become well acquainted with him in the several years he had been in the area. Too, it was Ireteba who had shown Moss those first rich outcroppings in El Dorado Canyon—now he could repay the old Indian for the favor.

In the late fall of 1863 Ireteba was about fifty-five years old and a good friend to the whites along the river. He frequently guided explorers through his country and in 1856 had purchased the captive Oatman girls from the Apaches. He was popular enough for one of the mining districts to be named for him—a singular honor for an Indian of that day. Although he could speak no English, Moss had taught him to shout "Hurray for Dixie!" When the old warrior was introduced to some officers at the fort one day, naturally he blurted out the only English he knew, much to the amusement of Moss and the consternation of the gentlemen in blue.

Moss immediately sought out his two Indian friends and made his proposal. If they were willing, he would take them on a trip across the waters—far to the East—to meet the Great White Father of all white men. Moss would pay all expenses, and they could see for themselves the wonderful world of the palefaces. They would be gone for about three moons and would be returned safe and sound.

It was early in November when Moss and the Indians left Fort Mojave and crossed the desert to Los Angeles. The red men must have had some misgivings when they boarded the steamer *Senator* for the trip to San Francisco. They were amazed en route when a school of whales was spotted, but when the ship cruised into San Francisco Bay, old Ireteba really panicked. At the sight of the harbor full of ships of every kind, the chief tried to jump overboard and swim back out to sea.

It was December 2 when Moss and his protégés checked into the Occidental Hotel in the Bay City. Word spread quickly that some unusual visitors were in town and it wasn't long before the *Daily Alta California* sent a reporter over for an interview. The following brief item was published on December 3, 1863.

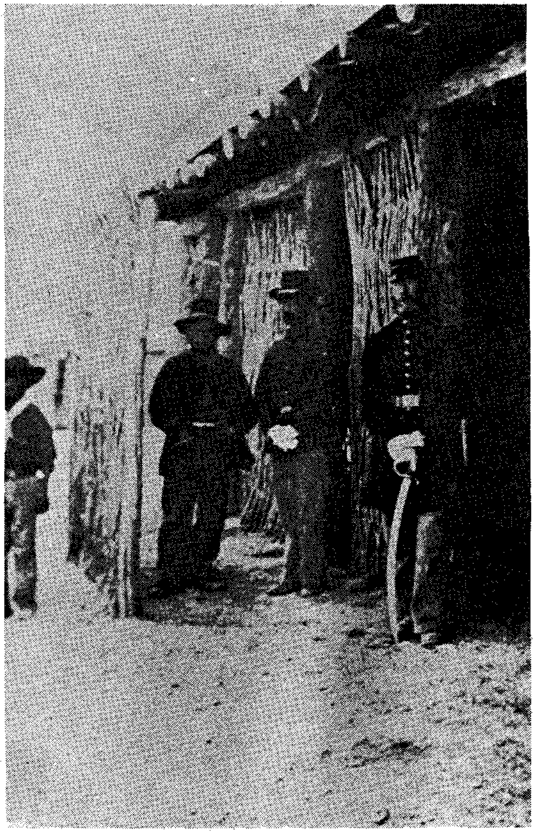
"AN INDIAN CHIEF IN TOWN—The aborigines of the country have a distinguished representative in our midst. He is a Chief of the Mojave tribe of Indians. . . . He glories in the name of Ireteba, and sports here a full suit of black and an immense light felt sombrero, big enough for two chiefs. Ireteba once had a big fight with Major Olmstead's command, and subsequently was made a prisoner. But he repented of his hostility to the 'pale faces,' and is now their firm and faithful friend and ally. He has left his wigwam to visit the great town of the Pacific, and with his body guard, creates no little sensation. . . . The Chief has been informally voted the freedom of the town, and last night improved it by taking a trip through Jackson Street and other fashionable thoroughfares in that classic locality."

MOSS probably showed the sights of the city to the Indians and then proceeded to entertain himself as befitted a prospector who had struck it rich. An acquaintance once characterized him as a man whose drinking sprees were noted for their "ostentatious hospitality and generosity and when he has money he spends it freely upon the first companion he falls in with." This was borne out by a newspaper article which noted that Moss "was astounding the natives at a popular place of amusement last evening by throwing handfuls of coin and bouquets by the basket at the female dancers on stage."

Ireteba, too, enjoyed being a personality, but was content to roam the city just indulging in the commotion caused by his presence. Under the heading, "A California Lion Going the Rounds," the *Alta* noted that "Old Ireteba, the Mojave Chieftan, visited the Cosmopolitan Bazaar last evening and not only enjoyed himself hugely, but contributed no little to the enjoyment of others. . . . He will drop in again this evening and shake hands with his friends all around."

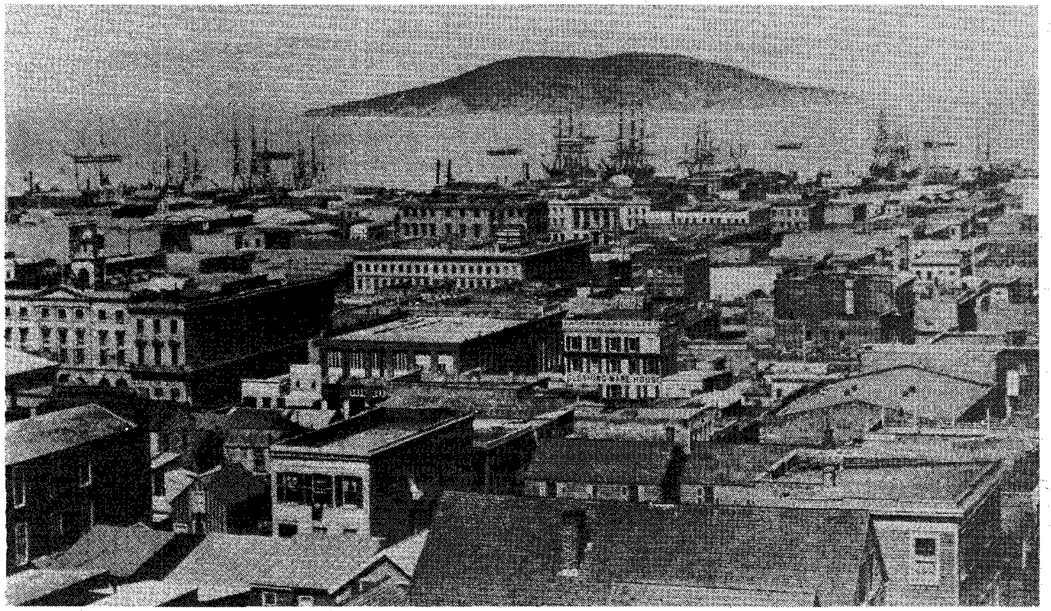
(Continued on page 43)

Courtesy Bancroft Library



Above: An officer and two soldiers pose in front of the headquarters at Fort Mohave, Arizona Territory, 1864. Below left: The mass of ships and large buildings in San Francisco Bay were at first too much for Ireteba to grasp. Below: John Moss as he appeared at the time of the trip. More at home in buckskins, he was a real dude when he hit the settlements.

TRAGEOUS LIE



Courtesy Society of California Pioneers

Courtesy Colorado Historical Society

Disguise in this affair was complete—people were not what they seemed; events were not what they seemed...

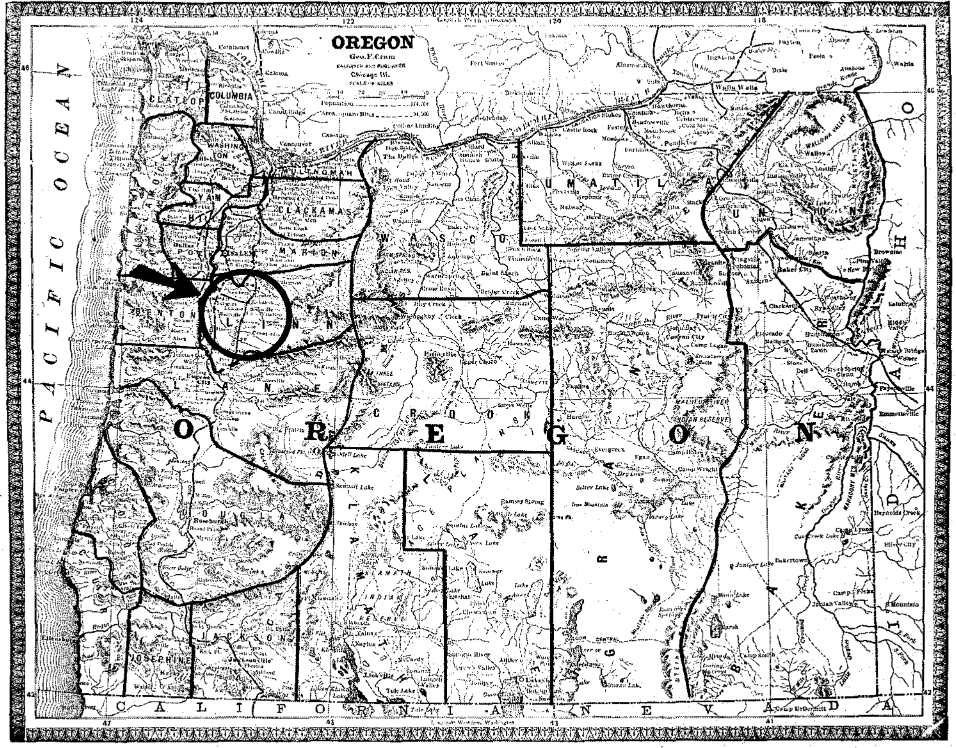
THE BIZARRE HIATT-HANNAH CASE

BY LARRY WARREN

Photos Courtesy Author

Left: Mrs. Emma Hannah.

Below: General view of the Jordan District in Linn County, Oregon, where the peaceful atmosphere was shattered by the murderous attack.



The Jordan area, encircled on the map of Oregon from *Cram's Family Atlas of the World*, 1888.

THOSE Oregon pioneers who, for one reason or another, decided to pass up the established communities in the Willamette Valley and kept going until they reached the North Santiam River area, discovered a veritable paradise.

Tucked in the foothills of the majestic Cascade Mountains, the region was surrounded by giant Douglas firs and laced with streams of almost unbelievably pure water. It was the fulfillment of the dreams of settlers hoping to farm virgin soil in a wilderness wonderland.

Eventually small towns sprang up to serve the farmers, loggers, mill workers and others living and toiling in the primitive country. There were also numerous community centers such as Jordan, situated on Jordan Creek midway between the hamlets of Scio and Stayton. It only had one building—a general merchandise store which also served as post office. Some twenty-seven miles to the west was Albany, seat of what became Linn County.

Jordan was part of a peaceful community where everyone was a good neighbor, helping out in any kind of situation, and where violence was unknown. There were no quarrels over water rights or boundary lines, nor any of the other problems which often beset pioneers and made enemies of friends.

Then came the Thursday evening of September 26, 1895. At approximately seven o'clock Louis Trask, proprietor of the Jordan store, was getting ready to close for the day when he glanced out the open doorway and saw a familiar figure running down the lane toward the store.

It was Mrs. Elizabeth Holman, affectionately called "Grandma" in the community. An energetic person despite her eighty-five years, she had snow-white hair and a warm smile. Widowed for many years, she lived on a small farm a quarter of a mile northwest of the store. She had taken care of the place alone until recently, when her daughter Lottie, an attractive redhead in her thirties, moved in with her five-year-old son after leaving her husband, a man named Hiatt.

The storekeeper smiled to himself. Apparently the woman had forgotten something she needed for supper. But as Mrs. Holman came closer, his smile disappeared. He saw that her face was bloodstained.

He hurried outside to meet her and she virtually collapsed in his arms. "What in the world happened, Grandma?" he exclaimed as he helped her inside and into a chair.

Apparently weakened by loss of blood and winded from running, she managed to gasp: "Mr. Trask, get a doctor! Lottie's been shot. It was a book agent. When we told him we didn't want any books, he pulled out a pistol and demanded money. Lottie and I grabbed him and he started shooting. He chased Lottie out into the yard and back into the kitchen. He shot her twice and she fell. I grabbed a piece of stovewood and hit him and he beat me with his gun. Hurry and get help for Lottie! I think she's bad off."

Trask ran to the nearest neighbor's and brought back a woman to attend Mrs. Holman's wound. Then he raced to the farm of Thurston Thomas, who had the fastest horse in the area, and sent him to Stayton, eight miles to the northwest, for a physician. This ride was necessary because there were no other means of communication.

Trask then hastened to the Holman place, where he found Lottie Hiatt unconscious on the kitchen floor and her little boy crying by her side. Fortunately he had not been injured in the wild affair. Blood was everywhere—evidence that a violent struggle had ensued. Ascertaining that the woman was still breathing, the storekeeper brought in a neighbor couple to help him move her to a bed and to administer to her wounds as best they could. They discovered she had been shot twice in the head. Trask immediately sent the man to Scio, eight miles to the west, to get William Brenner, resident deputy sheriff.

WHEN WORD spread that Lottie Hiatt had been shot and her mother bludgeoned by an unknown assailant, virtually everyone gathered at the Holman place to help in any way possible, but nothing could be done until the physician and the deputy sheriff arrived.

Around ten o'clock Dr. Kitchen drove up in his rig, with Thurston Thomas following on horseback. Both had pushed their animals to the limit. The physician shook his head after examining the unconscious woman. "There is little I can do for her," was his terse comment. "Both bullets penetrated the brain, judging from the depth of the wounds. I doubt she'll last the night."

After dressing her wounds, Dr. Kitchen went to the Jordan store where Grandma Holman had been cared for by neighbors. Her injuries, although painful, were not serious.

Shortly after the doctor left on his return trip to Stayton, Deputy Brenner arrived at the store. Trask told him what he knew of the situation, adding, "I heard some shots about 6:30, but I thought they were from deer hunters up the hill."

Grandma Holman, having recovered somewhat from her ordeal and relieved that her daughter was still alive, related what she could about the attack.

She and Lottie were preparing supper around 6:30 when someone knocked on the kitchen door. Lottie opened it and a strange man, carrying a brown satchel, came through the door into the kitchen, announced he was a book agent, and immediately began showing a book to the women, calling attention to its merits, illustrations, etc.

Lottie told him she couldn't afford to buy books and suggested that a sale might be made to a neighbor or at the Jordan store. The agent then drew a revolver from the satchel and demanded money. When the courageous women grappled with him, he fired a shot into the air. A second shot also went wild, and then Lottie ran out the kitchen door, closely followed by her assailant, and attempted to reach the gate in the front yard. But as she neared the gate, another shot was fired, and Lottie turned back and raced into the house with the book agent at her heels. Two more shots were fired before Lottie slumped to the floor.

Her mother, stunned by what was happening, picked up a piece of stovewood and attacked the agent, who then clubbed her into unconsciousness with the revolver. When Grandma came to, she rushed to the Jordan store for help.

Deputy Brenner asked for a description of the assailant. "He was short, heavy set, wore glasses, had a large black moustache and spoke with a German

Thurston Thomas, who rode horseback eight miles to the nearest physician.

accent," Mrs. Holman said. He had worn a dark suit and dark hat. As near as she could tell, he was between forty and forty-five years old.

Brenner took Grandma back to her home so she could be with Lottie, who was still unconscious, and her little grandson. The deputy then arranged for a man to ride the twenty-seven miles to Albany to summon Sheriff James A. McFeron.

WHILE examining the blood-spattered kitchen, Brenner dug out one of the bullets which had missed its target. He estimated it to be .32 caliber. In an effort to gather additional evidence while waiting for his superior to arrive, Brenner talked with the neighbors who had remained to be of assistance. Although most of them had heard gunfire around 6:30, they had assumed, as the storekeeper had, that it had been caused by deer hunters, hence none of them investigated.

Several elements of the situation seemed curious to the deputy. One was that nobody else had seen the book agent. It seemed unlikely that such a conspicuous figure could appear at the Holman place without being observed by someone in the out-of-the-way area. No one had even seen an unfamiliar horse or buggy.

Another puzzling aspect was that no legitimate book agent would carry a weapon, except perhaps for self-defense while traveling about the isolated countryside. Even then, it seemed incredible that he would attack someone for simply declining his wares.

And then there was his demand for money at gun point. What kind of salesman would take such action?

By then it was past midnight, so the deputy stretched out in a chair in Mrs. Holman's front room while waiting for Sheriff McFeron.

When the latter arrived early Friday morning and was briefed on developments, he agreed with Brenner that what had happened didn't make sense. "First," he said, "we'll have to find the real motive for the attack."

Toward that end, they talked with Grandma again. After her few hours of rest she was able to think more clearly, but she still was definitely unnerved over her daughter's critical condition. Although contradicting Dr. Kitchen's prediction that Lottie would not survive more than a few hours, she was still alive though her chances were virtually nil.

In questioning Grandma, the investigators learned that the elderly woman was supposed to have received $500 from a promissory note she held but that the money had not yet been paid. It was no secret in the area that such payment was due. This raised the theory that someone in the community, believing Mrs. Holman had received the money, had attempted to get it, using the book agent getup to enter the house and demand the money at the point of a gun. After all, $500 in those days was a small fortune, especially in an area where cash was scarce. But who in the peaceful community would have tried such a thing? Grandma had no idea. Nor did any of the neighbors questioned by the authorities.

On the slight chance that the assailant actually was a book agent who had somehow heard that Mrs. Holman had a large sum of money in the house and decided to get it, McFeron and Brenner extended their search to a radius of five miles from Jordan. The effort proved fruitless. No one anywhere had seen a book agent or any other itinerant answering the description of the assailant.

"We'll have to assume the culprit lives around here," Sheriff McFeron said when they returned to Jordan. "Tomorrow we'll go over the area and hope for something to put us on the right track."

After a night's sleep at one of Grandma's neighbors, they began their hunt for physical evidence on the chance that the attacker had left shoe prints somewhere along the line, particularly in the fields. Or he might have thrown away his revolver after fleeing the Holman farm.

The investigators worked on this angle for several hours without discovering anything of interest. Apparently the gunman had been familiar enough with the vicinity to avoid the fields. Nor had any gun been discarded.

One place the men hadn't gone over, however, was a strip of woods and brush below the road and the Holman property. It was quite possible, the officers felt, that the attacker had used the trees as a screen for his approach and escape, although progress through them would naturally be much slower than through the open fields.

THE OFFICIALS entered the wooded strip and began looking for some sign that a person had been there recently. Being expert woodsmen, they felt confident of being able to pick up any trail, no matter how slight, if a trail were there. But it was a difficult task, for the wooded stretch was quite extensive and there was no way of telling where the culprit might have entered or left it.

Jordan Creek, where a significant clue was found by determined lawmen.

After several hours of searching, the investigators were about convinced their theory was wrong. Then Deputy Brenner, perspiring freely from his rather strenuous endeavors, went to nearby Jordan Creek to quench his thirst. As he turned and started back toward the road, in a split-second glance up the stream he saw something that caused his pulse to quicken. Over the creek, some thirty feet away and almost hidden by a bend, was a long, wide pole. This seemed strange to him, as no one would ordinarily need this means of crossing, there being a road bridge about a hundred yards away. This meant to Brenner that someone had used the pole to get over the stream rather than risk being seen on the bridge.

The deputy called to McFeron, explained his theory, and then they looked around the bank for footprints or other evidence, hoping that whoever crossed had stepped off the stones onto soft ground. In this they were rewarded by discovering what appeared to be tracks left by a man's shoes headed in a southwest direction, but the trail soon died out.

They then crossed the creek and headed

back toward the Holman farm, all their searching apparently in vain. When they approached the front yard, however, Brenner's keen eyes spotted an object in the bushes. He hurried over, loosened it and whistled in surprise. It was a moustache—apparently made from the hair of a deer's tail—and it was bushy and black, exactly like Grandma Holman had described the adornment on the upper lip of the attacker.

With all kinds of theories flashing through their minds, the officers continued their investigation. Soon they found a pair of eye-glasses such as the "book agent" had worn—obviously a toy made of plain glass. Further search of the bushes turned up a man's black hat such as Grandma said the gunman had worn.

"I don't know about the moustache and eye-glasses," remarked the sheriff, "but it shouldn't be too hard to trace this hat. That is, if it belongs to anyone around here."

After an hour of questioning the neighbors, they learned from the operator of a grist mill, a man named Leonard, that the hat looked like one worn by a son of John and Emma Hannah, a middle-aged couple who had a hopyard on their place about a mile from the Holman farm. Hannah also operated a small sawmill on Bilyeu Den Creek to bring in some extra money to help support his large family.

The investigators' interest perked up when they learned that the Hannah place was southwest of the Holman property. This was the direction of the footprints at Jordan Creek.

The boy in question was rather heavy-set and matched the general description of the gunman. Besides that Leonard recalled seeing him wear a pair of eye-glasses once or twice, although he obviously didn't need them.

"I think we've just about got this thing solved, Bill," the sheriff told his assistant. "The boy could easily have learned about the $500 Grandma was supposed to have, and then figured out a way to get it."

THEY hurried to the Hannah farm and found the boy in the barnyard. He readily admitted owning the hat and eye-glasses, the latter as a joke; but he stoutly denied ever making a false moustache or having a revolver in his possession.

Asked where he had been at the time of the shooting Thursday night, he said that he and the other children had been in the hopyard until around seven o'clock. When they returned to the house for supper, they noticed small patches of dried blood on their mother's face. She told them she had fallen into a bramble bush and scratched herself.

If the boy were telling the truth, as he seemed to be, the finger of suspicion pointed to his mother; yet the investigators were reluctant to confront her on such skimpy evidence. Hoping to bolster their latest theory, they hurried back to the Holman place and told Grandma what had developed.

"I can't believe it was Emma," she said. "Lottie and I picked hops for the Hannahs for several days just before the shooting, but there hasn't been any trouble between Lottie and Emma."

She added that John and Emma had been at the hop field at various times during the picking, sometimes together and sometimes separately. Lottie, of course, had been friendly to both, but she hadn't done or said anything to indicate she was interested in the man.

"Maybe Mrs. Hannah thought your daughter was making a play for her husband," Sheriff McFeron suggested.

The elderly woman agreed it was possible. Mrs. Hannah, a plain-looking person, could have been envious of Lottie's good looks and if she thought the redhead was carrying on with John, she was capable of taking violent action, Grandma theorized.

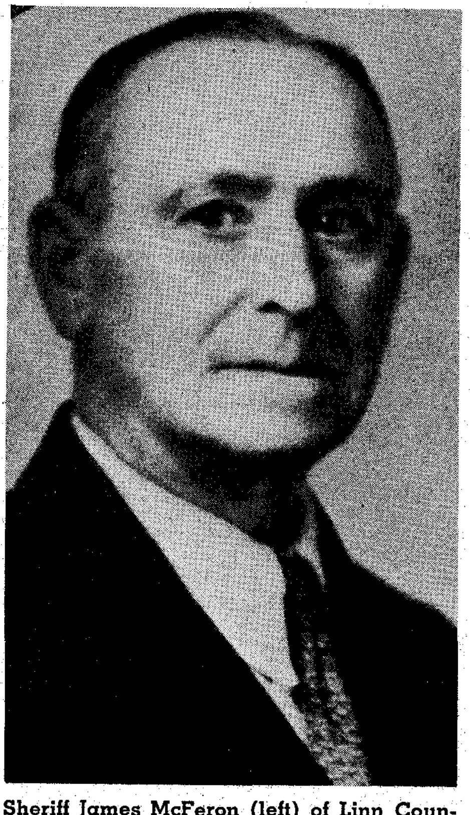
But it was only a theory, so the investigators hunted up the suspect's husband at the sawmill. When he seemed greatly surprised to see the officers, they explained it was a routine interview.

In reply to their questions concerning his whereabouts at the time of the shooting, he said he had arrived home from the sawmill around 7:15. His wife's face was badly scratched and she gave the same explanation as she had to the children. She also said the fall into the bramble bush had shaken her up so much that she hadn't fixed any supper. Hannah recalled that the family ate some bread and milk and fruit.

Asked whether he owned a pistol of any kind, Hannah shook his head. The only weapon he had possessed for years was a rifle he used for hunting deer. "I don't understand why you're questioning me," he added. "Do you think I shot Lottie?"

"No, we don't," McFeron told hi "But we're almost certain your wife

(Continued on page 48)



Sheriff James McFeron (left) of Linn County, who headed the investigation of the strange crime. Deputy Sheriff William Brenner (above) assisted.

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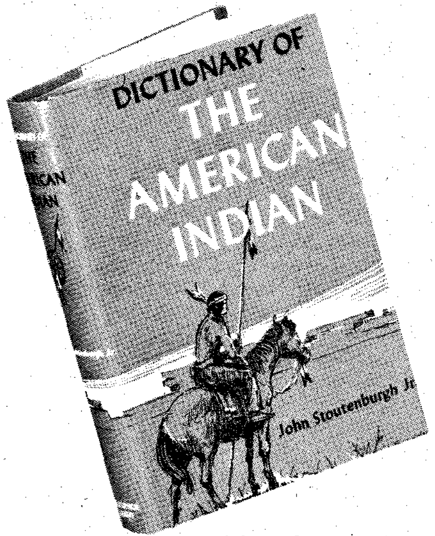

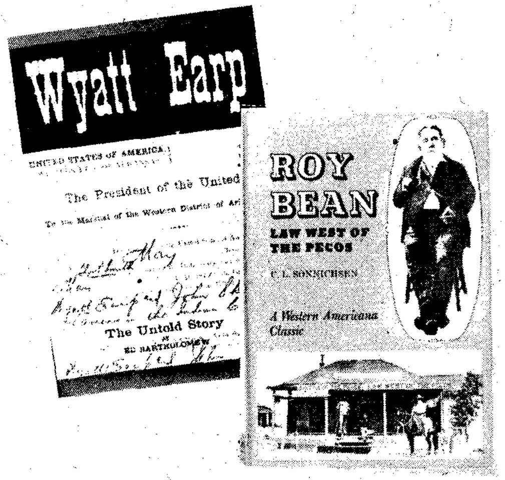

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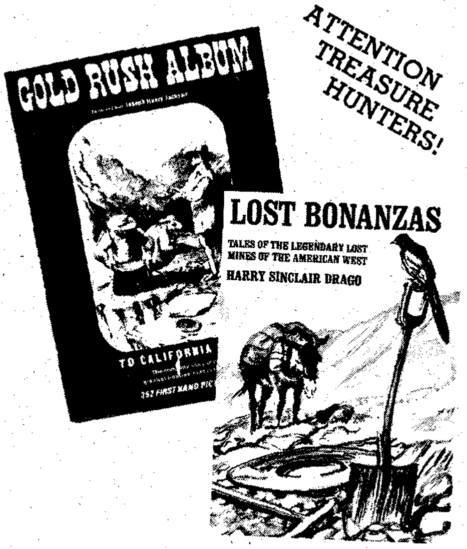

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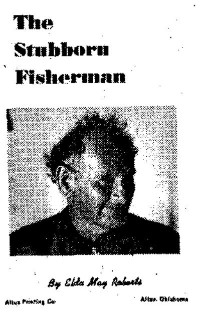

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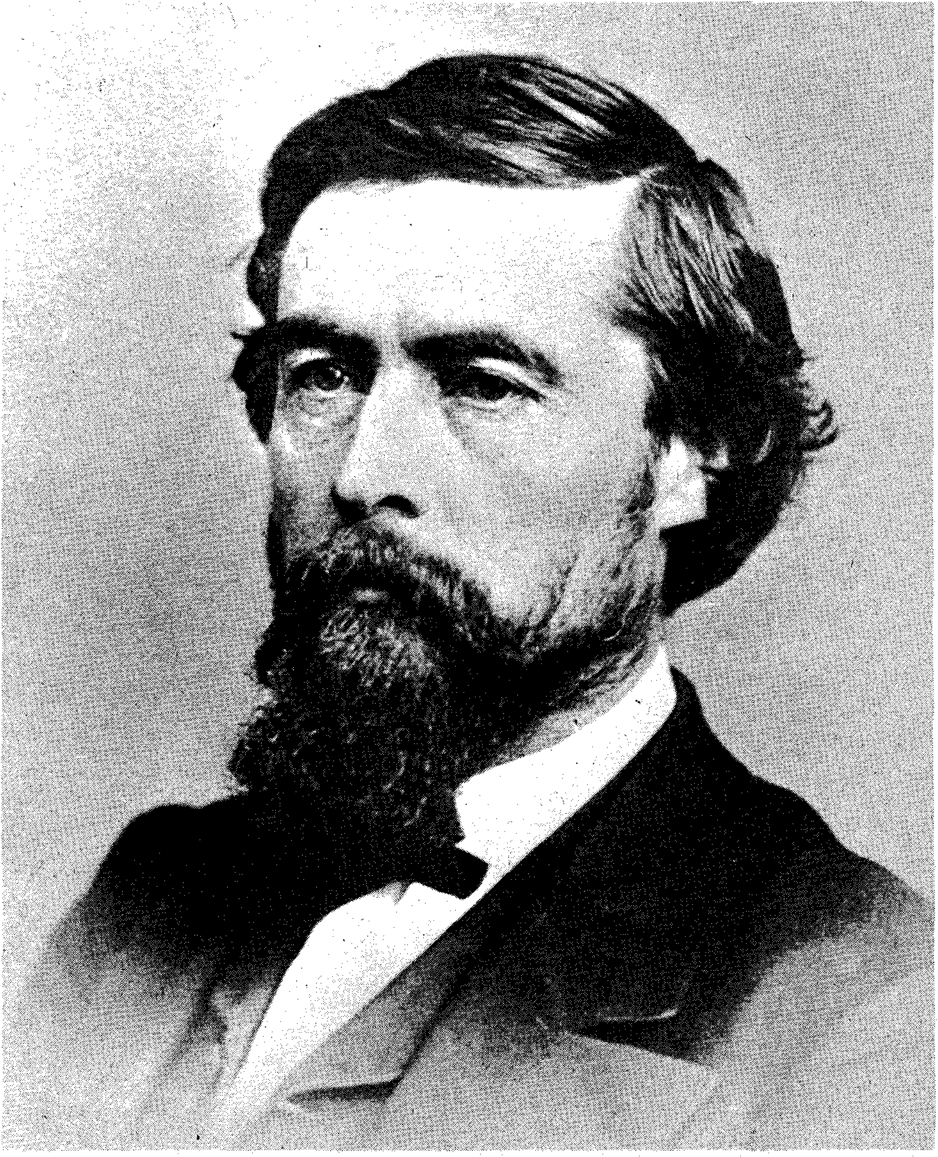


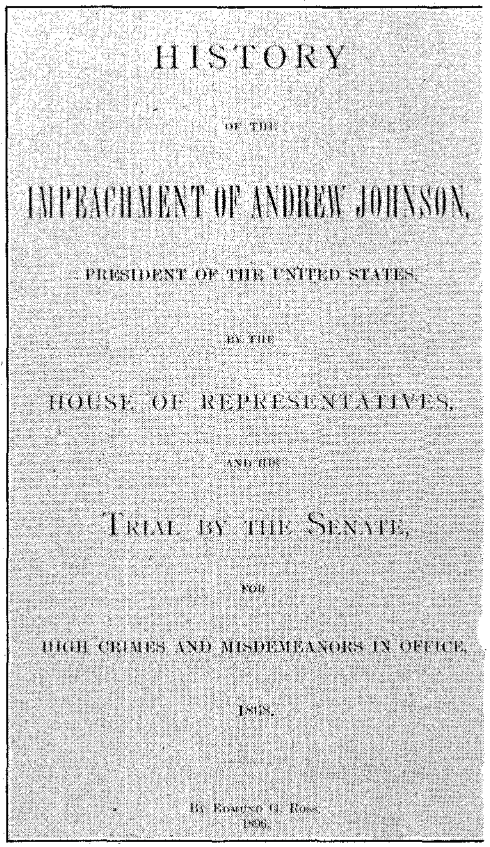
SENATOR ROSS, HOW SAY YOU?

Though best known for his role in an impeachment trial, Ross' most lasting service to his country took place in the West...

BY CECIL C. KINNEY
Photos Courtesy Author

Left: Edmund G. Ross as United States Senator, taken from a print of an original Matthew Brady portrait.

Below: A page from *History of the Impeachment of Andrew Johnson* written and hand-set by Ross in 1896.



HISTORY
OF THE
IMPEACHMENT OF ANDREW JOHNSON,
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,
BY THE
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
AND HIS
TRIAL BY THE SENATE,
FOR
HIGH CRIMES AND MISDEMEANORS IN OFFICE,
1868.

BY EDMUND G. ROSS,
1896.

"IS the respondent, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, guilty or not guilty of a high misdemeanor as charged in this article?"

"Not guilty."

The Honorable Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase, presiding, proclaimed that, "On this Article, thirty-five Senators having voted guilty and nineteen not guilty, a two thirds majority not having voted for conviction, the President is, therefore, acquitted under this Article."

The President had been indicted on eleven Articles of Impeachment and tried before the Senate on three—the 11th, 2nd and 3rd—in that order. The prosecution from the House of Representatives had gambled its case on the 11th Article—alleged violation of the Tenure-of-Office Bill by Andrew Johnson's removal of Secretary of War Stanton without Congressional approval.

Conviction had failed by a single vote. It is said that when a messenger arrived at the White House with the news, the President, sitting alone in a darkened room, the window shades drawn shut, said nothing.

The year was 1868, a Saturday morning the 16th, and although it had been hot and sultry in the crowded and tension-filled Senate chamber, outside it was a mild spring day in May.

Strange, that almost a hundred years later a young Senator from Massachusetts, writing a book, *Profiles In Courage*, should remember that trial.

"In a lonely grave, forgotten and unknown, lies the man who saved a President," wrote John Fitzgerald Kennedy, "and who as a result may well have preserved for ourselves and posterity constitutional government in the United States. . . ."

Early in his term President Kennedy made a visit to Albuquerque, New Mexico—partly business and partly pleasure. He waved to the crowds as his motorcade traveled down Yale Boulevard past Fairview Cemetery where rests the man whose vote had been so crucial—Senator Edmund G. Ross of Kansas.

In the pine-shaded family plot where the grass is always green and neatly trimmed, the Senator lies buried beside his wife of fifty-one years, Fannie Lathrop Ross, his son Pitt, and grandson Edmund. His blue granite gravestone, somewhat modest compared to the huge old yellowed monuments around him, bears the inscription:

Father
Edmund Gibson Ross
1826—1907
Pioneer Soldier Statesman

His grave faces north. When the old cemetery was laid out in 1884, planners decided the graves should face the roads, regardless of direction. It's just as well, for Edmund Ross was a Northerner—a teetotaling, Abolitionist Yankee—but whose patriotism knew no boundaries. It seems appropriate his mortal remains should lie in a state that was neither North nor South.

EDMUND ROSS, born December 7, 1826, in Ashland, Ohio, was a man of magnificent features—strong chin and nose, firm mouth, and abundant dark hair. No one is sure, but his granddaughter Susan Ross Beyer of Albuquerque, judging from the family traits, believes his hair was dark brown and his eyes blue-grey. His eyes most clearly reflect his life—defiant, almost fierce as a young Senator, slightly strained in the middle years, but with a twinkling, self-composed "I told-you-so" look in old age.

He wasn't a tall man, but bore himself so well, even in adversity, that he looked much taller than his five-feet, nine. Fannie was barely five-feet two, but it was her strength and devotion that carried her husband through many years of sorrow. For Edmund Ross, likened to Benedict Arnold by Horace Greeley, would be considered a "traitor" long before he was deemed a statesman.

Edmund and Fannie had journeyed far from Ohio—Wisconsin, Kansas, Washington, D. C., again to Kansas, and thence to New Mexico. Edmund thought of himself as a pilgrim. Some say that Kansas, incensed by his part in the acquittal of Andrew Johnson, had forced him to leave but that isn't so. Nor is it conceivable he'd taken Greeley's advice to go West.

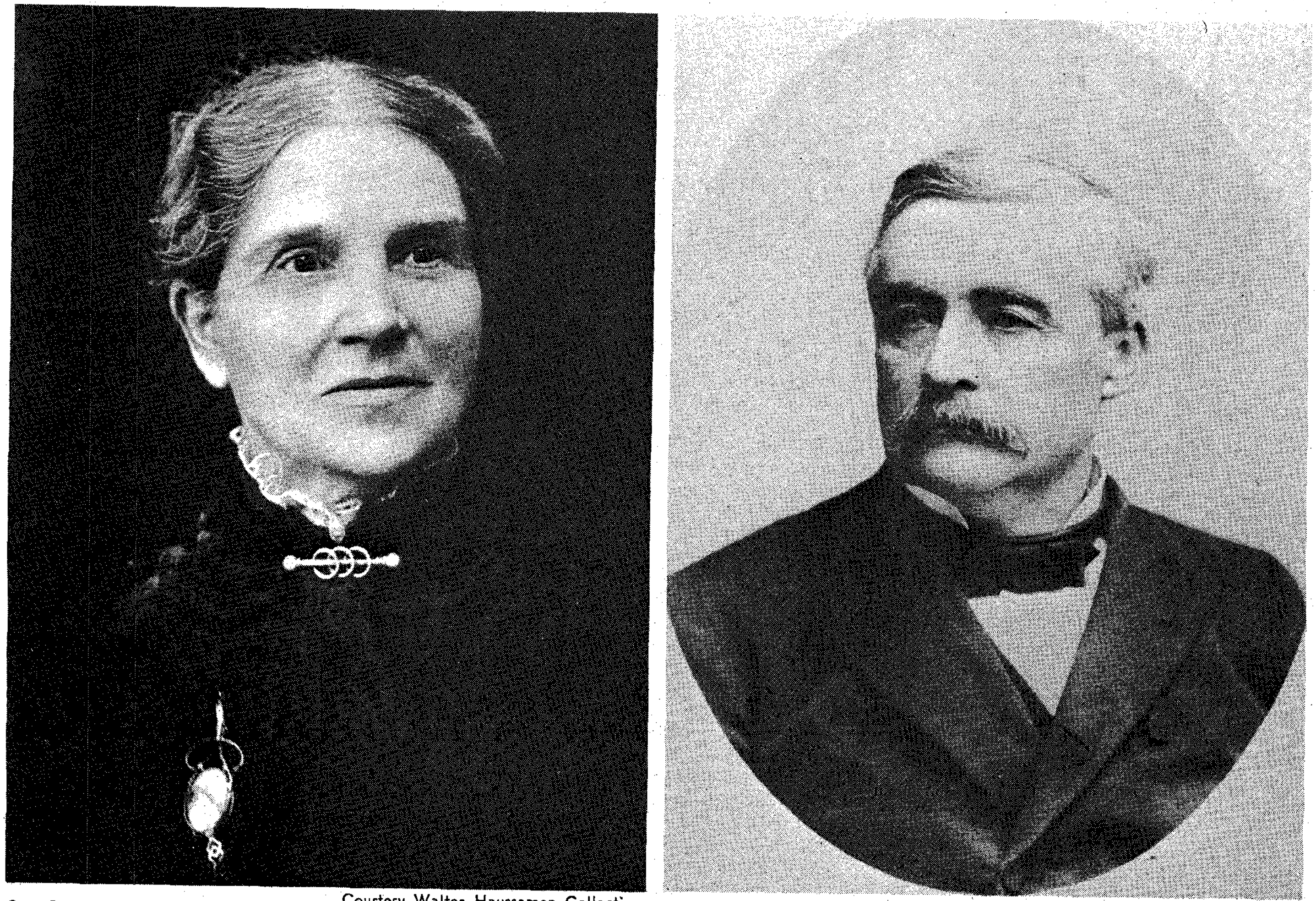
Newspaper editor Ross arrived in Albuquerque at the invitation of the New Mexico Territorial Fair, to cover the event and to make a speech. He liked Albuquerque. Edmund's health hadn't been too good in Kansas and he felt better in the crisp, dry mountain air. He would find work—he'd been a printer most of his life—bring his wife and spend the rest of his days in the Southwest. Fannie Ross hadn't been too enthusiastic, but Edmund had always liked to roam and she learned to follow.

In 1856, alarmed at the westward (and northward) spread of slavery, he had left his job on the Milwaukee *Sentinel* to lead a band of settlers, the "Milwaukee Colony," to Kansas Territory. It wasn't much of a colony—six families in ox-drawn wagons and twelve men on foot. But Edmund gathered volunteers along the 600-mile trek and arrived in Kansas, near Topeka, at the head of 100 wagons and 200 men on foot—"fighting men if such be the need," he later wrote. Their intent was to make Kansas a Free State—free from the slavery Ross despised.

As a soldier of the Union Army, Major Ross rode with the 11th Kansas Volunteer Cavalry, a regiment he recruited during the Civil War.

SHUNNED by the populace and his fellow Congressmen after the impeachment trial, Edmund unhappily stayed

Edmund Ross (right) while Territorial Governor, and his wife, Fannie Lathrop Ross (left), taken about 1883 or soon after the family moved to Albuquerque.



Courtesy Walter Haussamen Collection

out his term in the Senate. He'd been appointed temporarily by Kansas Governor Crawford and then elected by the legislature to fill the unexpired term of Senator Jim Lane. Senator Lane, a Conservative Republican from Radical Kansas, had supported Andrew Johnson's plan for Reconstruction—in essence, Lincoln's plan for amnesty and an orderly return of the South to the Union. Jim Lane was already a troubled man, and when a mass meeting in Lawrence, led partly by Editor Ross of the Kansas *Tribune*, had sharply attacked the Senator's action, Lane wandered alone into a cornfield and shot himself to death.

Governor Crawford believed he had the right replacement in Edmund Ross and sent him to Washington to oppose the President. Personally Ross had little regard for Andrew Johnson but at the impeachment two years later Ross himself would "betray" his state and commit political suicide.

His Senate term expired, Ross returned to Lawrence and the newspaper business. Kansas hadn't forgiven. Vandals stole and damaged his printing equipment and his children were taunted at school. Even nature failed to understand at the time; a howling tornado ripped through the *Tribune* plant and virtually wrecked it.

Edmund, a quiet, soft-spoken man, bore no bitterness toward those who'd condemned him and often greeted his old enemies as friends. But not Fannie. If Fannie met D. R. Anthony on the street she'd step to the curb and turn her back on him. Anthony had termed her husband a "perjurer and skunk."

In time the anger subsided. Edmund did well with the newspaper and acquired a second. Even Mr. Anthony began dropping by the office for a friendly chat.

Edmund even made a respectable showing in a bid for the Governorship of Kansas, but after losing the election he felt let-down and the invitation from New Mexico raised his spirits.

In 1882 Edmund boarded an Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe train for Albuquerque. How different New Mexico must have seemed from the brown, flat, Kansas prairie—high mountain peaks, tall Ponderosa pines, and the invigorating air. The train wouldn't pass through Santa Fe. At first the AT&SF was meant to terminate at the romantic old Spanish capital city but surveyors had found the grade too steep.

Edmund must have recalled the day in 1860 when he and Colonel Cyrus Holliday had ridden a buckboard to Topeka to raise money for a new railroad—the Atchison and Topeka. They'd talked about it, Cyrus and Edmund, around the *Tribune* office, and one day decided to give it a try. It wasn't until October 30, 1868, that then-Senator Ross turned the first shovelful of earth and made a short speech (though, as he told Colonel Holliday, he'd "had no heart for it"). Public enthusiasm over his presence at the dedication was noticeably low.

Whether he'd had to pay for his ticket isn't known, but Edmund was just another passenger as the train rolled down alongside the Rio Grande at the foot of the Sandía Mountains into Albuquerque. He'd never profited from his investment in the AT&SF. The company was in deep financial trouble in its early days and Edmund turned in his own stock to be resold.

The railroad had brought growth and a measure of prosperity to Albuquerque, now a "city" of 6,000 instead of a "town" of 2,000. Modern buildings were rising beside the steel rails that had by-passed the original Spanish settlement by a good two miles. "Old Town," as it was called, had only recently been a stopover for stagecoaches.

FANNIE ROSS had thought it was time they were retiring but Edmund went to work for an Albuquerque newspaper. His eyes were a little sad by then, and, no longer in politics, he'd shaved off his beard. But he was about to grow another.

Edmund's old instincts had revived and he perceived in New Mexico still another form of slavery to be expunged—"This time," he wrote, "from the disposal or management of foreign territorial acquisition, now in political slavery and not much better circumstanced than though in physical slavery."

Urged by the *Morning Journal* to become a candidate, Ross won the approval of President Grover Cleveland and was appointed Territorial Governor of New Mexico in 1885. From his office in the Palace of Governors in Santa Fe, he waged a constant battle against corruption and the political rings grasping for the new land. "Old Montezuma" they called him—those who'd felt his wrath.

With an eye to statehood for New Mexico, Governor Ross sought the establishment of an American educational system. Near the close of his term he signed into law the Enabling Act of 1889 creating the University of New Mexico at Albuquerque; New Mexico A. & M. at Las Cruces (now New Mexico State); and the School of Mines at Socorro.

Then sixty-three, Edmund Ross returned to his trade as printer for the last time. The indefatigable old editor published the Deming *Headlight* for a time before moving back to Albuquerque to open a job printing shop and to live with his son Pitt.

In his declining years he found time to pause and reflect about his life. He wrote and published two small pamphlets, *The Pilgrim and the Cavalier In Kansas*, and a few pages of reminiscences, *Kansas Conflict*. In 1896 he set the type by hand for a 180-page book, *History of the Impeachment of Andrew Johnson*, which he tried unsuccessfully to sell.

Great-grandson Edmund P. Ross recently found some 300 copies of the book in the attic of his parents' old home in Albuquerque. Some had been marked 50¢ and others 25¢. Evidently there'd been few buyers, even at a quarter.

In writing of the Johnson Impeachment, Ross paid no particular due to himself but rather to all seven Republican Senators who had voted acquittal: Fessenden of Maine, Fowler of Tennessee, Grimes of Iowa, Henderson of Missouri, Trumbull of Illinois, Van Winkle of West Virginia, and himself. In Ross's opinion, if any of these men was more deserving it was Senator Grimes of Iowa. Ill and dying, Senator Grimes had demanded to be carried into the Senate chamber on a stretcher. "His vote of not guilty," Ross stated, "was the last, the bravest, the grandest, and the most patriotic public act of his life."

Fannie Lathrop Ross died in 1889. Susan Ross Beyer was just a little girl but remembers her grandfather well. His hair was white then but his beard was as luxuriant and neatly groomed as ever. He liked to take a walk every day, and those who met him on the streets of Albuquerque, wearing his long frock coat and silk top hat, knew he was still the Senator.

In 1907, two months after the State of Kansas formally apologized, Edmund Gibson Ross, in his eightieth year, became ill with pneumonia. He died on a mild spring day in May.

No marble monument has been erected in his honor. More his nature, it was, to create monuments for others. Few visitors to the Capitol rotunda in Washington know the Lincoln statue was commissioned by Senator Ross.

A Strip Poker Party

(Continued from page 21)

After we had played a while, the kid the same age as my brother had a run of hard luck. When he was getting close to facing the bare facts of how cold it was and how sharp that north wind was, he said he was going to quit.

"We throw everybody who quits in the creek," my brother said. "Let's make that a rule." There was no objection, so we made that a rule. Our would-be quitter dutifully resumed play, his luck changed, and he didn't lose again for quite a spell.

About midnight we decided to check our lines and see if we had caught anything. We agreed that each was to put on all his clothes, and when we returned we would strip down to where we had been. None of us really expected to have any fish, but fishermen are also like poker players, always optimists. Our fears were confirmed; the change in the weather (or something) was keeping the fish from biting.

Back in camp all took off the clothes they were supposed to and put them in a big pile. My brother put his in a neat stack, farther away from the campfire. I thought nothing of that but I should have. Neatness was never one of his virtues.

SOON my brother had a run of bad luck and was getting pretty close to the bare facts when he said, "I'm quitting."

"If you do, you go in the creek," the boy who had been threatened earlier said. "Remember, you made the rule."

My brother, who still had on his shoes, suddenly grabbed his clothes and ran. We were all too nearly nude to pursue.

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"What do we do now?" somebody asked.

"Nothing right now," I said. "Just slip on your shoes and wait. I know exactly what he will do."

Soon I heard a rustling in a small tree near the campfire. "Let's go," I said, and we grabbed the gasoline lantern and there was my brother perched aloft looking at the game.

We tried to shake him out of the tree as we would a treed possum, but the tree was too large; however, it took only a few minutes to chop it down with our axe, with him in it. If that sounds inhuman, it wasn't, as riding down a tree was considered great sport by all of us.

We grabbed my brother and tossed him into the water. He came out fighting mad, but seeing the odds, decided on discretion. We went back to the fire and resumed our game, ignoring him as he dried out by the fire.

I had long since learned that in strip poker it was not important to win, only important not to lose, and I was playing accordingly. Some were trying hard to win, not having learned this basic rule. When the game was over I had on my trousers and a warm jacket; the rest were all stripped.

In playing "reverse strip poker" it was important to be high. When the first one to regain all his clothes looked for one shoe, it was not to be found. We thought nothing of it, supposing the shoe was somewhere in the pile of clothing. We noticed my brother had gone, but thought nothing of that either.

Then a second boy could not find one of his shoes, and when the third one also had a shoe missing, the truth dawned on us. My brother had left and taken one of each pair.

"What are we going to do now?" one boy asked. Some wanted to wait until daylight to start home.

"I don't know what you are going to do, but I am going home now," I said. "If we come dragging in after daylight, all of us half-barefooted they'll laugh at us for the next hundred years."

We gathered up our gear, leaving our hooks in the river. I put both socks on one foot, my shoe on the other. The rest did likewise and we started out.

We had about a half mile to go to get out of the wooded river bottom. Many bois d'arc (Osage orange) trees, which have long, very hard and very sharp thorns, grew along there. We watched carefully for broken branches with these thorns, which can be very painful.

The next 200 to 250 yards was through a meadow liberally blessed with grass burrs. Two socks were not much protection. Most of us hopped that distance, stopping now and then to rest, with one foot resting on the other (the one with the shoe, of course) and if you don't think that is tiring, try it sometime.

The next two miles was graveled road. We tried walking on the side of the road with our shod feet on the gravel, our sock feet on the grass, but there were still enough burrs to make us miserable. We tried walking on the gravel and soon our socks were just rags—there just was no easy way to walk, and we tried them all.

When the disgruntled fishing party got to my house, there were our shoes lined in a neat row on the front steps. Some of the boys had been talking about getting even with my brother, and I must admit I had been doing some heavy thinking along the same line. Still, family is family.

"You aren't going to do anything to him," I told them. "We threw him into the creek, and he had it coming. Then he got even with us, and I will get even with him, but if any of you do anything to him, you will answer to me."

PRETTY SOON a brilliant idea came to me. My father ran a general store in our town, and I had a key. I told one of the boys to wait. We went to the store and got a couple of trace chains and some padlocks.

My brother and I slept in an iron bed. He was (and still is) a very sound sleeper. I chained him to the bed, and when I got through there was no way he could get loose without sawing the chains. I went home with my friend for the rest of the night, though there wasn't much left.

After breakfast the next morning we went back to the river and brought in our lines. We hadn't caught a single fish.

I was supposed to work in the store Saturdays and after school. My father would be angry at me for not being there, but I was pretty sure I could get him back into a good humor without too much trouble. What I had *not* anticipated was the mood my mother was in. I had never seen her so angry. She took me into the bedroom, where my brother was in bed sound asleep.

I realized then and there that my brilliant idea had been a mistake. All I had done was get myself in trouble and give my brother a chance to sleep all morning. Mother started by asking, "What if the house had caught fire? If your brother had burned to death, it would have been all your fault and you would have been sorry as long as you lived."

I told her I hadn't even thought of that, which wasn't exactly true. I had thought of the possibility, but it had never happened before and I was sure in wouldn't this time. If it had, they could have figured out a way to get him out of the house, I had told myself.

"Why did you chain him to the bed?" Mother asked.

"Because he ran off with one of each of our shoes and we had to walk three miles with only one shoe," I explained.

"Why did he run off with your shoes?"

"Well, he made a rule and said anyone who broke it should be tossed into the river, and he broke it." I was feeling very miserable, wondering what I had been using for brains when I thought up my idea for revenge. Mother regarded poker playing as just short of bank robbing. And there wasn't a way in the world I could make her see why a group of boys would be playing strip poker just for the fun of seeing someone burning and freezing before a campfire.

"You helped throw your own brother into an icy river? Why didn't you help protect him?" she demanded.

"We were playing strip poker," my brother piped up.

"Poker!" Then turning to me Mother said, "To think you would not only play poker, you would play it with him. I thought I raised you better than that. You are supposed to set an example for him, not lead him into sin. I am ashamed of you. Both of you!" But there was no doubt about which one she was most ashamed of at that time.

Patiently and miserably I explained we were not playing for money, just for fun: and I tried, unsucessfully of course, to make her see how funny it was. My brother then told what had happened, and he told it truthfully only he slanted everything just enough to make himself a martyr. I tried to think of something to say in my own defense, but couldn't come up with anything.

Then I heard Mother's final question: "What if your brother had had to go to the bathroom while he was chained?"

With that my true-blue buddy, who was covered with only a sheet, put his arms over his face and said in a muffled tone, "But I *did* have to go, and I couldn't get there." He didn't dare show his face, he was laughing so hard. My mother always said he was crying, but I knew better. He was laughing at me, and I was sure that if Mother hadn't asked that question, the idea wouldn't have occurred to him.

Then came what I had been dreading—my sentence, only it was a series of sentences, none pleasant. She began by saying: "Tonight you are not going to see that girl. You are going to work in the store until closing time. Then you are going to wash and iron the bed clothes and other clothes you are responsible for being spoiled.

"You are not going to drive the car for a solid month." This was a blow. Our town (Caney, Oklahoma) did not have a movie, and there was an unspoken agreement, subject of course to "good behavior" that I could drive our Model T Ford either Saturday or Sunday afternoon if the family was not using it. I had to take my brother along, if he wanted to go. He hadn't learned about girls yet, at least he didn't go with any, but he often went along and saw a show in the next town while I went on a date. There was one consolation—if I couldn't go, he couldn't go.

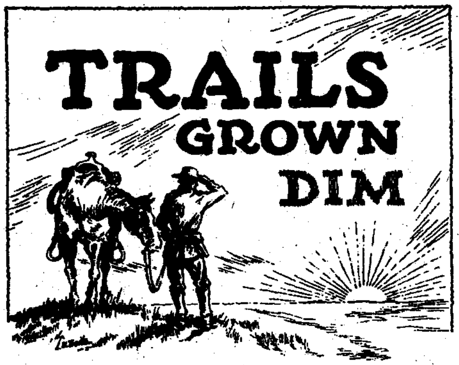
"And, every night for a month," Mother continued, "you are going to wash, dry and put away the supper dishes." I was shocked. I had never done much housework, having chores to do as well as work in the store.

"Is that all?" I asked, looking at Mother. I think she had intended adding a little more to the sentences, but decided if she did I might leave home. And I think I would have.

"That's all. And let that be a lesson to you."

I served my sentence, every bitter moment of it, trying to decide on some foolproof way of getting even for my humiliation, but every scheme I could think up had flaws. One thing that made it a little easier to bear was that no one in the family and none of the boys involved talked about our poker party for a long, long time.

My brother and I live far apart. When we get together now, which is not as often as we would like, we still get a lot of laughs recalling that night on the river and its aftermath, but I must admit it took me quite awhile to forgive him.



TRAILS GROWN DIM

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Boone Bros. Show

I would be very happy to hear from any of the cowboys who worked for the Boone Bros. Wild West Show, around the years from 1907 until about 1928.—Dee Boone, 1311 W. Trudgeon, Henryetta, Oklahoma 74437

Harmon

I am trying to find information on Ted Harmon from Virginia, an all-around rodeo rider in 1929. His last address was Rockdale, Texas in the year 1955.—Mrs. Betty Allen, 1057 San Antonio Avenue, Alameda, California 94501

Swasey

I am seeking information about pioneer and frontiersman Joseph Amos Swasey, born about 1815 in Woodstock, New Hampshire, who migrated eventually to Montrose, Iowa. Joseph's widow, Hannah Mercy Currier Swasey, later remarried to Charles Drown and is said to have migrated to Utah, then on to California.—Gene E. Speakman, M.D., Box D, Mt. Pleasant, Utah 84647.

Reynolds

My father, J. A. Reynolds, was leader of the Hardin Opera House orchestra in Texarkana, Texas from 1902-1904. He was also teacher of violin and other orchestral instruments at Taylor-Reynolds Texarkana School of Music from 1909-1910. He also taught violin at the Waco Conservatory of Music in 1896-1899. I never knew my father and would be grateful for any information about him. —Max Reynolds, 233 Red Ripple Road, Houston, Texas 77022

Ferguson

I would like to hear from anyone who knows anything about Marshall Ferguson, Laura Ferguson, his wife (my aunt), or of Nelson, Arkie or Ada Ferguson, or their children. They all left Tennessee about 1915 or 1916. They went to Michigan and haven't been heard of since. Mrs.

(Continued on page 46)

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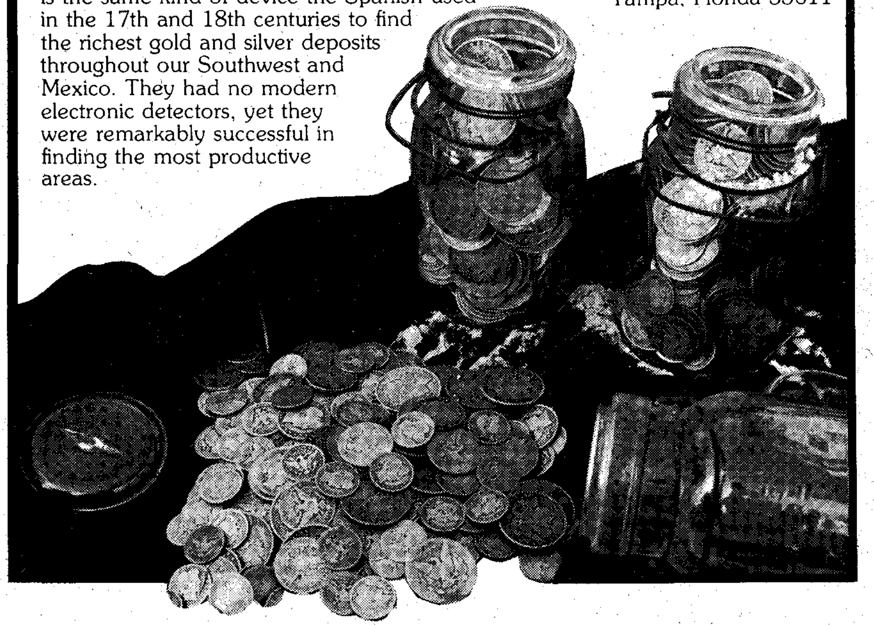

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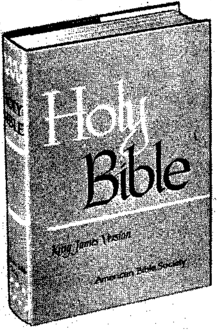


NUGGETS

Above: Almost obscured by overgrowth, the headstones and fence are destroyed in this plot.

Photos Courtesy Author

Sept. 22, 1826.
DIED
Feb. 11, 1865

100 YEARS LATER— WHO REMEMBERS?

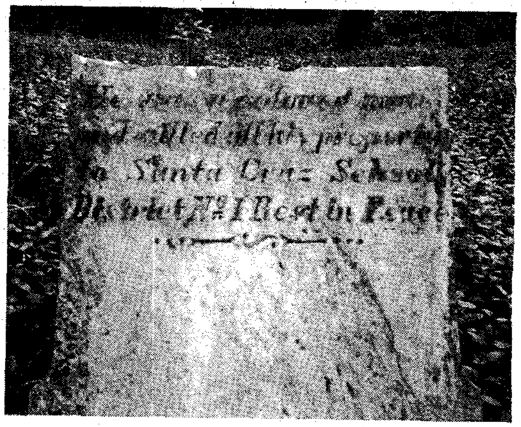
By Pearle A. Daugherty

LOCATED in Santa Cruz, California, near the Little League ball park, Harvey West playground, and the city swimming pool, in a shaded ravine is Evergreen Cemetery. Its name is apropos, for wild vines and ivy are so tangled and overgrown that many areas of the old cemetery are totally covered.

Evergreen may be the oldest Protestant cemetery in California. The earliest recorded burial (1850) was that of Julia Arcan, nineteen-day-old daughter of J. B. and A. H. Arcan. Mrs. Arcan is responsible for the naming of Death Valley. After crossing it she looked back and remarked, "Truly that is the Valley of Death." Mr. Arcan was a charter member of the Masonic Lodge, dating back to 1853. Others of local and state historical interest whose names are among the records of this old cemetery are:

Captain Isaac Graham—relative of Daniel Boone and known as the California Pathfinder around 1836. His daugh-

Above: The way the majority of the vandalized headstones look. Below: At the top of the hill, one of the few Chinese headstones. This inscription, "Chinese Burial Ground."



Above: More evidence of vandalism. Louden Nelson's name (center) is in pieces on the ground. Below: A fallen tree and mudslide have demolished this plot.

ter, born July 4, 1846, was probably the first child born here of American parentage.

Louden Nelson—ex-slave, who settled here and willed all his property to Santa Cruz School District #1, our first public school. Today it is Mission Hill Junior High.

B. A. Case—president of the first Temperance Society of California.

Mary Case—who conducted school in her home in 1848.

Cooper family—donor of land on which was built the Santa Cruz County courthouse.

Joseph Skiro—councilman when the city was founded, and district attorney in 1857.

Mr. D. Lancaster—who put up the first brick building on Pacific Avenue and served as mayor from 1871 to 1872.

Granville Shelley—in 1849 the town's main builder.

Henery Speel—a sergeant in the Mexican War who surveyed the first building site and laid out a wagon route over the Santa Cruz Mountains to San Jose.

Aurthur Taylor—editor of the Santa Cruz *Surf*, an early-day newspaper.

A. P. Jordan—died 1865. He was part owner of the first steamship line to Santa Cruz and also owned and operated a powder works.

Dr. Frank Kitteredge—a graduate of Dartmouth who practiced medicine here in the 1850s.

Miss Anna Thurber—relative of humorist James Thurber. She spent several years researching through the California and New England Historical Societies and California genealogical files to replace original records destroyed years before.

AS one walks through this damp, musty cemetery, it is hard to conceive that present-day citizens of Santa Cruz have so little concern for the final resting place of its early-day pioneers. The place is a total disaster. From the combination of drenching winter rains and vandals, hardly a headstone or monument remains intact.

The wooden or iron fences, so common around family plots in by-gone days, have been knocked down by falling trees and mudslides, or carried away by trespassers. In San Francisco, seventy-five miles away, two youths were arrested, and found in their possession were headstones later determined to have come from the old Evergreen Cemetery. An array of discarded soda and beer cans, wine and whiskey bottles are scattered among the broken, mildewed headstones.

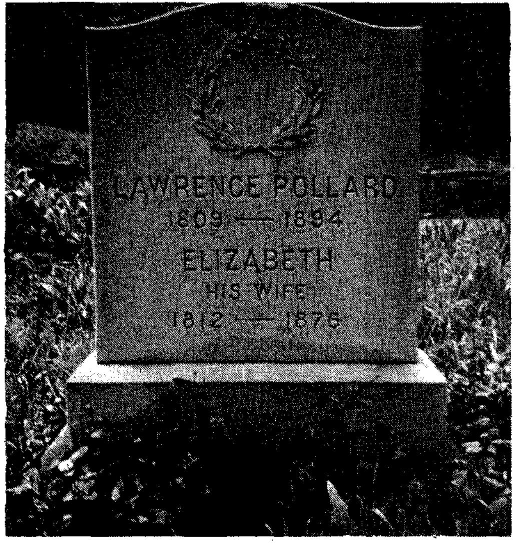
If you know where to look, and carefully pull back the dense undergrowth, you will uncover a slab of granite carved with the inscription—Chinese Burial Ground—but there is nothing to indicate where the graves are.

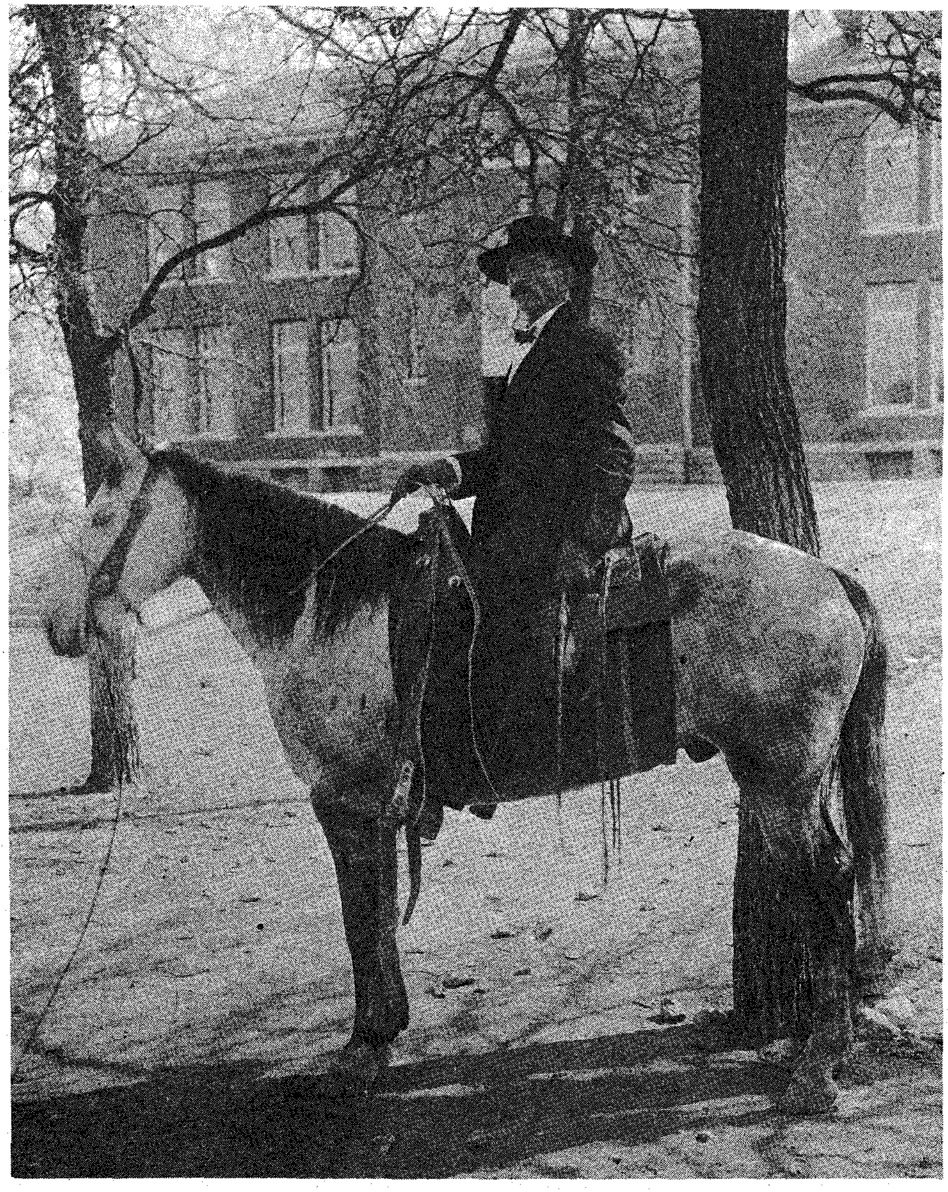
In April 1966, the Santa Cruz Historical Society requested the Board of Supervisors to designate Evergreen Cemetery as an Historical Landmark. This request was approved on June 21, but upon checking with the state they found that cemeteries were not designated as such. However, it was registered as a Point of Historical Interest on January 24, 1968.

The Civil War plot is cared for by the Veterans Association, and the Masons' plot by the Masonic Lodge, but the remainder of the eight acres is totally neglected and forgotten. It is a certainty that if measures are not taken soon there will be nothing left to save. Vandals and uncontrolled vegetation will have obliterated Evergreen.

It seems sad that such would be the fate of those who sacrificed so much and who worked so diligently to settle and build a city. And now 100 years later—who remembers?

Below: Near the road, this marker and others, have escaped the fate of those in the back of the Evergreen Cemetery.





John R. Banister when sheriff of Coleman County, Texas, after he served as Chief Field Inspector for the Texas Cattle Raisers Association. Photos Courtesy Author

THE KILLING OF LINA BAISA

By Billy B. Waldeck

JOHN R. BANISTER, Chief Field Inspector for the Texas Cattle Raisers Association, knew full well the danger he was riding into on March 27, 1914. Conditions were grave in the southern parts of Presidio and Jeff Davis Counties in the Trans-Pecos area of Texas. Mexican bands led by Lina Baisa and Chico Cana were committing acts of violence all along the border on both sides of the Rio Grande.

On February 10, 1913, Lina Baisa had been one of the Mexicans who killed Jack Howard, River Guard; wounded Joe Sit-

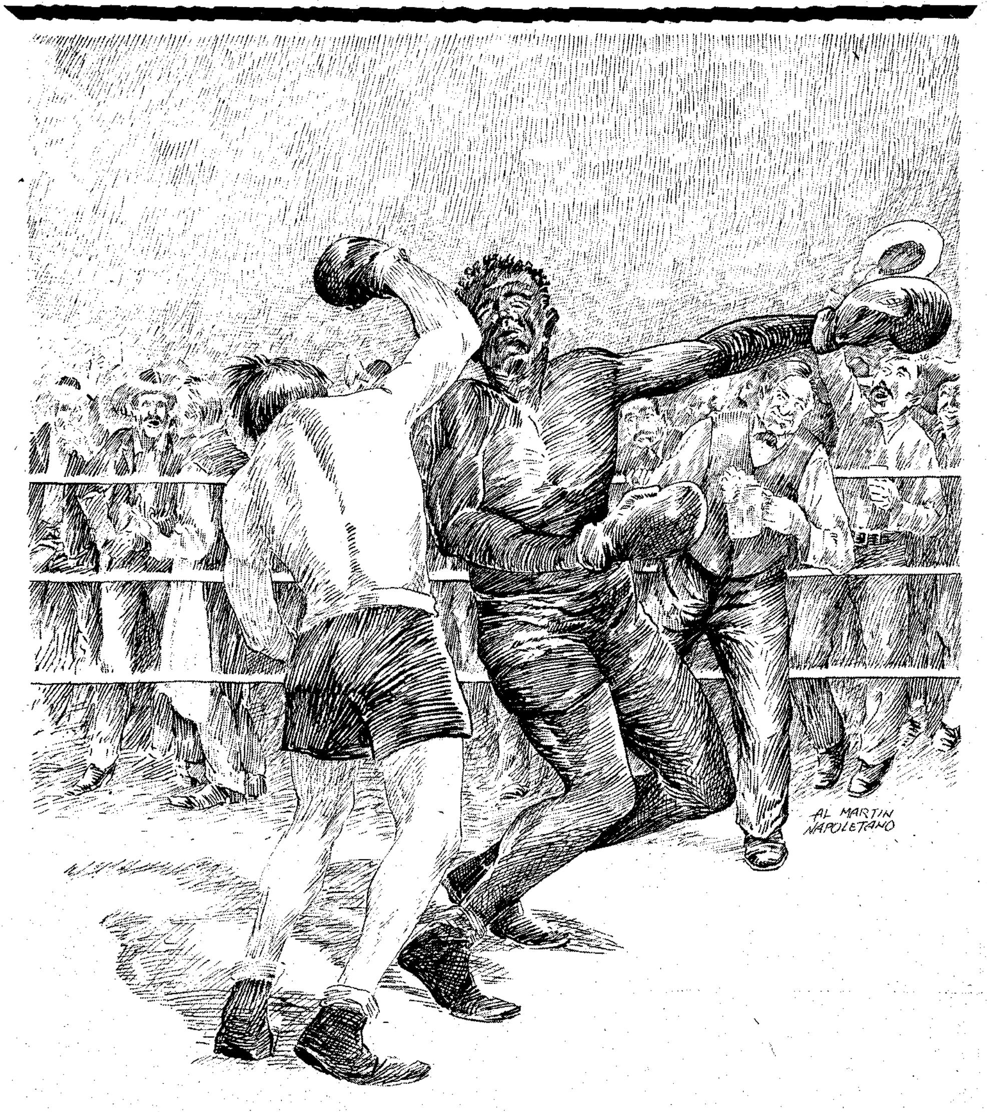
(Continued on page 53)

Fried Bobcat Dinner

(Continued from page 11)

SUPPER OVER, they all headed for Big Casino's dance hall where Piano Jim sat perched on his stool at an old upright Steinway. During the shank of the evening other cowpunchers in town drifted in, along with the young sporting life of Malta.

Ringbone Sam, by nature a free spender, bought round after round of drinks for the house. He danced every dance with the Señorita Rosita Chavez from El Paso. Frank Howe, not to be outdone, had borrowed money from Puck Powell to keep up his end of the celebration, devoting his time to Goldie Brown from Reno. New girls at Big Casino's invariably were the most popular.



Dawn was dimming the stars when finally Ringbone Sam and Frank Howe, both loaded and weaving their way on unsteady legs, headed for the White House at the far end of Main Street. With empty pockets but in a jovial mood, with nary a care in the whole wide world, they traveled with arms linked for mutual support, their voices raised in slightly off-key harmony, singing the ribald verses of an old trail song.

For today was today and tomorrow may never come. And if it did, rain or shine, come hell or high water, those two cowhands would meet it as they had done many, many times before, dead broke and not giving a damn one way or another. Money was made to spend; the Devil hated a tightwad or a quitter; so spend your money and sleep in the streets. They'd had a hell of a good time while their money held out, and kept a bottle of whiskey to sober up on.

Up until Thanksgiving the two cowboys hung and rattled, batching at the White House, with grub in the kitchen, firewood for the kitchen range, and a jug of whiskey handy. Now and then they worked a few shifts tending bar, or sat in for an hour or so at some poker game to pick up a few bucks on a lucky jackpot. They bent their credit for all it was worth at every saloon in town but paid in advance for meal tickets at the restaurants.

Whenever Hambone was on shift at the T Bone he fed them like kings—steaks, French fries and a side dish of canned corn or stewed tomatoes, with pie for dessert. Hambone would notch their meal tickets with a railroad conductor's punch at fifty cents a meal. This lasted until Barney Jones, owner and proprietor of the T Bone Cafe, left town overnight, owing the butcher, Trafton's wholesale grocery store, the Malta Mercantile, and every saloon in town, large unpaid bills of several months' duration, including the two months' wages Hambone had coming. For all his back-slapping and hearty manner the restaurant owner turned out to be a four-flusher who also owed a year's rent on the building. His sudden departure for parts unknown with a thick bankroll left the big, good-natured Hambone jobless and broke.

Frank Howe, the memory of past favors fresh in mind, invited Hambone to move his tarp-covered roundup bed to the Circle C White House. So there were three of them now, to face a cold, bleak Thanksgiving day instead of the usual cowtown celebration, when nearby ranchers and hands came to Malta for the occasion.

PUCK POWELL, Arthur Cavanaugh, and some other saloon men got together with Sheriff Harry Cosner and Little Mac and the Sklower boys, Joe and Manny, and John Survant, Manager of the Circle Diamond outfit, at a town hall meeting. It was their unanimous opinion that a prizefight on Thanksgiving night would enliven the holiday founded by the Pilgrim Fathers. They contacted a pair of second-rate fighters in the heavyweight class. One was called Stan Kotsky, a big Polack bouncer at Shorty Young's honkytonk in Havre. The other was Spud Murphy, the pride of Dublin Gulch at Butte. Tickets were printed. The price of admission was two dollars. The fight was to be held at Big Casino's dance hall.

A few days before Thanksgiving came disappointing news. A group of cavalrymen from the all-Negro Fighting 10th, stationed at Fort Assiniboine near Havre, had ganged up on the big bouncer with razors and brass knucks, and put him in the hospital. Later that same day the promoters got a telegram from the sheriff at Butte informing them that the pride of Dublin Gulch was locked up in jail, charged with the murder of a pimp who had tried to knife him. It looked for all the world as if the promoters of the prizefight were holding an empty bag.

Ringbone Sam and Hambone, who had set up the prize ring under Puck Powell's supervision, were sparring around in their sock feet with a set of boxing gloves Piano Jim had dug up somewhere when all this bad news hit. Stripped to undershirts, each with a smattering of ring science, they danced around to display their skill before Big Casino and her dance hall girls, with Frank Howe acting as referee and Piano Jim as timekeeper for the boxing match.

It was Frank Howe, after the short sparring bout ended, who had called Puck Powell aside for a confidential, "You shoulda seen the way Ringbone Sam and Hambone handled their dukes, Puck. You never seen such footwork, and they was just tappin' one another, clownin'. Now if you fellers put some money on the barrelhead, them two big bruisers would play for keeps. Hell, Ol' Hambone's as big as Jack Johnson and about the same build. When he was mess sergeant in the 10th Cavalry," Howe lied glibly, "Hambone was the heavyweight champion at Fort Assiniboine. And I'd match Ring-

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bone Sam against either of that pair of pugs that let you fellers down. You match Ringbone Sam and Hambone and the customers will get their money's worth."

The fight promoters were in a tight, and a little desperate, and now Puck Powell thought he saw a way out. He told Howe that if the fighters would agree to be satisfied with a fifty-fifty split of the gate receipts he thought he could persuade the other promoters to go along with the idea.

"You acting as their manager, Howe?" asked Puck.

"You might call it that," Howe said a little pompously.

"It's a deal," Puck Powell said. "I'll guarantee that right here and now." And they shook hands on it.

There was time enough to have new handbills printed, and the large block lettering in black on yellow paper read:

BATTLE OF THE CENTURY!
For the Heavyweight Championship of the Highline.
THE BLACK PANTHER— former heavyweight champion of Fort Assiniboine.
versus
THE BATTLING GRIZZLY—heavyweight champion of the Little Rockies.
A scheduled fifteen rounder to be held Thanksgiving Night at Big Casino's dance hall at 8:00 p.m.
Admission two silver dollars.
Adults Only.

JUST INSIDE the door of the dance hall a long bar had been set up. Rows of kitchen chairs lined all four sides of the square ring, the ringside seats reserved for those gents who promoted the fight. Little Mac at the Malta Mercantile had dug up two pairs of large soft-soled leather-laced gym shoes, and new regulation Spalding boxing gloves. He added two pairs of long, black-ribbed wool drawers and had the open fly sewn shut. Loops had been sewn on the waistband of the drawers to hold leather belts in place. Both fighters would go into the ring bare from the waist up.

Camp stools were placed in both corners, along with water buckets, sponges and towels. Frank Howe would be in Ringbone Sam's corner; Long Henry Plott, former cowpuncher and now a saloon man, would be in Hambone's corner. Puck Powell would act as referee. Piano Jim was elected timekeeper, with a stop watch in hand.

Hambone was dubbed the Black Panther; and Ringbone Sam, the Battling Grizzly. For the few days left before Thanksgiving, both fighters basked in the limelight. Both had agreed to put up the best fight they were capable of, with no stalling and plenty of slugging. Both men were in good condition, each tipping the scales at close to 190 pounds. Because they were evenly matched, no odds were given in the betting.

No ladies were to be allowed. Albeit Big Casino had donated her dance hall for the boxing match, she and her girls would remain in their rooms. Prizefighting was strictly for an adult male audience.

Along about 7 o'clock on Thanksgiving night the first of the crowd began trickling in. A cold white moon cast its pale reflection down the length of the long alleyway. The lantern hanging over the dance hall cast a scarlet stain on the snow. More than one of the solid citizens among the married men with families who attended the fight had a moment of shared guilt in the red reflection.

Tall black-clad Piano Jim stood just inside the door to pass out tickets and collect the silver dollars, which he tossed into a large tin dishpan on the end of the bar. Regular customers would recognize the familiar battered dishpan as the proverbial 'kitty' that customarily reposed on the raised platform near the upright piano, where a cardboard placard of a black cat with arched back was tacked to the platform, with the bold red-lettered suggestion, FEED THE ALLEY CAT!

The good-natured crowd now filling the dance hall was in a jovial, slightly tipsy mood. Men were lined up three deep at the bar, with two bartenders on shift to serve the drinks. The whiskey and beer were furnished by the saloon men, with a cut of the money taken in over the bar to go to Big Casino to pay for the night's rental of the hall.

Both prizefighters in their long black tights, with wool blankets over their shoulders, sat on the canvas camp stools in opposite corners. Nobody else was allowed in the ring. The fighters' hands were left untaped to permit them to hold a shot glass of whiskey or a schooner of beer. The handlers, who stood outside the ropes, permitted no one to approach either fighter within arm's reach, by the order of Sheriff Harry Cosner. Someone had started the rumor that Sam Deniff, the gambling man, and his brother Luke, were making book on the results of the fight, and no chances were being taken of somebody slipping one or the other fighter a Mickey Finn.

Shortly before eight o'clock when the place was filled to capacity from the 200 tickets turned in, Piano Jim carried the filled dishpan of silver dollars to the back bar near the cash register. Puck Powell stepped through the ropes into the center of the ring and held up a hand for attention. Thin layers of tobacco smoke filled the large barn-like room. The boxing gloves had been laced on.

"THIS prize fight," referee Puck Powell announced in a loud voice, "for the heavyweight championship of the Highline, will be fought to the finish. Three minute rounds. One minute intervals. The official knockout is ten seconds. By mutual agreement with both contestants and their handlers, and in full agreement with the citizens of Malta who have put up funds and moral support to promote this sporting event, there have been a few slight changes in the rule book. In this prizefight, neither fighter will be declared winner until his seconds throw the sponge into the middle of the ring. You sports who have laid bets will be governed by this cow-country ruling."

Puck Powell called both fighters to the center of the ring. The referee examined the lacing on the gloves, and warned the fighters, "No foul punches below the belt. When I say break, break quickly. And guard yourselves in the clinches. Now shake hands, then go to your respective corners. When the bell for the opening round sounds, come out fighting, and may the best man win!"

The referee had a paperbacked copy of the Marquis of Queensberry rules somebody had given him, in his hand. Now, with a flourish of contempt, he tossed it into a large brass cuspidor. Laughter and a mixture of cheering and good-natured booing followed the gesture.

The gong clanged loudly, cutting through the sound of voices and layers of tobacco smoke, and both fighters sprang from their respective corners as stones from a catapult. Their long arms flailed the air like a pair of animated windmills, throwing haymakers in wild abandon. Then the Black Panther and the Battling Grizzly collided in the center of the ring with a dull thud. On impact Hambone's lowered head butted Ringbone Sam's belly, bringing forth a belch-like gasp. One flailing glove slammed hard into Hambone's charcoal face. Blood spurted from the Black Panther's splayed nose as the Battling Grizzly doubled up, gasping for breath as he reeled back against the ropes. Hambone, momentarily blinded by the terrific blow that sent blood spurting from his nose, staggered back and gripped the top rope. And there both fighters were, sagging on the ropes on opposite sides of the ring, out of the fight, disabled.

There were immediate protests of foul play by those who had bet on the Battling Grizzly. "Give the decision to Ringbone Sam on a foul!"

"Dry up!" one of the Black Panther's backers hollered. "Hambone was crouched like Jack Johnson fought. Ringbone Sam had both eyes shut when he ran into Hambone's head."

"How about it, Puck?" another demanded.

"Didn't you hear the referee announce 'to hell with the Marquis of Queensberry,' when he throwed the rule book in the gaboon?" another yelled.

The referee stood in the middle of the ring with an incredulous expression on his ruddy face. "Directly Ringbone Sam gets his wind," he announced, "and Long Henry gets the blood wiped off Hambone's face, they'll have at it. Any more wisecracks and the sheriff will give you the bum's rush."

To prevent any further confusion Piano Jim sounded the gong to end the short first round, while Long Henry and Frank Howe worked over their fighters.

THE NEXT ROUND both fighters eased up on the rushing tactics as they swung haymakers and danced around one another, feinting, jabbing and dodging, back-pedaling with clumsy footwork.

"Waltz me around again, Willie," called a tipsy voice.

"Mix it!" yelled another.

Again the fighters started slugging, and slammed together in a bear-hug clinch, gloves pounding kidneys. "Break it up!" The referee parted the fighters.

Hambone, whose nose had started bleeding again, swung a wild punch that landed on Ringbone Sam's nose with a dull crack that spurted blood. Ringbone Sam shook his head to clear the pain and made a sudden rush, landing hard body blows as they went into another clinch. Both men were now delivering short jabs, both grunting during the in-fighting. The referee made no effort to separate them but side-stepped nimbly around them. As they broke free of their own accord, Ringbone Sam swung a lucky punch that sent Hambone reeling to lose his balance and fall over backwards.

The referee started counting. He'd reached the eight count when Piano Jim sounded the gong. Saved by the bell, Long Henry dragged Hambone to his feet and eased him down on his stool.

"According to the cow-country Gooseberry rules," Puck Powell announced loudly, "the prizefighter who hits the canvas buy drinks for the house."

The unexpected announcement brought a loud chorus of cheers. As the crowd lined up at the bar, drinks were served to the two fighters whose handlers were working feverishly with sopping sponges and towels. The timekeeper allowed more than the minute interval between rounds while the two bartenders dipped freely into the silver dollars in the dishpan kitty and the newfangled cash register chimed like sleigh bells, ringing up sales.

Piano Jim clanged the gong for the beginning of the next round, and this time it was Ringbone Sam who hit the canvas when Hambone connected with a wild swing to the jaw. At the count of nine the gong sounded. Another round of drinks for the house was on Ringbone Sam this time, but the fighters were refreshed by shots of bar whiskey and beer chasers during the interval between rounds.

From then on by mutual, unspoken agreement, each round regardless of timing, ended in a knock-down. There would be a count of five, seven, three or eight, then the gong would sound; the merry ringing of the cash register was taking its steady toll of the gate receipts.

There was some argument later as to the exact number of rounds. A near guess made it somewhere between twenty and twenty-five before the last silver dollar was spent, leaving the kitty as empty as the bar bottles and numerous beer kegs.

When the bloody sponges at both corners were tossed by the tipsy handlers into the center of the canvas ring, the referee declared the fight a draw and raised the right hand of each fighter amidst wild cheering and stomping of high-heeled boots.

The Black Panther of Fort Assiniboine and the Battling Grizzly of the Little Rockies were declared undisputed Heavyweight Champions of the Highline. Boxing gloves were unlaced and the two fighters, wrapped in blankets, were hurried across the alley to the barber shop, where they stripped down to the hide and soaked in big tubs of hot water. The sweat and blood sponged off, they got dressed and returned with their handlers to Big Casino's to line up at the crowded bar with with their back-slapping, hurrahing admirers.

Puck Powell latched onto the blood-stained boxing gloves for a definite purpose—to hang them in an honored place above the mirror on the back bar of his saloon.

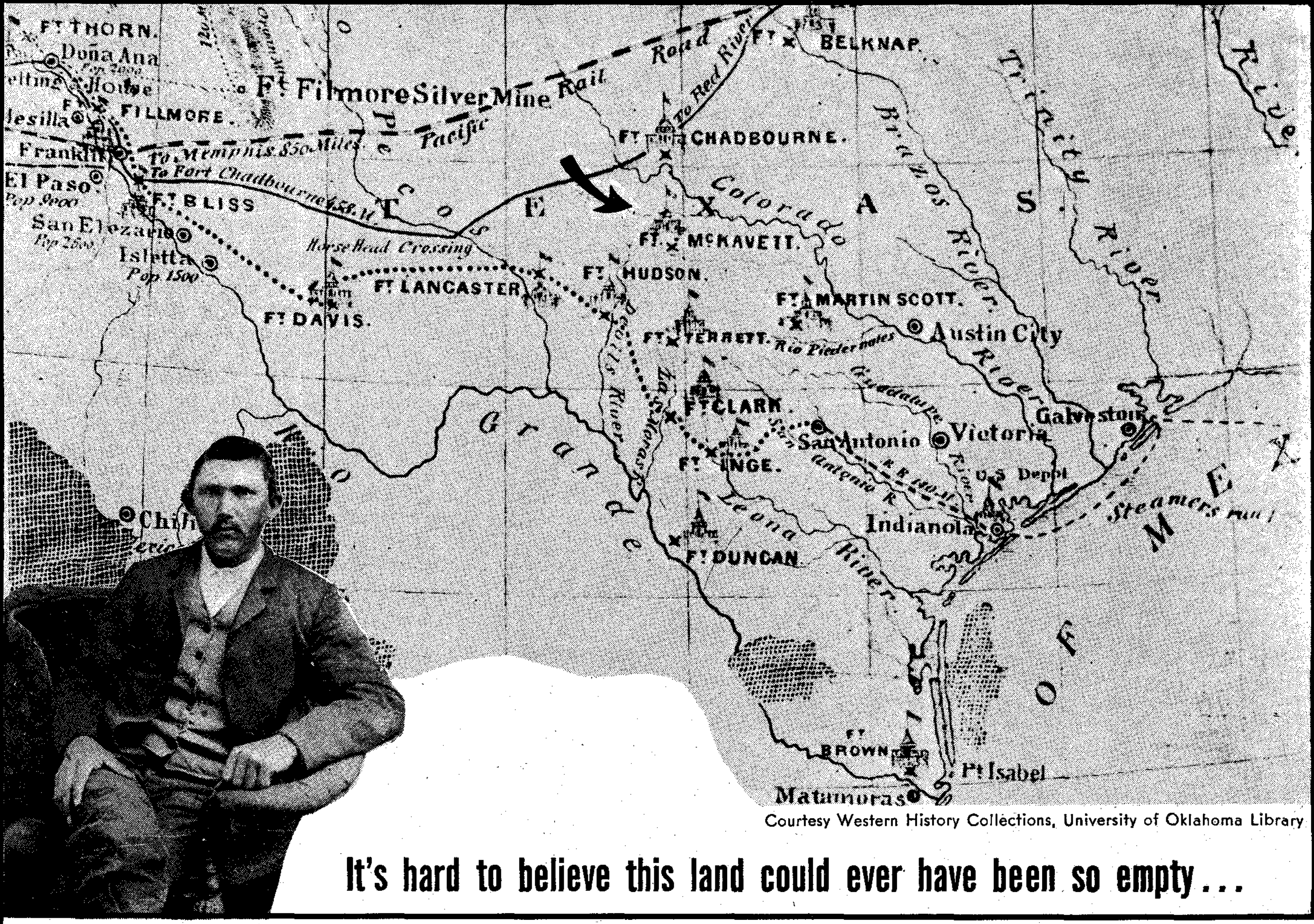
Puck Powell also made a futile attempt to have the customers return the gate receipts and refill the empty dishpan with silver dollars, a fifty-fifty share going to each fighter. After all, it had been sort of a put-up job, he declared, for the prizefighters to buy drinks for the house for each knockdown.

But Ringbone Sam and Hambone, drunk on booze and the glory of fame, waved all arguments aside with careless gestures.

"Anyhow," Ringbone Sam declared, a battered grin on his face, "Mr. Phillips just sent me word that he's having to winter in California and for me to get back to handling the cattle at the Phillips cattle and sheep ranch. And Mr. Survant has just hired Hambone as ranch and roundup cook at the Circle Diamond, and Frank Howe goes back to the Circle C outfit tomorrow."

The locally historic battle of the century gained a widespread fame throughout that part of Montana. For many years the prizefight between Ringbone Sam and Hambone was discussed in all its gory details in saloons and cow camps, on roundups and in ranch bunkhouses, and far-flung lonely winter line camps, until it gained a certain legendary status.

TWENTY-ONE DAYS BETWEEN RIVERS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Indianola
FT DUNCAN
Leona River
Rio Grande
Steamers run
FT BROWN
Ft Isabel
Matamoras
GULF OF MEXICO

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

It's hard to believe this land could ever have been so empty...

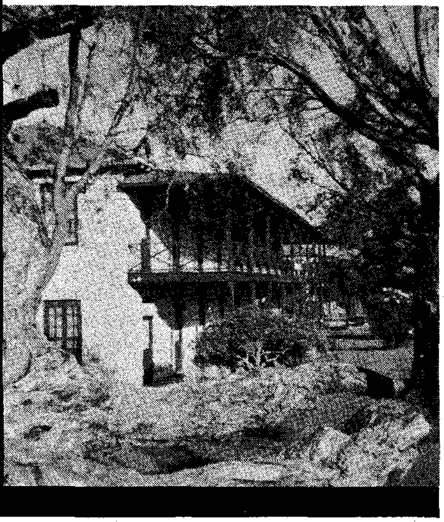
The route of the cattle drive Walter Harper (inset) participated in can be followed on this 1855 Texas map. Fort Concho, not on the map, is indicated with an arrow.

« From the memoirs of Walter Harper; born 1860, died 1932 »

BY WALTER HARPER
submitted by
MYRTLE H. CANNON

Photos Courtesy Author

Below: A 1966 view of Fort Clark (close to Del Rio). Courtesy Dr. Willis Sperry



IN the spring of 1879, I rode into Fort Clark, which at that time was the most important military post between San Antonio and El Paso, Texas. It was the point from which troops were dispatched against the Indians from Old Mexico, who, up to that time, were in the habit of making frequent raids against the people in the frontier settlements, driving off stock and frequently killing isolated families.

After getting into town, where I found everything dull on account of the long quarantine which had been imposed upon the town, I took up my quarters with two men who were running a small truck garden, which was irrigated by the Los Moras Creek. About a mile from the town or fort, these men lived in a small grass-thatched hut located about three hundred yards from a village of Seminole Indian Negroes—about sixty in number—able-bodied men who were employed by the United States Government as scouts. These Negroes were former slaves, descendants of the Seminoles who migrated from South Florida to Mexico. On arriving in Mexico they found themselves free and crossed over into Texas where they were employed as scouts and did excellent service under the command of Lieutenant Bullis.

They were a reckless, hard riding, hard fighting, fearless bunch. They spread terror to the Comanches wherever they encountered them. They were a turbulent noisy lot. Their language among themselves was a jargon of Spanish, English and Seminole, but they used very good English or Spanish when speaking to outsiders. They seemed to be of a religious turn, holding frequent services which consisted mainly of exhortations by one or more members, accompanied by a kind of groaning chant from the rest of the congregation, together with frequent screams and shouts. The excitement gradually increased until it became a bedlam of noise. These meetings began about dark and lasted until eleven or twelve o'clock.

They seemed to be a strictly honest bunch. My friends told me they had never been known to molest anything not belonging to them. They cultivated small gardens which were irrigated from the Los Moras Creek. These gardens were cultivated by the women and older children. The ground was dug with a hoe and the seeds were planted haphazard,

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without regard to rows or distance. Crops consisted mainly of corn and melons of various kinds. The bucks, when not on duty, stayed at home with their families but were subject to call at any minute. They furnished their own mounts and equipment but drew government rations.

WHILE in Fort Clark I made the acquaintance of two young men named McMahon and Beckett. The former owned a cow ranch about twelve miles west of Fort Clark. He also had a small bunch at the head of North Concho. My new acquaintances were about to start to the latter place so I made arrangements to accompany them. Accordingly we started early the next morning from McMahon's ranch—McMahon and Beckett in a little spring wagon, and a Mexican and I on horseback driving extra saddle horses.

Our route headed up the west draw of the Nueces River, across the divide to the old abandoned Fort Terrett at the head of the Llano. About nine o'clock of the morning on the second day, we passed a detachment of cavalry. We learned from them that a day or so previously a band of Comanches crossed the Rio Grande above Eagle Pass, passed east of Uvalde, killed a family on Turkey Creek and were traveling northward, driving off saddle stock as they went.

That night we came to the last waterhole on the West Nueces. It was known as Black Waterhole because of the color of the water which was a dark, mineral, stinking stuff, hardly fit to use. It was here we came on the trail of the marauding Indians where they had driven their stock in and out again. Their tracks were quite fresh and plain. We camped there for the night.

The next morning we were off on the long and arduous drive across the divide to the Llano. Our route headed up the dry bed of the canyon through a rough mountainous country. The trail was very dim and at times almost impassable. The traveling was necessarily slow; the day was warm with occasional light showers.

About ten o'clock we came to a place where rain had fallen enough to put water in the depressions in the rocks and here we watered our stock and replenished our own supply. We were still on the trail of the Indians for their tracks were quite plain. After stopping for a few minutes for dinner we pushed on, arriving at Paint Rock Waterhole just at midnight. Here we hobbled our horses, spread our blankets on the grass and were soon fast asleep.

The sun was high the next morning when we awoke. After getting our breakfast, we rested ourselves and horses until afternoon. The Indians were still ahead of us. . . .

We passed through old Fort Terrett about a mile below there and met a man who lived with his family in one of the abandoned houses of the old fort. He said they had taken all of the horses, leaving him afoot, but did not offer to molest any of the family. He said they passed two days previously with the troops in pursuit several hours behind them.

We learned afterwards that the troops followed them to somewhere above the Concho and gave up the chase. This was, I believe, the last raid made by the Comanches from Mexico into West Texas. This was sometime in May 1879.

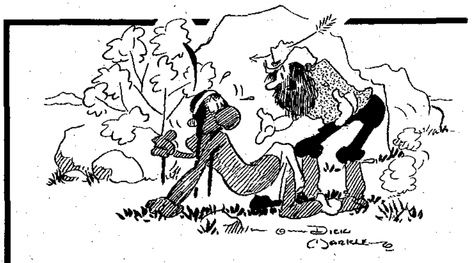
From here our route led us by way of Fort McKavett, Kickapoo Springs, and on to Fort Concho. The country through which we passed was wholly unsettled. We did not pass a single ranch on the entire trip. We saw only one traveler, a trooper on a give-out horse near Kickapoo Springs, who had been left behind in the chase after the Indians. He was making his way to Fort McKavett.

After getting within about ten miles of Fort Concho, we went into camp near a big beaver dam on the South Concho River. Here McMahon left us and went on to where his cattle were being kept on the North Fork, while Beckett, myself and the Mexican kept camp and looked after the horses.

The country around was alive with game—deer, antelope by the thousands, turkeys and other game—while the stream was swarming with fish. The waters were so clear that one could see everything on the bottom, even at a depth of eight or ten feet. The sight of so many fish made us hungry and we longed for tackle, but we had none. However, we did not do without fish as we found two catfish about twenty inches long in a pool cut off from the main stream by a gravel bar. These we scooped up with a saddle blanket and they supplied us with fresh fish for a couple of days.

We stayed at this camp for nearly a week until McMahon returned. He had disposed of his cattle so we started on our return journey to Fort Clark.

During the entire trip of three weeks we did not meet with more than half a dozen persons outside of Fort McKavett and the troopers, nor did we see a single wagon track outside of those made by our own wagon. The roads were mere trails, and difficult to follow in places, a great contrast to present-day conditions.



"That's some idea, Bud! Mind if I get behind it with you? Maybe we can both get out of here alive!"

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 6)

ular in Texas and Oklahoma: "Fifth of January," "Fort Smith" and "Rattlesnake Bit the Baby." Wow! I wonder if these contests still go on, and are recorded. It would be sad indeed if the tunes these men played were allowed to die.—H. G. Dunnam, 15 Stone Street, Port of Spain, Trinidad, W. I.

Old Friends Meet in FT

I just read the January '74 issue of FRONTIER TIMES and was truly amazed to read the story about Lincoln, Montana by Carter V. Rubottom. He was the forest ranger at Lincoln when I was six or seven years old. I would very much like to know if you could send me his address, as I would like to write to him. I have an old photo of my mother sitting astride one of his horses.—Mrs. James E. Rose, Box 223, Wallace, Idaho 83873

A Trail System Needed

Many states and cities have horse and hike trails for people to enjoy but here in Wyoming we don't have any. One has to ride on private land and ask permission to cross every fence line. We need trails and we need them through unpopulated areas so people can, if they want, get a feeling such as the pioneers did.

I have been working on and thinking about and planning trails in Wyoming and the rest of the country for ten years. The next six months to a year will be critical. If trails for horseback riding, walking etc. are defeated in Wyoming, I'm afraid we won't get another chance at them.

We need encouragement from everywhere for these trails. If anyone is interested in supporting a system of trails in Wyoming which would be included in the National Scenic Trails System, please write to Bureau of Outdoor Recreation, Regional Director, P. O. Box 25387, Building 41, Denver Federal Center, Denver, Colorado 80225.—Vincent C. Calhoun, Box 121, Lucerne Route, Thermopolis, Wyoming 82443

Marshal Dillon of England

I've just finished reading the May 1967 issue of FRONTIER TIMES, which I got from a friend. Congratulations from a long-time western fan on a superb magazine. It's a great pity it's not on sale over here. I liked the story "The Men Who Handled the Ribbons" by William B. Secrest and was intrigued by the account of the attack on a Dillon and Company stagecoach by road agents. There might be some connection between the stagecoach Dillon and myself. If anyone cares, I'm nearly fifty, born in County Mayo Erie, while my father came from County Wexford. I'm a dedicated student of Western Americana so the story by Carl Breihan "The Last Pretender" about the James boys was very interesting to me. I know a little about these famous outlaws; legend has it Jesse and Frank were just peaceable sons of the soil until they were driven into lawless ways by ruthless land barons. Perhaps some good folks would care to drop me a line about these characters of the old West.

Any information would be greatly appreciated. While I've still got much to learn about the characters of the Old West, I consider myself well up on the fictional West. Those pioneers of the western films, Tom Mix, Buck Jones, Ken Maynard, not forgetting the horses—such splendid animals they were too—Tony, Silver, Tarzan.

Tom, Buck and Ken have gone on the last roundup but they'll be remembered with affection by a generation who paid their coppers for a seat in the stalls. Carry on the good work, gentlemen. Give us more stories about those outlaws, marshals, Indians and cowpokes of the Old West. Sometime give us a story about the great movie cowboys.—"Marshal" Mike Dillon, 5, The Groves, (Off Cranbourne Terrace), Stockton-on-Tees, Cleveland County, England

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Ireteba's Outrageous Lie

(Continued from page 23)

Moss and his party remained in San Francisco for nearly two months. Possibly Moss was on a prolonged toot, but there is some evidence to suggest he was waiting to meet a representative from Washington. However, Moss and his two Indians boarded the coastal steamer *Orizaba* on January 13, 1864 for the first leg of their voyage. They landed at Panama a few days later, and made the trip across the Isthmus, then boarded another ship bound for the land of the Great White Father.

Their arrival in New York on February 6 caused a sensation. They were interviewed by several local newspapers and the February 13 issue of *Harper's Weekly* contained a brief article and portraits of the two chiefs. Under the heading, "Arrival of the Indian Warrior, Ireteba," the *New York Times* ran the following feature.

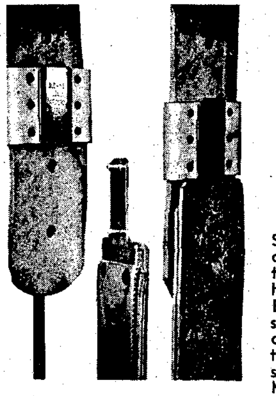
"This distinguished Indian warrior, Chief of the Mojaves, Wallapas, Tontos, Apaches and Chimanavas, arrived last evening at the Metropolitan Hotel, accompanied by Capt. John Moss, from California, on the steamer *Ocean Queen*. Ireteba commands 9,000 warriors, who live mostly in Arizona Territory. The Chief is a splendid specimen of physical development. He is about fifty years of age, six feet two inches in height, and very muscular. Although for a long time a terror to white settlers, he has within the last few years become very friendly. His battles with our soldiers and with hostile tribes are said to have been conducted with an extraordinary degree of generalship. Ireteba comes North, using his own expression, 'to see where so many pale faces come from.' He proposes spending a few days in this city, when he will visit Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and finally take his departure West, returning home by the overland route."

Moss told the manager of the hotel to look after the needs of the two red men. He then took off for a visit with his folks in Mitchell County, Iowa. When he returned some ten days later it was to discover that Ireteba had run up a bill of some $1,800 in fancy wines and other "extras." Moss probably decided to stick close by his old friend for the rest of the trip.

Just how long the trio stayed in New York isn't known, but some idea of their activities was reflected in letters printed in the San Francisco *Alta* in March from informants back East.

"Your friend, Ireteba, has arrived, and I have called upon him. He don't talk much, but keeps up a devil of a thinking. He says San Francisco great city, but New York big much hi-um-hi. . . . he paraded Broadway yesterday in a new suit—a general's uniform—smoking a cigar, and scarcely deigned to notice the other brigadiers."

Another letter noted that Ireteba "made a formal call on the mayor, who made a speech to him, in which his vir-



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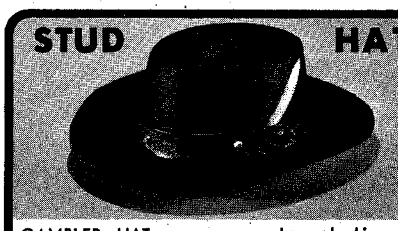

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tues were duly set forth, after which he was introduced to all the municipal dignitaries, and shown the portraits in the Governor's room in the City Hall. No public banquet has been announced in his honor, but it is a very possible thing; no man is safe. I have not called on him yet as he might think it an intrusion; these big Ingins, you know, stand on very nice points, and Ireteba may have brought his 'sculpin' knife along."

Eventually Moss and his friends took the train at Jersey City for Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, D. C. Since Ireteba had never been on a train before, his eyes increased in size in direct proportion to the speed of the clacking vehicle. At last he could stand it no longer and he bolted, trying to throw himself from a window. The rest of the day two men had to stand beside him to make sure he didn't repeat his attempted exit.

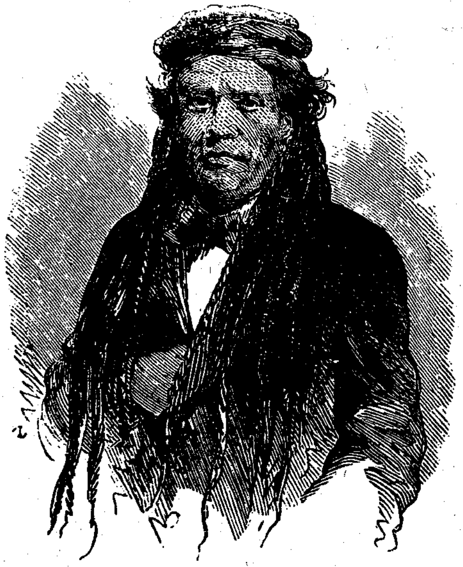
By this time the Indians were properly impressed with white civilization, but Moss, still mindful of the object of the trip, decided to gild the lily. They had left New Jersey in the evening and the Indians had immediately retired to the sleeping car. To impress the red men and make them think New York was much larger than it was, Moss woke them up every time they passed through a town. He would show them the gaslights and tell them they were still passing through New York and the amazed chiefs could only shake their heads in wonder. Moss kept this up all the way to Washington.

In the nation's capital Moss and the Indians were ushered into the presence of the President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln. The meeting must have been brief during those trying days of the Civil War. At one point Ireteba asked whether Lincoln took to the field at the head of his army. When he was told the President must stay and mind the affairs of the nation, the Indian shook his head. "You all same squaw chief—our big Indians go to battle." Lincoln must have chuckled at that remark.

Suddenly it was time to go home. As wondrous as the sights had been, both Moss and the Indians were homesick for the Colorado River country. Too, by this time Moss had reportedly invested some $10,000 in the trip and his thinning wallet undoubtedly contributed to his homesickness. Once again the bizarre party boarded an ocean steamer and cruised out to sea, this time headed for home.

THEY LANDED in San Francisco late in May, with Ireteba dressed up as would befit a chief who had just visited the Great White Father. On his head was a cocked hat and he was wearing a major general's uniform, ablaze with medals and decorations. At his side hung a Japanese sword and his pockets were stuffed with daguerreotypes of dignitaries he had met. Since he was now again in the West, two Colt revolvers were stuffed into his belt.

The travelers docked at San Pedro and then joined a wagontrain at Los Angeles for the last leg of their journey. Evidently they arrived at a point on the Colorado River some miles below Fort Mojave. A correspondent of the *Alta* was present on June 30 when Moss and his companions stepped off a riverboat and were once again among friends:


A drawing of Ireteba which appeared in *Harper's Weekly* upon his arrival in New York.

"The ex-lion of New York and San Francisco, here last Thursday, was the crowning event of the season. Whether it is genuine Indian dignity, or whether he has learned it while among the 'hiyee' Mericana shoulder straps, I know not, but the old hero, as the boat touched the bank—the observed of all observers—stepped dignifiedly from the boat, passed through the huge assemblage of people that had gathered to greet him, casting eyes neither right nor left, but steady to the front, and took a bee-line for headquarters. Arrived there he became quite talkative. His greatest hobby seems to be the cars [trains], which he calls big-wagons; tells his people they don't know anything; the 'Mericanos savve muchy.' But he strongly objects to the ladies' costume; thinks they take up too much room. He says—'meet-um Mericano squaw; all same four soldiers.' He seems to hold a high opinion of the President; says—'Abee Lincoln very good man; savvy muchy; got um muchy feet; all same Ireteba.' I doubt if he is ever contented again with his home among the cactus and mesquite; says he is going back to New York in one year. He sticks to his military rig heroically, but it was so warm yesterday that he had to take off his big command sword, and substituted his cocked hat with mud. It is a custom they have of doing their hair up in mud occasionally. They fix it up something like a Turkish turban, which makes them look quite fierce. He had his orderly at his heels, bearing his coat and sword. . . ."

Ireteba had been gone longer than planned and his tribesmen had become quite concerned. One pioneer of the area wrote later that the absence of the chief was somehow a sign of treachery to the Indians and there were repeated rumors of war. "I heard many expressions," wrote Ed Connor, "to the effect that someone ought to be dispatched to California to see if Ireteba had arrived and if he had, to hurry him on to his tribe."

But Ireteba was back home now and he gathered his people about him to tell of the wonders he had seen. In his absence a former chief named Homoseh Quahote had maintained control over the tribe.

When the moment came to tell his story, Ireteba demurred, however. Suddenly he was afraid his people wouldn't believe him. Worse yet, they might think he had sold out completely to the whites. The sneers of Homoseh Quahote did little to allay his fears as he stood there wondering where to start. When finally he told his people of the railroads, the vast city of New York, the theatres and the steamboats, there was an awed silence. Homoseh Quahote then asked just how many white people he had seen.

"Commence tomorrow," replied the old chief, "and count all the ants between the Colorado and the Rio, and when you've counted them all, come to me and I'll tell you how many Americans I've seen."

This final "outrageous lie" was the last straw to Ireteba's irritated and unbelieving tribesmen. Such things were impossible! Homoseh Quahote and the infuriated Indians almost mobbed the chief and at a council meeting it was decided he should be stripped of his authority. They stripped him of his uniform also, and marooned him on an island in the middle of the river. It was several days before Moss heard of his old friend's predicament and rescued him from his fate.

IRETEBA was eventually reconciled with at least part of his tribe and lived with them quietly on the reservation. Ever after a friend to the white man, Ireteba never forgot his trip to the East, and never passed up an opportunity to tell of his great adventure. When General Palmer's railway surveying party camped with some Mojaves at La Paz in 1868, Ireteba entertained them with a speech around the fire one night.

"White man take me Washton. I see Lincoln—heap big man all same me. Much um houses all same mesquit trees, and soljer, oh, more as grass all over. I come back to tell Mojaves all damn fool—no good fight more, but go to reservation. Now we raise corn and ponies. . . ."

Ireteba died in 1874, regarded alternately as a friend to the whites and a traitor to his own people.

There was sporadic fighting with Mojaves and other tribes for the next twenty years and it's difficult to assess the effect of Moss' trip on Indian-White relations. Possibly conditions might have been considerably worse had the trip not taken place.

Moss himself became a prominent figure of his era and was ever afterwards referred to as "Captain" John Moss. He returned to Washington the following year to seek appointment as Indian agent, but he was turned down—probably because of his Copperhead political tendencies. In 1873 he opened up the San Juan, Colorado mining country, but returned to California at intervals. He died there in 1880 from complications resulting from a gunshot wound. Moss' story is largely untold, but he was one of the most colorful of the early prospectors who opened up the Western mining country.

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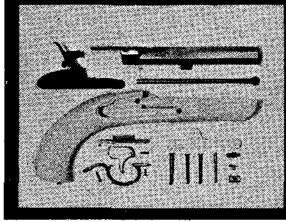

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Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 35)

Ferguson was a sister to my dad, H. N. Moore of Sneedville, Tennessee. Any information will be appreciated.—H. W. Moore, 902 So. 22nd, Rogers, Arkansas 72756

Finch

I would like to locate descendants of my husband's great-uncle, Edward Amos Finch. Son of Cornelia Bush and Ira Finch, Sr., Edward was born March 14, 1846 in Sandy Plains, Greene County, New York. He and Alfred Bush went out West, but returned to the East. Ed left again in 1865. In 1866 in Illinois he married Elizabeth (Morehead?). They were in Nebraska in 1874, Colorado in 1886, and California in 1906. He died in 1929 in California. Children: Marietta, married W. Stanley in Colorado; Ira, born 1879, married in California; William, died age eleven; and Richard, died 1930.—Mrs. Earle E. Finch, R. D. 1, Coxsackie, New York 12051

Covillaud

I am trying to locate information about my husband's great-great-grandfather, Charles Julian Covillaud, who was born in November 1816 somewhere in France. He came to the U. S. in the early 1840s, went to New Orleans, Louisiana; St. Joseph, Missouri; and then out West in the summer of 1846. He was a friend of Sutter, was a cooper, owned a trading post and held several positions in and around Sutter's Fort. He and friends eventually founded the town of Marysville, California and it was named after his wife, Mary Murphy, who came through the pass with the Donner party. I am mostly interested in where he was born, his family in France (we know he had a sister who was a nun) and his early life before he came to California.

Would also like information on Phoebe Hearst Hill, born May 31, 1883 in Belle Fourche, Butte County, South Dakota. We know she had one sister named Fanny Hill. We also have found four people who could have been her parents. On her birth record her parents are listed as William Thomas Hill and Drusilla Hearst; on her marriage record, they are George M. Hill and Ida Watkins; on her death record, they are George Hill and Drucilla Hearst.

Does anyone know who her parents really are? There were six other children in the family. We do know that she told people she was never married and had no children, and changed her age on her marriage and son's birth records. Maybe some of her brothers or sisters or other relatives know the truth about her?

Also we are interested in any descendants of the following people: William Aldrich, who was born February 22, 1850 in Harris Grove, Iowa; William Kenworth and Surilla Lemonds, parents of Orpha Kenworthy born July 1, 1866 in Iowa; Abraham Sapp and Elizabeth House, parents of Grace Sapp; John Williams and Mary Oats, both born in England, lived in Butte, Montana, parents of John Williams, and Thomas McGowan and Hannah E. Eldridge, parents of Maude McGowan born in Illinois.

They all came West about the same time but never knew each other until their children married.—Paul A. King, Route 6, Box 207A, Port Orchard, Washington 98366

Musgrave (Musgrove, Muskgraves)

Am seeking parents, birthplace and date of death of Calvin Musgrave, born in Tennessee about 1806. He was listed in the 1850 Census of Caldwell County, Texas as house #164. Listed with him: Mariah (Walden?), born in 1811; Mary Ann, born in 1831; James H., born in 1835; Edney born in 1840. All were born in Tennessee. The three following were born in Texas: Daniel, born in 1841; Elizabeth born in 1842; and Walden born in 1844.

Calvin Musgrave is a brother of Bennett H. and Burrell Musgrave, who resided in Lawrence County, Tennessee; Greene and Macoupin Counties, Illinois; then Pulaski County, Missouri.—Don Vincent, 821 S. Yakima, #411, Tacoma, Washington, 98405

Howard-Graham-Landerking-Pangburn-Baird-Lugwig-Starr

In 1857 Pontius Howard, his twelve brothers, and their parents gathered at St. Louis, Missouri to come West on a wagontrain. Pontius was born February 10, 1846 in Farmington, Illinois and died September 12, 1929. Pontius married Sarah Ellen Graham and from their marriage were born six children: Albert, Alpheus, Oren, Delia, Ellen, Amanda.

Albert Howard and his wife (name unknown) had four children: Flora, Hazel, Le Roy, Cecil. Flora married a Morash and had one boy. Hazel married a Crabtree and had a boy named Harold, and two girls (names unknown). Hazel remarried to a Klang. Le Roy, I know nothing about at all. Cecil Howard married a woman by the first name of Alice (last name unknown).

Alpheus Howard's first wife was Clarissa (last name unknown) and they had two children, Myrtle and Clarissa (Dolly). After his first wife's death, Alpheus married Alice N. Landerking who was born in Des Moines, Iowa. Her mother's maiden name was Reed and her father was Henry Landerking. From the marriage of Alpheus and Alice were born eleven children: William, Cora Bell, Oren Harvey, Delbert, Ralph, Clark George, Sadie Ellen, Inez Ione, Gertrude Patricia, Wayne, Arthur Minton. Alpheus' family settled in the Springfield, Oregon area on a farm.

Oren Howard's first wife's name was Viney (last name unknown) and they had four children: Frank, Earnest, Amy, Lillian. His second wife's name was May Pangburn and they had one son, Harold.

Delia Howard married a Joe Baird and they had three children: Jim, Charley, Rhoda. I have heard they may have living relatives in Canby, Oregon.

Ellen Howard married a Mr. Lugwig; if they had children, it's unknown to me.

Amanda (Mandy) Howard married Corniel Starr and they had four children: John, Artie, Mamie, Sylvia Starr.

I am a great-granddaughter of Pontius Howard and I'd love any information about where his brothers settled after coming West (if they made it that far). One of the Howards arrested Belle Starr;

he was supposed to have been a lawman back then.

I would like to locate and correspond with any of my long lost relatives.—Mrs. Willard M. Hight, Route 1, Box 224, Aurora, Oregon 97002

Kelley-Baker

I am interested in finding anyone who may know of the following people. They are my great-great-grandfather and great-great-grandmother.

Thomas Kelley was born about 1797 and lived in Middlebury, Genesee County, New York. His father was Julius Kelley who lived in the same area. His wife was Reyine Baker, born August 6, 1797 in Middlebury. They had the following children: William; Norman; Luanna, who was married to a Mr. Bates and had a child named Cleve Bates; Luzetta; Benjamin; and Russell Thomas, born August 5, 1826. Russell Thomas Kelley was in Utah in the early 1850s and married Harriot Moore about 1857 in Utah Territory. I would like to hear from any of the descendants of these people.—Mrs. Alberta Wilcox, 316-35th Street, Ogden Utah 84403

Poor Losers Are Dangerous

(Continued from page 17)

suspected that this was his paramour, and made haste to investigate, arriving in Elko about March 21, 1869.

Barney went to the Palms Saloon where Dolly was to sing that night, and proceeded to get himself quite drunk while playing poker. He lost very heavily and after failing to fill an inside straight, cursed a bit, staggered to his feet, and went to the stage where Dolly was singing, loudly demanding that she give him one hundred dollars. He wound up by saying under his breath, "I need the money! If you don't give it to me I'll tell all here what we've been through together!"

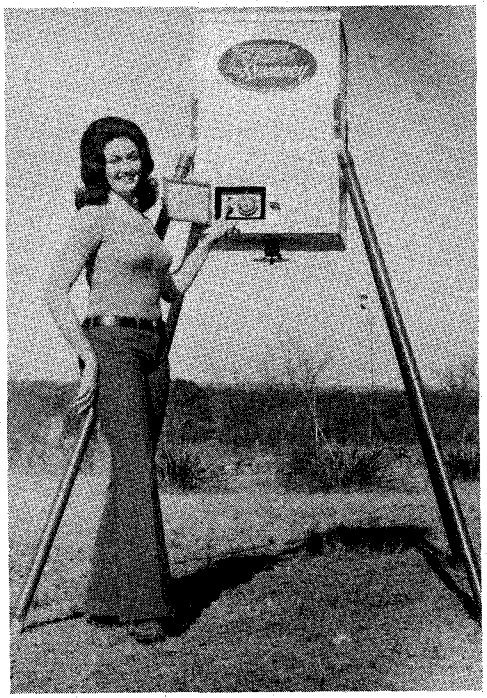
Dolly, fearful that Barney might spill the beans, gave him the hundred dollars, and that was a big mistake. She was to pay out more and more money as time went on.

Barney, meanwhile, took a room in the same boarding house where Dolly lived. When he wasn't pestering her, he was spending her money at the poker tables or drinking himself into insensibility. It wasn't too long before he became known as "Devil Barney"—and poor Dolly couldn't earn enough to keep Devil Barney happy. She spent all of her savings; then all of her advanced wages. The next time Barney asked for more money, she told him, "I do not have any to give you and I cannot ask for more in advances. I've just about run out my string."

Barney, infuriated, slapped Dolly around a bit in front of the patrons and they, disgusted with the sight of the "leech" as he was unlovingly referred to, threw him out through the bat-wing saloon doors into the arms of the local constable.

"What the hell's going on here?" the lawman asked.

Barney mumbled something incoherent, whereupon the constable roughly propelled him to the boarding house and marched him up the stairs to his room.



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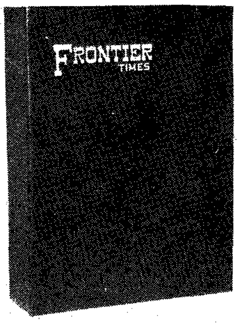

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The constable then went downstairs and watched Dolly come tearfully across the street and enter the boarding house. In a few minutes he was startled out of his musings about Dolly and Barney when he heard loud screams coming from the second floor.

The constable dashed up the stairs to Barney's door, knocked and, not being given admittance, shot the lock off the door and burst into the room. He saw a dim figure seemingly beating his fists on a thin form lying on the bed. When the constable rushed over toward Barney and received a slash from a knife for his trouble, he dashed down the stairs and went outside, hollering bloody murder for the sheriff.

The sheriff and his deputy, together with the constable, rushed back up the stairs, but while all of this was happening Barney had fled into the underbrush at the rear of the boarding house.

The three men saw that Dolly was bleeding from many stab wounds, so a doctor was summoned. A cursory examination revealed that Dolly had received several very deep stabs in both lungs and her heart, any one of which would have been fatal. Blood gushed from between Dolly's lips as she gasped, "Barney did it but I don't know why." With those words, Dolly died.

WORD soon got around that a woman had been stabbed to death. The irate townsfolk immediately got up a posse of sorts and scoured the underbrush surrounding the town. Barney couldn't be found, so the sheriff got his blue-tick hound to smell some of Barney's clothing, and the hound let out a mournful bay. He tracked Barney to a small shed.

The sheriff said to Barney inside of the shed, "Come out with your hands up, but throw out the knife first." Barney answered, "Go to hell!"

The sheriff then let loose two shots into the shack, heard a low moan and shouldered his way inside to find Barney lying face down unmoving. Using his shotgun as a pry-bar, the sheriff rolled Barney over and saw that a portion of Barney's face was shot away. The sheriff carefully handcuffed Barney, raised him to his feet, and took him to the Elko jail.

Indignant and irate citizens stood nervously around the jail, and there was the usual lynch talk. The sheriff immediately deputized several men, gave them all Greener shotguns and told them to shoot anybody who set foot on the porch of the little jail.

Funeral arrangements were made for Dolly, and her father came from his home in Sacramento. Dolly was buried in the Elko Cemetery. The funeral service was attended by the whole town, except Barney who was languishing in solitary confinement without benefit of medical attention for his wound.

Mrs. Ella Cosgrove, Barney's well-to-do mother, who resided in San Francisco, was notified of her son's transgressions, and arrived in Elko on June 7, 1870. She immediately sent word to two attorneys in Salt Lake City, to come and defend her son, paying them $2,000.

Barney was brought to trial and after a stormy preliminary hearing was indicted for first degree murder. The two attorneys, upon receipt of another $2,000, redoubled their effort on Barney's behalf and on September 21, 1870 the judge sentenced him to life imprisonment after a jury verdict of murder in the second degree.

Barney's mother tried desperately to have her son's sentence commuted to five years after Barney had been taken to the penitentiary in Carson City, Nevada, but the Pardons Board turned a deaf ear to her pleas. They argued that Barney was quite fortunate to have escaped the hangman's noose.

He served a total sentence of seven years and then was paroled to his mother in San Francisco. She purchased a cigar and pipe shop for her son, who kept out of trouble for the first few years. Gradually he fell in with evil companions and was knifed to death by the San Francisco Hounds in a waterfront brawl on the Gold Coast. Barney was pronounced dead at midnight, October 12, 1880. Cause of death? Multiple stab wounds in lungs and heart. Dolly's death had been avenged in a most eerie and exact way—truly retribution.

Circuit Judge George H. Burnett, who presided over the murder trial and sentenced the killer to life imprisonment.

The Hiatt-Hannah Case

(Continued from page 27)

It looks as if she thought Mrs. Hiatt had designs on you."

Hannah appeared stunned. He declared that his wife didn't have the slightest cause to feel like that. Lottie was a neighbor and friend, nothing else. They never once had even talked to each other when nobody else was around. "If Emma shot her," he said, "it was her imagination that caused it."

Promising to do anything he could to help determine his wife's guilt or innocence, Hannah accompanied the officers back to the house. Mrs. Hannah, brown-haired and light-complexioned, was calm when asked to relate her whereabouts on Thursday afternoon and evening. She said she hadn't left the premises at any time. She also declared she had never held any ill feeling toward Lottie. "She and Grandma have always been friends of mine," she said quietly.

THE OFFICERS then began searching the house. In a bedroom closet they located a brown satchel, such as the assailant had carried to impersonate a book agent. They also found John Hannah's dark blue suit there—the kind of garment worn by the gunman. There were stains on it, and the investigators were certain those stains were dried blood.

But the officials really struck paydirt when they lifted the mattress of the couple's bed and found a revolver. It was a .32 and bore evidence of having been discharged recently.

Emma Hannah disclaimed all knowledge of how the gun got there. However, there was no doubt in the sheriff's mind that she was guilty and he escorted her to Albany and placed her in the county jail, with his wife as matron. Pending the outcome of the victim's wounds, the prisoner was charged with assault with intent to commit murder.

Lottie Hiatt amazed the doctor by living nine days, but finally succumbed on October 5. An autopsy yielded two bullets of the same caliber as the pistol found in the Hannah home.

Following indictment on a charge of first-degree murder, and a subsequent plea of not guilty, the 45-year-old housewife went on trial in Linn County Circuit Court on November 25.

The prosecution contended that the defendant, jealous over the fancied attentions Lottie Hiatt had paid John Hannah, had deliberately planned and executed the shooting, disguising herself as a book agent and affecting a German accent to throw suspicion elsewhere.

A witness testified that Mrs. Hannah had told her she would get even with Lottie Hiatt, but knowing the defendant's unpredictable temper, the witness had not taken the threat seriously.

The defense attorney merely stated Mrs. Hannah was innocent, that all the evidence was purely circumstantial and there was no proof she had been away from her home at the time of the crime. No explanation was given for the presence of the .32 caliber revolver beneath her mattress.

The trial lasted only two days and the case went to the jury at 9 p.m. on November 27. The jurors deliberated a scant two hours before returning a verdict of guilty of second-degree murder. Thus the accused's life was spared.

Three days later Judge George H. Burnett pronounced the mandatory sentence of life imprisonment in the state penitentiary at Salem. Years later Mrs. Hannah was transferred to the state hospital adjacent to the prison where she died on June 24, 1933.

This brought down the curtain on one of the strangest crimes in Oregon's history. It would never have been solved, probably, had it not been for the doggedness of Sheriff McFeron and Deputy Brenner who refused to give up when all leads seemed to go nowhere. It was a perfect example of how early-day law enforcement officers had to rely completely on their own devices, in the absence of all the scientific and other types of aids on which today's crime investigators depend so heavily.

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 7)

A TOP JOB!

The All Beef Cookbook (A Benjamin Company Book distributed by Charles Scribner's Sons, $7.95) presents recipes compiled and tested by American National Cow Belles, the women's auxiliary of the American National Cattlemen's Association. It covers just about every known way of preparing beef and there is an interesting chapter on "Complements." The special cowboy material in the book was written by Lucille Anderson. In addition to the fine color plates of the cuts of beef and the ways of serving them there are a number of cowboy illustrations by Keith Howard. This is a cookbook that should be in every home. Highly recommended.

LAW MAKING

Save the Mustangs! (Julian Messner, $5.75) by Ann E. Weiss tells how a Federal law is passed—specifically how P. L. 92-195 protecting the mustangs became law. Most of it was old hat to this ex-civil servant but the younger readers (and many of the older ones) will find it quite informative. The fourth-graders and their teachers in Roseburg, Oregon started the ball rolling—a Maryland Congressman's eleven-year-old son lent a helping hand—Wild Horse Annie did her part. The members of the House and Senate listened and acted. Very good.

THE FIRST CAPTAIN

Colonel Jack Hays, Texas Frontier Leader and California Builder (W. M. Morrison, P. O. Box 3277, Waco, Texas 76707, $15.00) by James K. Greer was first issued in 1952 and after a second printing the same year, was allowed to go OP. Hays was the first great captain of the Texas Rangers, a successful Indian fighter on the Texas frontier; headed a regiment of Texas troops in the Mexican War; first sheriff of San Francisco; surveyor-general of California; founding father of the City of Oakland, and successful Alameda County rancher and citizen. This reprint, in an edition of only 300 copies, has much to recommend it—a new frontispiece portrait of Hays by Joe Grandee; many additional illustrations including previously unpublished photos; an enlarged bibliography and a supplemented index. The Greer text remains unchanged—a top job in 1952 and now. It will be OP again and soon—don't miss this chance.

ELECTION SYMPOSIUM

The Coattailless Landslide (Texas Western Press, $5.00 in cloth, $2.50 paperback) presents the El Paso Papers on the 1972 Presidential Campaign. The Symposium held on September 13-14, 1972 during the heat of the campaign was the Fourth on Presidential Elections held at the University of Texas at El Paso. President Emeritus Joseph M. Ray, now Y. N. Bededict Professor of Political Science at the University, presented the paper "A Current Rating of the Nixon Performance" on the Symposium and served as the editor of this report. Campaign speeches by Agnew, Sargent Shriver and John Schmitz are included and while all were made in El Paso they were not a part of the University Symposium. You will find much interesting reading in this book plus the opportunity to test the foresight of September against the events of the election and the aftermath. The numerous political cartoons from the nation's newspapers enhance the text.

A GALLANT TEXIAN

Louise Horton's *Samuel Bell Maxey* (University of Texas Press, $10.00) is the first book-length biography of the U.S. Senator (1874-1887) from Texas. Maxey was a native of Kentucky and graduated from West Point in 1846 where his classmates included U. S. Grant, W. S. Hancock, George Pickett, James Longstreet and Ambrose Burnside. Maxey roomed with Stonewall Jackson during one of his years at West Point. Lieutenant Maxey joined his regiment in Monterrey, Mexico and participated in the storming of the heights of Cerro Gordo, and other battles in the Mexican War. Peacetime service did not appeal to Maxey and he resigned in 1849. He read law with his father and was admitted to the bar. Both moved to Texas in October 1857 and father and son opened a law office in Paris. Sam Bell was elected to the Texas Senate in 1861 but with the outbreak of the war, he organized a regiment and was commissioned its Colonel by the Confederacy. By 1863 he was a brigadier general and assigned to command the Confederate troops in the Indian Territory. After the war he was barred from practicing law but regained his citizenship and license by appealing to his West Point classmate, U. S. Grant. He was elected to the U. S. Senate in 1874 and served two terms—losing to John H. Reagan in 1887. During the twelve years that he was in the Senate, Maxey rendered great service to his adopted State by helping heal the breach caused by the war and Reconstruction. As a moderate he was influential with the Republican members and did much to restore Texas to full and equal participation in the affairs of the nation. This is a well planned and executed biography of a little-known and unappreciated Texian.

ART OF THE ANCIENTS

Campbell Grant's *Rock Art of Baja California* (Dawson's Book Shop, $24.00) also includes *Notes on the Pictographs of Baja California* by Leon Diguet (1895) as translated by Roxanne Lapidus. This is Volume 33 in Baja California Travel Series and one of the most attractive of the lot—there are nine color plates plus photos, drawings and maps. While rock art in the Baja was known to the Jesuit missionaries in the 1700s it is only recently that wide interest in the art of the ancients of the peninsula was triggered by the discovery by Erle Stanley Gardner (1962) of several spectacular painted sites. The informative report of previous and later finds was printed by Grant Dahlstrom at The Castle Press, Pasadena in an edition of 750 copies. Very good.

SEE PAGE 33

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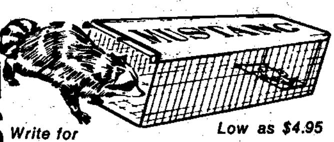

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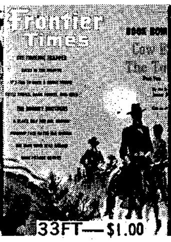
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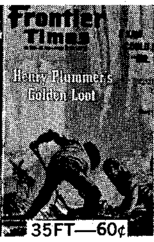
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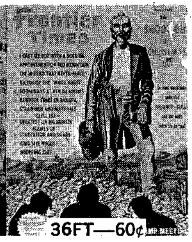
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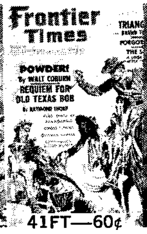
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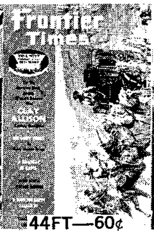
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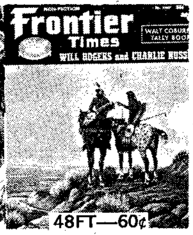
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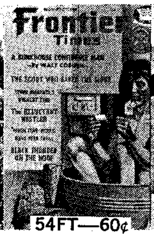
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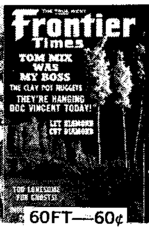
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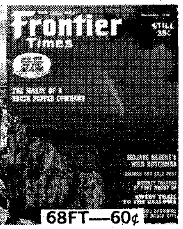
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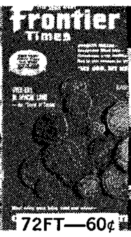
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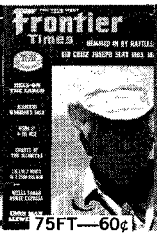
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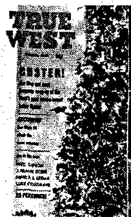

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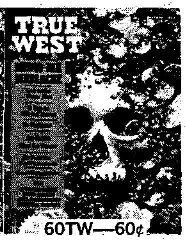

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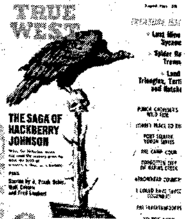
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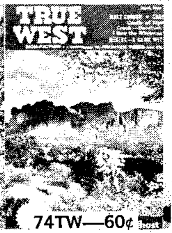

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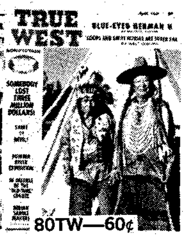

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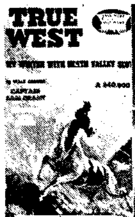

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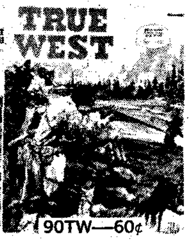

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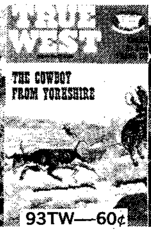
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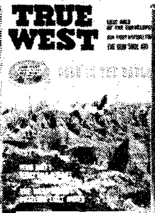

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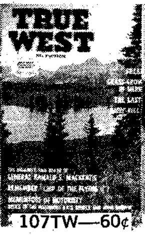

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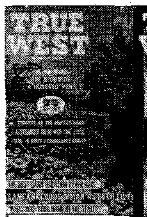

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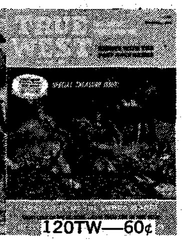
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Unclaimed Silver at Bald Eagle

(Continued from page 19)

"Dad, I'm sure glad you're here!" Then he told me about his experience. Shortly after he had started the fire, he heard sounds of someone walking around the woodshed. He opened the door and no one was there. Thinking it was just his imagination, he shut the door again and went about his work. Soon the noise of footsteps came again and the door was pushed *hard* against the latch.

My son said, "Look here at the indentation in the cardboard!" And sure enough, there it was, plain as day. (The door was lined with pasteboard inside, for warmth.) I then went out and inspected the trail going to and from the cabin, but there was no sign of tracks in the dust. Finally we both passed it off as a trick of the imagination, and sat down to our beans, rice and coffee.

After supper we washed the dishes and I lay down on the bunk to read some old Western magazines I found in the cabin, while Emmit sat at a little table and started sketching the beautiful mountains he could see through the window to the west. He was very talented and drew the scene to perfection. Later the fire was going out so Emmit went outside to the woodshed and got some wood to keep it going. After replenishing the fire, he turned back to his drawing.

Suddenly he faced the bunk and said, "Dad, did you draw on this paper while I was getting the wood?"

"No, I never left the bunk."

"Come and look here!" he said.

I hurried over and there on his picture, down below a saddle, were two marks close together and made, apparently, with a darker color. It was something that couldn't be seen on the landscape and there was no reason to make such marks. Well, we were both puzzled but couldn't find any plausible explanation.

I told Emmit, "Just for the fun of it, we'll go over there tomorrow and see what's there."

Early the next morning we took off straight down the mountain from the cabin to Boulder Creek, and then climbed from about 6,000 feet to 9,100 feet elevation. About ten o'clock we topped out on a divide between Boulder and Law Creek and walked to the saddle that was marked on Emmit's sketch, then started working down. After about 300 yards, I could see an old prospect hole, black as your hat, and, just below it approximately fifty feet, another hole showing black.

I examined the formation very closely and found that the holes were dug on the same contact, between magnesium limestone and argillite. The black color came from manganese. The contact showed about two feet of black altered limestone and broken quartz. On down the hill some 100 feet, there was an old tunnel about thirty feet long on a quartz vein, approximately eighteen inches wide, showing some copper and lining out to connect with the above showings. I took some samples, and the black gouge went 1½ ounces silver. I never had the copper assayed. We never did get back to this place again, although there was a chance for some good mineralization.

On the way back to the Burman cabin, about 200 feet below the upper Bald

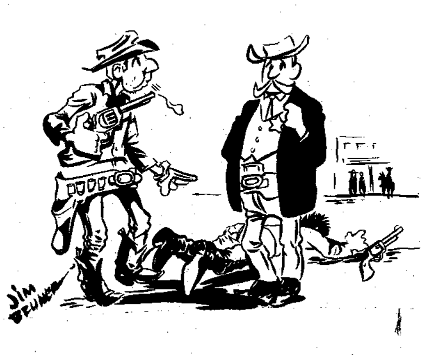
Eagle tunnel, was a lower tunnel, and from the looks of the dump it probably went back 200 feet or more to tap the upper showing. The timbers in front were old but looked strong enough to be safe. There were twenty or so set to the portal that served as a snow shed in winter. At this time there was no snow around and everything was dry. I told Emmit, "In the morning I will come down here with my carbide light and inspect this old tunnel."

The next morning, early, I came back to the tunnel and stood there spellbound! Every timber to the rock formation was flat to the ground and at the entrance, under the bluff, it had caved in clear to the top of the tunnel.

We went back to Windermere soon after this, and later on two men came from Vancouver and looked me up to find out if I had located the Bald Eagle and if so, was it for sale. I assured them that the property was for sale and then showed them the claim. They seemed very enthusiastic and agreed to pay my price and terms. However, within six months all the terms of their agreement were violated and the claim reverted back to us. This only brought on more trouble for everyone concerned, for they had located claims all around it, which caused a stalemate in the operation. After a year the same circumstances prevailed, so due to the low price of silver at that time I let my claim revert to the Crown.

To my knowledge no one has worked the property since that time, though it has been located by several different parties. Could it be that it is jinxed? Why hasn't someone taken out the rich silver ore?

None of us believe in the supernatural or anything pertaining to it. Perhaps what happened at Bald Eagle could be explained as just "coincidence," but it has left a question in my mind all these years and I've never gone back to the property to this day.



"Fastest gun in Texas? Well, he just crossed the Oklahoma state line."

Nuggets

(Continued from page 37)

ter, another River Guard, and Ad Harvick, an inspector for the Texas Cattle Raisers Association. Baisa had served two terms in the Texas penitentiary for cattle theft, and was known to have four notches on his gun. Anglos in this section became hopelessly outnumbered as the bandit leaders swelled their bands with new recruits.

On March 24, 1914, John R. Banister, upon instructions from E. B. Spiller, Secretary for the Texas Cattle Raisers Association, arrived in Valentine, Texas. He reported to M. B. Chastain, Sheriff of Presidio County. In turn, he was introduced to River Guards Sam Neal, Joe Sitter, and Charlie Craighead. They advised him that a lot of cattle had been stolen along the Rio Grande, and they were preparing to work that territory. They requested that Banister go with them.

John R. Banister was the kind of man anyone would be glad to "ride the river" with. Hailing from Santa Anna, Texas, he had been a member of the Texas Rangers, assisting in the capture of numerous outlaws. As the posse members camped on the riverbank four miles below the village of Pilares, they knew a grim situation lay ahead of them.

Next morning they rode on down the river. Some twenty-odd miles below Pilares they suddenly came upon a Mexican settlement hidden in the heavy brush. Three or four houses were some twenty-five feet apart. Mangy, half-starved dogs discovered their approach and set up a furious barking.

Several Mexicans came out of the adobe houses and looked suspiciously at the posse. Suddenly one of the Mexicans sprang on his horse. He drew his pistol and made a headlong dash for the Rio Grande, some fifty yards away.

Joe Sitter spurred his horse up to the low door of one of the houses and demanded in Spanish, "Who is that running off?"

"Lina Baisa," he was told.

"Stop!" Sheriff Chastain and Joe Sitter shouted in unison.

Lina Baisa continued his rapid flight. His horse now splashed through the shallows of the river. "Kill his horse, boys. Stop him!" yelled Joe Sitter. Banister and the other lawmen dismounted. The firing became general.

Lina Baisa stiffened with shock and reeled in the saddle. His horse faltered and fell in the water near the point of an island. He slid from his thrashing animal and crawled into a small drift of logs.

Sheriff Chastain swung up into the saddle, saying, "Let's go over to him."

BANISTER and another of the posse mounted up and the three rode across to the island. They got off their horses and cautiously approached the drift in which the bandit was hiding. The brush was very thick. They couldn't see Baisa until they were within a few feet of the driftwood.

Upon discovery the fugitive adjusted his position toward the lawmen. A rain of shots flung him back and killed him instantly. Banister then stooped under some logs and removed the bandit's rifle and cartridge belt. He pulled off Baisa's shirt and examined his wounds.

Suddenly he heard the guards on the

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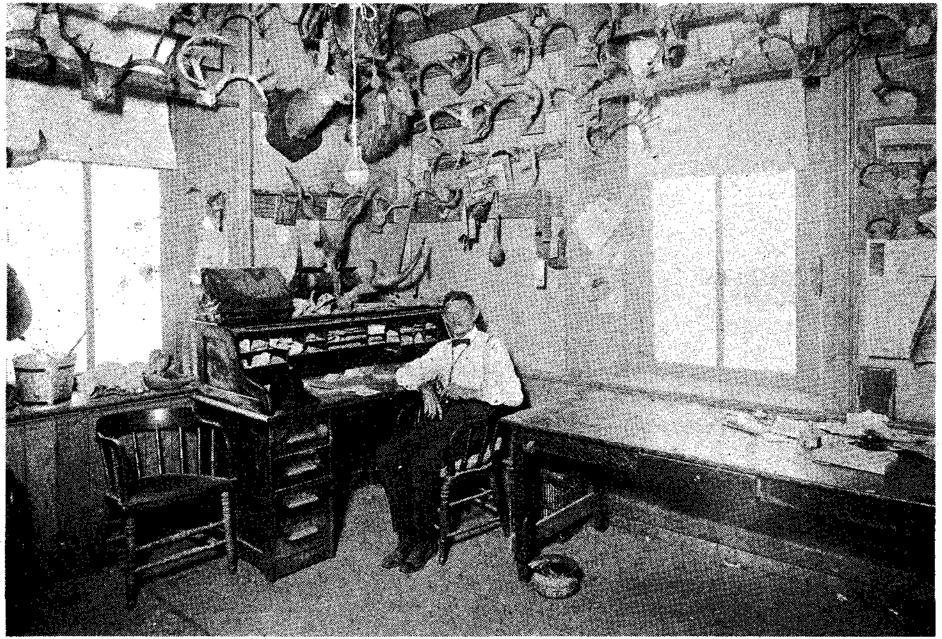

Banister in his Coleman County sheriff's office, some years after his river riding days.

Texas side of the river yell, "Get away from there!" They had seen a movement in the brush to the south.

Simultaneously, rifles spoke from a dense mesquite thicket on the Mexican side of the river. A bullet struck a limb next to Sheriff Chastain's head. The lawmen withdrew, leaving the bandit lying in the drift. With their small force it would have been virtually impossible to remove the body; besides, it was a long way to a Justice of the Peace.

The posse exercised extreme care in leaving the scene of the gun battle. They made a long detour north over rough mountains and deep canyons. Along the way, Banister and Sheriff Chastain tied their mounts in the brush and climbed to the top of a mountain. Using field glasses they counted twelve Mexicans dismounted and lined up facing the trail that the Texans ordinarily would have taken. All had guns in their hands. Numerous other Mexicans could be seen scattered out in the prickly pear and rocks. They were "Red-flaggers." The now dead Lina Baisa, with Manuel and Chico Cana still at large, were their leaders. The outlaws were thirsting for revenge.

Banister, Sheriff Chastain, and Joe Sitter finally reached Valentine, from where the sortie had originally begun. Chief Cattle Inspector Banister returned to his home in Santa Anna, and in his official report recommended that a force of not less than ten Rangers be sent to the troubled area along the Rio Grande.

About the same time a report filtered up from Mexico telling of the death of Chico Cana at the hands of the Federals. This, coupled with the killing of Lina Baisa, most feared outlaw of them all, took some of the pressure off the border country.

John R. Banister served as a lawman for forty-two years in a part of Texas that was slow to tame. If he was ever scared I never heard of it. He was my grandfather.

Massacre of 1862

(Continued from page 16)

one to cut wood, bring water, etc., and set at once to work and prepared supper. Lonsman had not tasted a mouthful all day and was hungry, and he ate heartily and then went to bed, lying down on a buffalo robe, and went to sleep. After a hearty breakfast the next morning, the old woman gave him the ax and told him to chop some wood in the timber just back of the lodge, which was at one end of the camp. While at work there was quite a stir at the other end of the camp—great excitement and everybody running until not a soul was left in his immediate neighborhood. Lonsman dropped the ax and ran into the woods and made good his escape.

The excitement was caused by a white boy being stoned, clubbed, and beaten to death and shot with arrows by Indian boys. Lonsman says he went back to the old home that we had left so suddenly the day before and killed a pig, threw it on his back, and walked to Henderson, a distance of some sixty miles.

As soon as we got into the house the good Indian woman hurried us upstairs out of the way and got something to eat for us. We had not eaten a mouthful all day, and the children particularly were overjoyed when supper was announced, after which, and as soon as we had donned the Indian dress (the leggin's and blankets) which had been given to Angus and me, two of Little Crow's head warriors, who happened in, advised Mother to send her sons to the chief's camp.

Fearing treachery, she at first demurred, but finally consented, and Angus and I and the two Indians started for Little Crow's camp, three or four miles down the river. Our mission was to call upon the chief and deliver to him a message from Mother. The mission was a delicate one, for we did not know what would be our fate, Little Crow being regarded as a very dangerous man. We arrived at the camp some time after dark. It was all excitement—singing, dancing, shouting, yelling, and beating of the tom-tom. We walked through the crowd and into the chief's house unnoticed by the rabble. Little Crow was in his own house, and the great camp was pitched around it—numbering some 250 or 300 lodges.

We found the chief at home with his three Indian wives and five white women that he was keeping. He greeted us very cordially and at once asked about Mother, and gave us a blanket apiece and told us to go after her immediately, for he wanted to see that she was properly cared for—made comfortable. He ordered one of his head warriors to return with us.

Of course we were delighted over the success of our mission. Mother was afraid we might be killed, but now we had good news for her. We hurried back and hitched up the oxen, and all got into the wagon and started for Crow's camp. It was now very dark, but we had no difficulty in keeping the road. We were constantly meeting Indians who were returning from the attacks on New Ulm and Fort Ridgely. They would stop and peer at us through the darkness and act threateningly, but after explanation by the warrior who was our guide we would be permitted to pass on.

But on one occasion our lives were in imminent danger. We met a party of drunken Indians who wanted to kill us, and our friend, the warrior guide, interceded and saved our lives. Upon telling them who we were and that Little Crow had sent for Mother and that he would defend his charge with his life, if necessary, they sobered up and let us go.

We finally reached the camp, which was in a perfect uproar as before, and all got out of the wagon and proceeded in Indian file through the camp to the chief's house, which we reached at about ten o'clock at night.

WHEN Mother entered, the chief arose from his couch and stepped up and greeted her very cordially and then handed her a cup of cold water and told her to drink, saying that she was his prisoner now. We were all hurried upstairs and told to remain quiet. The chief gave us robes and blankets and told us to lie down and go to sleep.

He would sneak upstairs and ask Mother in a whisper if she was comfortable, how the children were, etc. He was anxious to get into conversation with her, and finally said to her that he wanted her to know all about the troubles that had so suddenly come upon his people, and he wanted to tell her about it. He said, in substance, that his young men had started to massacre; that he at first opposed the movement with all his might, but when he saw he could not stop it he joined them in their madness against his better judgment, but now did not regret it, and was never more in earnest in his life. That the plan was for the Winnebago Indians to sweep down the Minnesota River from Mankato to St. Paul, the Chippewa Indians down the Mississippi from Crow Wing to St. Paul, and the Lower Sioux down between the two rivers from lower agency through the big woods at St. Paul; that all would

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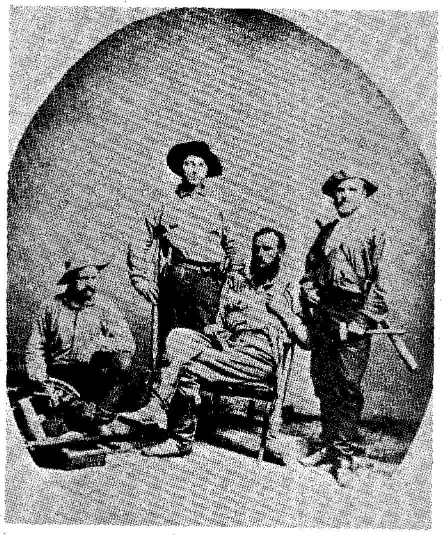

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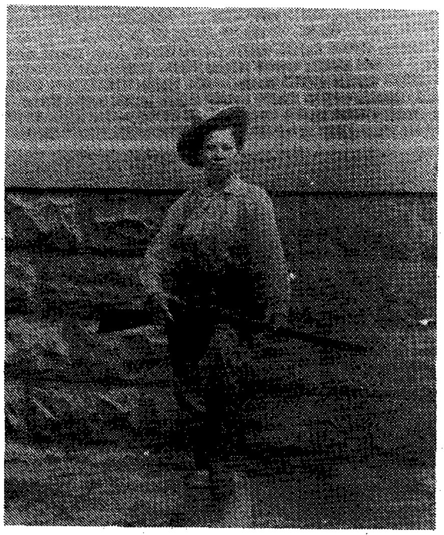

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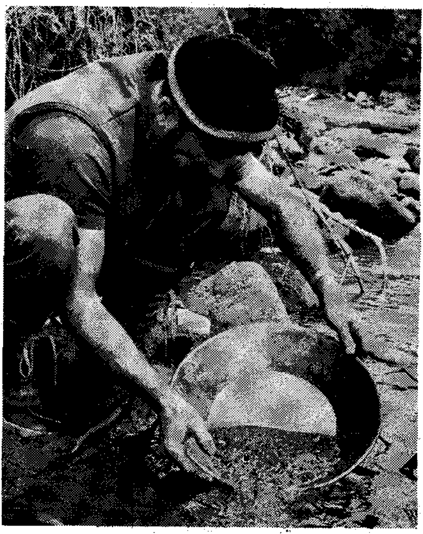

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The chief was very kind to us and assured us that we would not be harmed—that he would take as good care of us as he would if we were members of his own family.

The wily old fellow! He was working for the aid and support of the Upper Sioux. He knew of Mother's influence over Standing Buffalo, Waanatan, Scarlet Plume, Sweet Corn, Red Iron, Ah kee pah, and other influential Sisseton and Wahpeton chiefs. He was afraid, he said once, that he could not keep Blair alive until morning—that the young men outside were blood-thirsty and desperate, and should they learn that a white man was in camp there was no telling what might happen.

The chief got some vermilion and daubed Blair's face with the red paint and gave him a new red Mackanac blanket and a pair of red leggin's and pulled off his own mocassins and put them on Blair's feet, and then cautioned us to remain quiet, as bad Indians were nearby, and then went back downstairs.

About midnight someone came to see Little Crow. He told the chief that it was rumored about camp that a white man and some strangers were in the house; that the warriors, were very angry about it, and he wanted to know if there was any foundation to the rumor. When told that there was and that we were Sisseton mixed bloods and his friends, the man got very angry and insisted that we should all be killed at once. He said that no prisoners ought to be taken—that the Sissetons were a different people and had no claim whatever on the Lower Sioux and the mixed bloods of that tribe are no better than white people, and should be treated the same as the whites.

He wanted Little Crow to call a council at once, but the chief told the man that we were his friends; that Standing Buffalo, Scarlet Plume, Ah kee pah, and Sweet Corn were his friends, and he would protect us; that it was too late for a council that night, and then compelled the man to leave.

As soon as the man had gone away, Little Crow came quietly upstairs and told Mother that he had just had a stormy interview with his (Crow's) private secretary, that the secretary had just left the house in a very angry mood. We had heard through a stovepipe hole all that had been said, so that we were prepared.

Mother and Little Crow talked over the matter, and they both agreed that not only was Blair's life in danger, but the lives of all of us, including that of Little Crow himself. The only hope was to get Blair away—send him off in the dark. My mother and Mrs. Blair resolved to do this. They at once went to work to get him ready. They gave him what crackers they had, and Little Crow gave him a shawl to wrap around his head, and then summoned his head warrior and instructed him to lead Blair downstairs and out through the camp, and down through the woods to the riverbank—a few hundred yards back of the house—and leave him there to make his escape as best he could. Little Crow said to Mrs. Blair: "I have known your mother for many years. She is a good woman, and in sending your husband away I am risking my life for her and for you all tonight. Be brave; your husband shall live."

After a sad farewell, Blair was taken away. He was dressed in full Indian costume.

FORT RIDGELY was but about fifteen miles away, and yet the poor fellow was seven days getting to it. He was a consumptive and could not stand any hardships. He forded the Minnesota River a few minutes after the Indian had left him and crawled into a thicket where he remained until the next night. He then traveled until exhausted from hunger and fatigue. He lay in the tall grass on the flats opposite the lower agency, near the road. Indians on the warpath were constantly passing and he could not go on. Finally becoming crazed with hunger and from sheer desperation, and after five days and six nights of hiding, he got up at daybreak one morning and staggered out to the road and started out for the fort, about ten miles distant, which he reached after the lapse of seven days and eight nights from the time he left Little Crow's house.

The exposure was too much for his naturally weak frame and he kept sinking until February following, when at Henderson with his wife and children around him, death claimed him as a victim.

It has been said that upon Blair's arrival at the fort he was terribly emaciated, weak, and hardly able to walk or to speak; that he could only mutter a few words and that with difficulty and incoherently; that upon [the people's] learning that he was a son-in-law of Major Brown, and because he was dressed in full Indian costume and had his face painted—a la Sioux brave—he was looked upon with suspicion and placed under arrest as a spy; that he was kept in durance vile until the arrival of General Sibley, who ordered his release and severely reprimanded the commanding officer. In justice to Colonel Tom Sheehan, who was then, I believe, the officer in command at the fort, I will say that he denies this story in toto.

We passed a miserable night; did not sleep a wink. We were afraid that we might be attacked and massacred; that we might be at any moment fired upon by the half-crazed Indians outside. The night passed, however, without any attempt to take our lives.

The next morning (Wednesday, the 20th) old Aunt Judy (Hazatonwin), a good old Indian woman whom we had known for many years and who was now the mother-in-law of Little Crow's head warrior, came to the house and took us away. She took us to her daughter's teepee nearby and gave us something to eat. She kept us there and took as good care of us as she could. I shall never forget the crackers and molasses she used to feed us on. We had all we wanted. She would never let us go hungry. She was always asking about our comfort—was afraid mischievous Indians might attempt to scare us or drunken Indians might shoot us. She got her son-in-law to guard us at night.

One evening my sister (Mrs. Blair) had just been frying hard bread or crackers, and had just put away the frying pan half filled with hot grease near the entrance to the lodge, when a drunken Indian came in and squatted there. He made insulting remarks and then turned to go out, and as he did so accidentally placed his hand in the hot pan of grease. With a yell of pain he rushed out and disappeared in the darkness. He never came back.

On Saturday, the 23rd, Ah kee pah arrived from Yellow Medicine. He had heard that Little Crow held us captives, and had come back to take us away—to take us back to Yellow Medicine where our relatives and friends were living. Soon after his arrival one of Little Crow's warriors taunted the Wahpeton chief with cowardice, saying, among other things, that he (Ah kee pah) had not so much as killed one white man—not even a babe.

He stepped in the midst of the crowd that had gathered around him and made a speech that opened their eyes. He declared that there was no bravery in killing helpless men and women and little children, but that it was simply cowardice, and only cowards would boast of it; that if he had found that any of his relatives had been harmed he would have gone about tomahawking the whole camp, "slaughtering the braves (?) like slaughtering a lot of beaver on dry land."

He said: "When the sun arose that was to witness the horrors of an indiscriminate massacre of the whites in the valley of Minnesota, regardless of age or sex, by the Lower Sioux, the upper bands were peacefully attending to their crops on their own reservation or hunting buffalo on the distant prairies. The report of that day's work reached our ears in a more astounding tone than that of the voice of the Great Spirit issuing from the 'dark clouds of the west.'"

THE next morning, on Sunday the 24th, we left Little Crow's camp and started for Yellow Medicine, Ah kee pah putting us all into one wagon and driving, his head soldier, armed to the teeth and on horseback, accompanying us. We were now in the hands of our relatives and friends and felt safe.

Near the Redwood River we saw the dead body of poor George Gleason (whom we had seen but a few days before) lying in the road with a stone embedded in his skull. We saw no other dead bodies near or, in fact, between there and the upper agency. It appears that when Mr. Gleason and Mrs. Wakefield came along they met some Indians, who shot the man and took the woman prisoner.

We reached Yellow Medicine that afternoon and at once moved into one of the vacant agency buildings, the residence of Dr. Wakefield, and remained there until Thursday, the 28th, when Little Crow's whole camp moved up from the lower agency. They passed by and ordered us to follow them, which we did. We moved up and located our camp near a creek west of the Hazlewood mission station, lately vacated by Reverend S. R. Riggs. The Upper Indians made this their camping ground, while the Lower Indians pitched their camp on the opposite side of the creek, the two camps being about a mile apart.

On that day the Government buildings at Yellow Medicine and all the stores and other buildings there were burned and totally destroyed by the Indians. Our house followed suit.

In the evening several hundred of Little Crow's warriors came over to our camp on horseback, whooping, yelling, and firing off their guns. They surrounded our camp and ordered the Upper Sioux to move at once to the camp of the Lower Sioux, on the opposite side of the creek, saying that this was the will of the soldier's lodge and must be obeyed; that unless we complied instanter our lodges would be cut up and destroyed, and we would be punished severely.

The Upper Sioux protested against this most vigorously. They said plainly that they not only would not comply with the insolent demands of the Lower Sioux, who inaugurated the outbreak and must assume all responsibilities connected with it and who moved into the country of the Upper Sioux without invitation, but would take up arms against them and die on the spot rather than move into the camp of the insane followers of Little Crow. Bitter wrangling followed, and the visitors finally left with threats of returning in the morning with a larger force and compelling obedience.

The Upper Sioux, immediately upon the departure of the Lower Sioux warriors, sent out runners to the several camps and houses of the farmer Indians nearby and called in the people. In an incredibly short time several hundred half naked and painted Indians came running into camp armed to the teeth with guns, bows and arrows, knives, and pitchforks, ready for a fight. They at once set to work and pitched a large teepee or lodge in the center of the camp, and formed a "soldiers' lodge"—a sort of committee of ways and means composed of warriors from whose decision there is no appeal—and immediately decided upon taking some offensive action—to let Little Crow and his warriors understand once and for all that they would not be permitted to ride roughshod over the whole Sioux nation, and that they were trespassers upon the lands of the Upper Sioux and had better behave themselves or they would be ordered and driven off.

This was the nucleus of the friendly camp that was afterwards so instrumental in saving the lives of the captives.

ON the next morning, the 29th, the lower Indians, some 300 or 400 half-naked and painted warriors, came again, all on horseback, whooping and yelling as before and surrounded our camp, but on noticing the soldiers' lodge in the center the visitors hastened away. They had evidently come for mischief—to carry out their threats of the day before—but the business appearance of the big lodge in the center opened their eyes and scared them away.

Immediately after they left, the "friendlies" (hereafter I shall call them that instead of Upper Sioux) got their chiefs and warriors together, painted their faces and bodies, took their guns, bows and arrows, and knives, mounted their horses, and proceeded to the camp of the Lower Sioux. They were going to demand all the property in the hands of Little Crow and his people belonging to the Sisseton and Wahpeton mixed bloods. The Lower Sioux had cattle, horses, wagon, carriages, and other property belonging to my mother, and I was taken along to identify them.

There were 75 or 100 in the party, and all went singing, shouting, yelling, and firing guns. We entered the camp amid great excitement and proceeded direct to the soldiers' lodge, pitched on a mound in the center of the camp. We rode up to within about fifty feet of the lodge and surrounded it, and then dismounted and held our horses by the bridle bits while Little Paul, the spokeman for the friendlies, stepped to the front and delivered a speech, in which he demanded the property.

There were upward of 100 of the chiefs and warriors of the hostiles (hereafter I shall call them that instead of the Lower Sioux) lounging about in and around the big lodge. They were savage-looking fellows, but that fact did not deter Little Paul from expressing himself without any fear whatever. Objections to the demand were at once interposed and bitter wrangling followed, and for a time the interview seriously threatened a bloody termination. The demands were, however, finally acceded to, after finding that the friendlies were determined to have their own way.

The hostiles suggested that we should go through the camp and hunt up our property. We did so, and discovered a horse belonging to my mother standing near a lodge, tied to a wagon. I pointed it out, and the party went up to take it when an Indian rushed out of the lodge and ordered us not to touch the animal. The friendlies said they must have it, and one of them went toward the horse. The hostile drew a bow from its quiver and quickly fixed an arrow in it and vowed he would pierce it through and kill it on the spot rather than let it go. The friendlies told him that we were warriors and belonged to the soldiers' lodge and must not be fooled with, and one of them dismounted and ran up to the horse, cut the rope or halter with which it was tied, and led it away, the hostile not daring to make good his threat.

It looked serious for a few moments. If the hostile had shot the horse, the friendlies would surely have shot him to pieces, and there is no telling where the troubles would have ended.

The fate of the captives hung on a very slender thread. When the hostile was told we were warriors and belonged to the soldiers' lodge and must not be fooled with, he pointed to me and sneeringly remarked: "Is he not a captive? You must be hard up for warriors."

We next went where our carriage stood and took that away, and then to another place and secured another one of Mother's horses. We then went singing and whooping and firing off guns back to our camp. Here we remained for some days, the friendlies and hostiles camping apart. But for the dangers braved by

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these friendlies, but for the firm stand taken by them, not a captive would have been saved—all would have been killed, including mixed bloods and "farmer" Indians. As it was, we barely escaped massacre at the hand of the hostiles on any occasion.

The Indians are fond of telling of their adventures, their exploits on the warpath. It is sickening to hear them boast of their devilish deeds. They say it is like play to fight the whites. Little Crow, who comes whenever he can to chat with Mother, remarked one day that since the second attack on Fort Ridgely he had been suffering with a headache.

"What gave you the headache? Were you scared so much as that?" she asked.

"Why," says he, laughing, "I was lying on the brow of a hill near the fort taking a nap when we were teasing the whites, shooting them through the windows of the fort, and hearing them scream and cry like babies. I lay with my head on a huge rock for a pillow, and hearing the boom of a big gun I woke suddenly and peered over the rock to see what was the matter, and saw a cannon ball coming. I quickly dodged and struck my head on the rock, and have had a pain ever since.

"But seriously," he went on, "I am worried—ammunition is giving out. We could, of course, use clubs, sticks, and stones, and drive the whites out of the country, but they are numerous, like the grass on the prairies—that would take a long time." (These boasts were made to keep up the courage of the young men.)

On Saturday, the 6th of September, Scarlet Plume, a leading Sisseton chief, arrived from his camp at the head of Lake Traverse. He assured Mother that she would not be detained as captive much longer; that as soon as the Sissetons returned to their planting grounds on Lake Traverse from their buffalo hunt on the plains northwest of there they would come down in a body and take us away by force, if necessary, and deliver us over to the whites.

I witnessed a singular spectacle one day. One of Little Crow's warriors swallowed a bird whole, feathers and all. The warrior's son, a boy about ten years old, had shot and killed with his bow and arrow a little bird that had been hopping about on the prairie, and brought it home in triumph, when the father, in honor of the feat and as an encouragement for the little warrior to persevere in that line and perform greater deeds, called the crowd together and, taking the bird and dipping it in grease, swallowed it and then smacked his lips with gusto and relish.

ON Monday, the 8th, the camp criers of both camps went around telling the people to break camp the next morning and proceed up the river. We had camped here since the 28th of August. Very early Tuesday morning, the 9th, both camps broke up and started, making a train five or six miles long, and arrived at Red Iron's village that afternoon.

When we approached the village, which was afterwards known as Camp Release, Chief Red Iron and his warriors came out to meet us, and there came very near being a serious row between the Red Iron faction of the Upper Sioux and Little Crow's people. The former came up whooping and yelling and firing off guns and ordering the latter to halt. They were told to proceed no farther into the Sisseton country, saying, "You commenced the outbreak, and must do the fighting in your country. We do not want you here to excite our young men and get us into trouble," and so the whole train stopped and went into camp.

The Robertson boys, whom the friendlies had dispatched to the fort on a mission of peace a few days before, returned today and we were informed the father was sick there, suffering from a gunshot wound received in the battle of Birch Coulee.

The afternoon was lively. No sooner were the camps pitched than dancing and feasting commenced. Some rode about on horseback singing war songs. Charley Crawford, with father's uniform on and a prancing steed, made a fine appearance. The dancers had the long red whiskers of a white man dangling from a pole in the center of the ring, around which the half-crazed warriors and their women and girls danced. One after another the half-naked and painted warriors would spring into the ring and make a speech. Each would boast of the exploits, relate his daring deeds; then all would join in a demoniac dance with yells, whoops, and songs and the beating of the tom-tom.

One hideous-looking fellow jumped into the ring and gave the drum a tap with the flat side of his tomahawk, which act was a signal for the drummers to cease beating, and proceeded to narrate his adventures that day. He said he had dispatched three—a man, a woman, and a child—and then proceeded to act out the suffering of his victims. He declared that he had destroyed a whole family, for which he deserved much honor; that he went into a stable and shot a white man in the back and then beat his brains out with the butt of his gun; then rushed into the house, where he found the wife kneading bread; a babe was in a cradle nearby. He grabbed the shrieking woman by the hair of the head and threw her violently against the wall; then took the babe, put it into the bread pan, and shoved it into the hot oven; then turned and shot the woman as she was trying to get up; then set fire to the house and hurried away and joined his comrades.

On Wednesday, the 10th, six of the friendlies, with some captive women and children, started from the fort, but were discovered by some of Little Crow's warriors and brought back. This intensified the feeling of bitterness existing between the opposing factions, and they did not "speak as they pass."

Little Crow was fast losing his hold upon the young men, and this fact worried him greatly, and the old warrior was getting heartily discouraged. He told Mother that he intended to spend the coming winter in the Green Lake region of the big woods and kill as many whites as he could; but if he should get killed himself it would be all right. He did not want to be caught and hung.

Frank Robertson, one of the captives, and I took a long walk on the prairie one day. We wished and wished and wished that this "cruel war was over" and that we were back with the boys at "old Seabury" again.

ON Sunday, the 14th, the friendlies and the hostiles got into a rumpus again. There came near being bloodshed. Ah kee pah's life was threatened. He had refused all along to join in the dances or take part in any demonstration against the whites. His band struck their lodges and moved out and away from the main camp and established one of their own, and declared that they would fight and die like men rather than tamely submit to the insults and indignities heaped upon them by Little Crow's warriors.

On Monday, the 15th, Waanatan, the Charger, an influential chief of the Upper Sioux, arrived from the north. He told Mother that most of his people were out on the buffalo ranges, and he had brought but few of his warriors with him and did not expect to accomplish much. His mission was, he said, principally to consult with Little Crow about the captives and to suggest that they be released and sent to the fort (Ridgely), at least such of them as were taken on or in the vicinity of the upper reservation; also to demand the restoration of such goods, provisions, and other articles as the hostiles took from the Government supply house and traders at Yellow Medicine.

On Thursday, the 18th, the friendlies met in council for the purpose of taking some action toward rescuing the captors and delivering them over to Colonel Sibley. Some favored taking our family alone to the fort on the ground that it would not be practicable to include all the captives; that to include them all would excite bitter opposition on the part of the hostiles, who outnumbered the friendlies five to one, and might result in a general massacre and the death of every captive in camp. Little Paul and others, however, opposed this plan, saying that no distinction should be made between the captives; that to take one family only would endanger the lives of those left behind; that all should be taken from the hostiles and delivered over to the whites at once; that with proper management and pluck and earnestness on the part of the friendlies the hostiles would quail and every captive could be taken away and delivered over to their friends; but the idea was dropped for the time being, the council concluding that the time was not yet ripe for any open action in behalf of the captives. They all came and danced around our lodge that night. This was done as a mark of respect for Mother.

Waanatan told my mother that he was going to start back north and would return in fifteen days with all his warriors and take us away, by force, if necessary, and deliver us to Colonel Sibley.

On Friday, the 19th, the hostiles and the friendlies quarreled and came near fighting. The quarrel was ostensibly over the division of the plunder, but really over the captives. The latter wanted to take all the captives away and deliver them to the whites at the fort, while the hostiles wanted to massacre the whole outfit. The quarrel got very hot—threats made and guns fired; tomahawks were shaken at us, and our situation was critical indeed. Poor Mother! She cried all day; she tried to hide her feelings and the danger that confronted us, but we knew it all and felt anxious for her.

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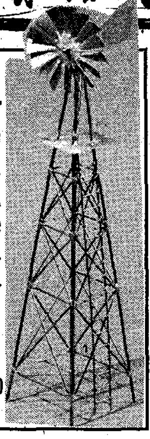

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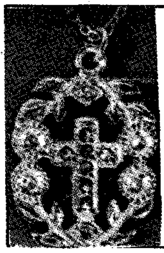

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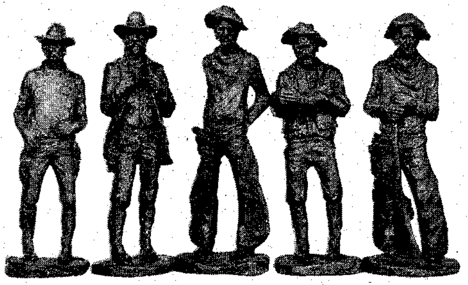

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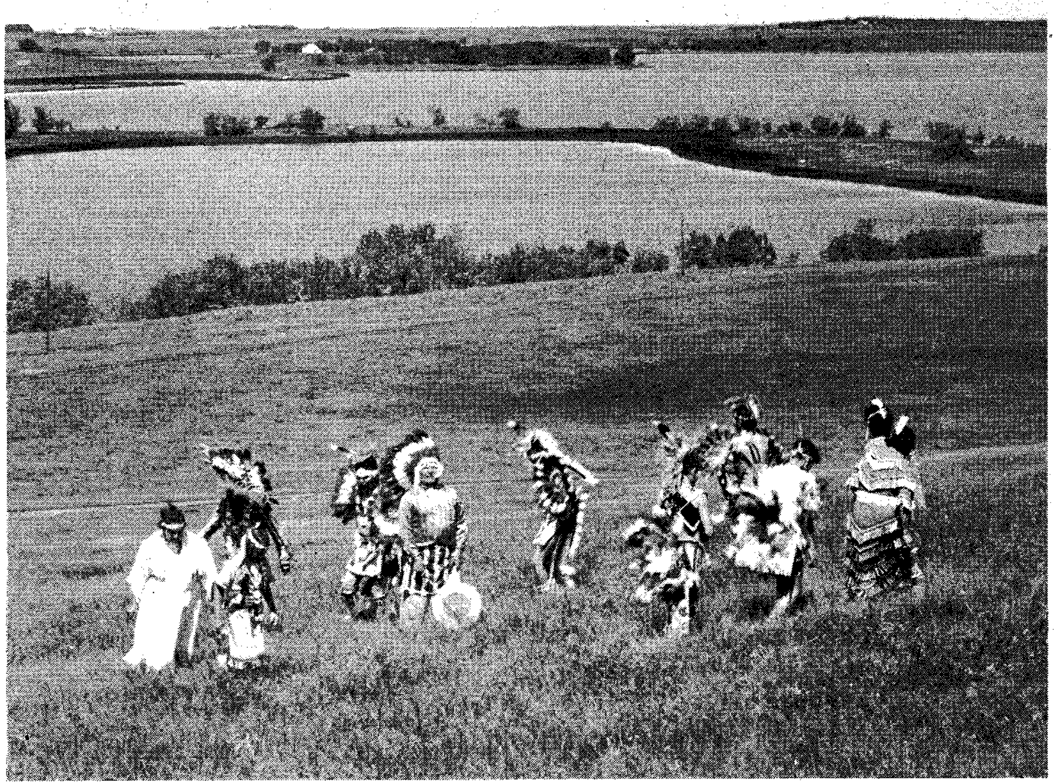

Sioux from Sisseton Reservation taking part in the July 1963 celebration on Squaw Hill.

The day was a most sad and gloomy one for us. Night came, but we could not sleep.

Lame Jim's son came to our lodge with his gun and tenderly cared for us during the night. He vowed he would shoot the first man that undertook to harm us in any way. Saturday, the 20th, was another bad day for the captives. My brother and I, and all who were kept advised of the situation of things, sat up with others of our friends to watch for prowling Indians. Faithful Taxunkemaza (Lame Jim's son) with gun in hand walked around our lodge all night long, ready to kill "two at a blow." Lame Jim was a brother of "Old Bets" and was well known in early days in and about St. Paul.

LITTLE CROW was very angry to find that the captives were apprised of his plans to massacre them during the night and that they were prepared to defend themselves. In the morning he threatened our lives—said that the captives must all be killed. He ordered his warriors to massacre us, but no one dared to execute his order—no, not one.

News came that the troops were sighted at the Redwood and that they would reach the Yellow Medicine bottom about Sunday, the 21st. The Soldiers' Lodge (from whose decision there was no appeal) had solemnly decreed to attack the troops there and to slaughter them—wipe the white marauders from the face of the earth. Little Crow wanted the Sissetons to go along—take teams and help haul away the plunder. But they refused, saying they did not care to be mixed up in the quarrel.

On Monday morning, the 22nd, Little Crow's camp crier went around saying that the Soldiers' Lodge had decreed that every man in camp must go at once to Yellow Medicine and meet the troops; that anyone bringing in the scalp of Sibley, Brown, Forbes, Roberts, or Myrick, or the American flag, would receive as a present from the tribe all the wampum beads in camp and be showered with all the honors within the gift of the people, and be thereafter looked up to as the hero and chief warrior of the tribe.

In the afternoon of that day there was nobody left in camp but old men and boys and old women and girls, and most of the captives. As we were told by the friendlies to be prepared to defend ourselves against the hostiles upon their return from Yellow Medicine, we immediately set to work digging holes in the center of the lodges big enough for the women and children to get into, and ditches outside and around for the men.

On Tuesday, the 23rd, the Indians returned from Wood Lake. They had met the troops there instead of at Yellow Medicine and been most beautifully thrashed that day. Little Crow was despondent. He was almost heartbroken. He stepped outside his lodge and spoke to the people. He told them that he was ashamed to call himself a Sioux. "Seven hundred picked warriors whipped by the cowardly whites," he said. "Better run away and scatter out over the plains like buffalo and wolves. To be sure," he went on, "the whites had big guns and better arms than the Indians and outnumbered us four or five to one, but that is no reason we should not have whipped them, for we are brave men while they are cowardly women. I cannot account for the disgraceful defeat. It must be the work of traitors in our midst"—meaning the friendlies.

There were 738 Indians on the battleground at Wood Lake, and the actual number was ascertained in this way: At the crossing of a creek near Dr. Williamson's mission house two trusty warriors were stationed on the road leading to the battleground. As each brave passed he handed to the warriors a stick. When all had reached Yellow Medicine bottoms, a few miles from where the battle took place, these sticks were counted and found to number 738. Little Crow told Mother this in my presence.

On Wednesday, the 24th, Little Crow called all his warriors together and told them to pack up and leave for the plains and save the women and children; the troops would soon be upon them and no time should be lost. "But," he said, "the captives must all be killed before we leave. They seek to defy us," he went on, "and dug trenches while we were away. They must die."

The camp of the friendlies, where trenches were dug and earthworks thrown up and where the captives had been secreted, was pitched a little way from the main or hostile camp, and was rapidly increasing in numbers so that the captives felt comparatively safe. Indeed, when the friendlies had threatened to take Little Crow and his whole camp and turn them over to the troops and several hundred of the hostiles had come over into our camp with their captives and vowed they would stand by us, we simply laughed at Little Crow's bombastic talk.

Upon realizing the condition of things, Little Crow and some two or three hundred of his followers hurriedly fled—"folded their tents and stole quietly away."

ON Friday morning, the 26th, Gabriel Renville, Joseph Lu Tramboise, and two or three other friendlies took, at the risk of their lives, two white captives, a girl and a boy, that were being carried off by a party of nine of the hostiles. This party had been to the big woods in the vicinity of Hutchinson and were on their way back and passing the camp with these captives when intercepted.

About noon the entire camp was all excitement. The troops were approaching. Every man and woman in the camp and every child old enough to toddle about turned out with a flag of truce—every Indian became suddenly good. All were friendly to the whites and anxious to shake hands with Sibley, Brown, Forbes, Robert, and Myrick, the five for whose scalps a reward has been offered. White rags were fastened to the tips of the teepee poles, to wagon wheels, cart wheels, to sticks and poles stuck in the ground, and every conceivable object and in some grotesque manner and ludicrous way.

One Indian who was boiling over with loyalty and love for the white man threw a white blanket on his black horse and tied a bit of white cloth to its tail, and then, that no possible doubt might be raised in his case, he wrapped the American flag around his body and mounted the horse and sat upon him in full view of the troops as they passed by, looking more like a circus clown than a "friendly" Indian.

When the troops suddenly appeared on

an eminence a mile away and there was no doubt that they were coming to our rescue, the captives could hardly restrain themselves. Some cried for joy, some went into fits of hysterics, and some fainted away. It was joyful, yet most sad and gloomy.

No grander sight ever met the eyes of anybody than when the troops marched up with bayonets glistening in the bright noonday sun with colors flying, drums beating, and fifes playing. I shall never forget it while I live. We could hardly realize that our deliverance had come. The troops passed by and pitched their tents a quarter of a mile from us and at once spiked their guns which commanded our camp.

Very soon Colonel Sibley with his staff and bodyguard came over into our camp, and after calling the Indians together made formal demand for the captives, which were readily given up.

Then my father and Major Cullen, Doctor Daniels, and one or two other personal friends came. We went with them to the soldiers' camp and remained there until sent to Henderson a few days subsequently—my father and I only of the family remaining with the expedition.

There were about 150 lodges in the Indian camp at the time of the arrival of the troops. But a few day subsequently the camp had increased to 243 lodges. Some had been captured and brought in, while others came in of their own accord, and including the captives (and exclusive of the soldiers) there were at Camp Release 2,188 souls, as follows: Indians, 1,918; captive white men, 4; captive white women and children, 104; captive mixed bloods, 162.

The names of the four white men who were kept captives by Little Crow were: George Spencer, Peter Romsseau, Louis La Belle, and Peter Rouillard. I mention this to correct the impression that there was but one white man (Spencer) made prisoner by the Indians.

UPON my release from captivity I was at once put upon the United States scout roll and detailed for duty with Major Thomas J. Galbraith, United States Indian agent. I acted as interpreter.

On the 4th of October I was ordered to inform the Indians that such of them as were not required as witnesses in the trial then going on must at once break camp and proceed to Yellow Medicine; that this was rendered necessary on account of the stock of provisions running out, and that I was to go along as interpreter.

We left the camp (Camp Release) the same day under the escort of some soldiers under Captain J. Whitney of the Sixth Regiment Minnesota Volunteers, and proceeded to our destination. The large number of cattle, horses, wagons, carriages, and buggies, and about 1,250 Indians (286 were men, the residue women and children), and about 150 soldiers, with their provisions and baggage wagons, made the train a long one.

At Yellow Medicine, which we reached the same day, the Indians were all put to work digging potatoes and gathering corn. In a week we had filled several root houses and cellars; had housed about 6,000 bushels of potatoes and 1,500 bushels of corn.

While thus engaged and by exercising a justifiable piece of strategy I assisted in causing the arrest and in safely detaining in custody all the Indian men (except 46 who were above suspicion and three or four who had "smelled a mouse" and ran away during the night), and disarmed them and chained them in pairs together—that is, the right leg at the ankle of one was chained to the left leg at the ankle of another.

This successful and justifiable piece of strategy, which took place at the Government warehouse, built by my father when he was agent a few years before—a large two-story building, fifty feet long, which the hostiles had burned and destroyed when they passed on the 28th of August, but the walls of which were still standing—was accomplished in the following manner. About a hundred yards from this building the soldiers had pitched their tents, while the Indians camped under the hill along the Yellow Medicine Creek, a half or three-quarters of a mile distant. I was ordered one day to proceed to the camp and inform the Indians that the annuity roll was to be prepared the next morning and that they must all come at an early hour and present themselves to the agent at the warehouse and be "counted."

They were delighted to learn that they were at last to get their money. The annuity payment for that year had not yet been made, and this ruse worked like a charm.

About 8 o'clock the next morning the Indians flocked to the warehouse anxious to be "counted." Major Galbraith, Captain Whitney, and two of three "clerks" were found seated at a table behind one end of the building with pens, ink, paper, etc., hard at work on the "rolls," while one of the officers and myself were stationed in a doorway at the opposite and further end. As each family would step up to the table one of the "clerks" would rise and count or number them with a flourish and motioning for them to pass on, a soldier would step up and escort the Indians to the other end of the building where I was stationed. As they reached the farther end and turned the corner and came in front of the doorway, I would tell the men to step inside and allow the women and children to pass on to the camp, telling them, as I was instructed to do, that the men as heads of families must be counted separately, as it was thought the Government would pay them extra.

I would then take their guns, tomahawks, scalping knives, etc., and throw them into barrels, telling them they would be returned shortly. In this way we succeeded in arresting and safely detaining in custody 234 of Little Crow's fiercest warriors. And since the Indian men outnumbered the soldiers two to one, and were fully as well armed, I think that in this case "the end justified the means."

In the evening of that day, and before the Indians were put in irons, one of them broke from the guard and escaped to the camp, where he was captured by the friendlies and brought back.

We remained at Yellow Medicine until

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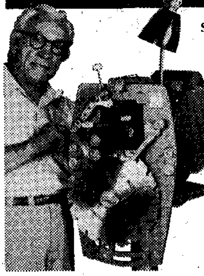

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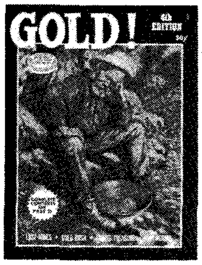

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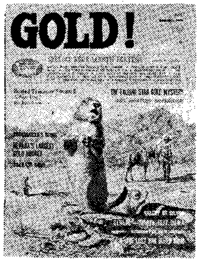

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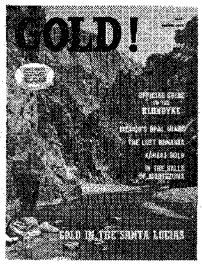

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CITY________________ STATE____________ ZIP________ the 12th, when we left for the lower agency, arriving there on the 15th—the entire expedition from Camp Release arriving at the same time.

Here we remained for upwards of three weeks, the time being consumed in the trial of the indicted Indians.

ON the 9th of November the uncondemned Indians and their wives and families and the wives and families of the condemned and absent Indians, numbering in all 1,658 souls, were started off for Fort Snelling, Lieutenant-Colonel Marshall of the Seventh Regiment Minnesota Volunteers, with an escort of three companies of soldiers, being in command.

At the same time 392 condemned Indian men and 17 Indian women as cooks, laundresses, etc., 4 papooses, and 4 of the friendlies as assistants in the care of the prisoners were started off for Mankato, making 417 in all, Colonel Sibley and the main portion of the expedition and Major Brown, superintendent in charge of the Indian prisoners, accompanying these.

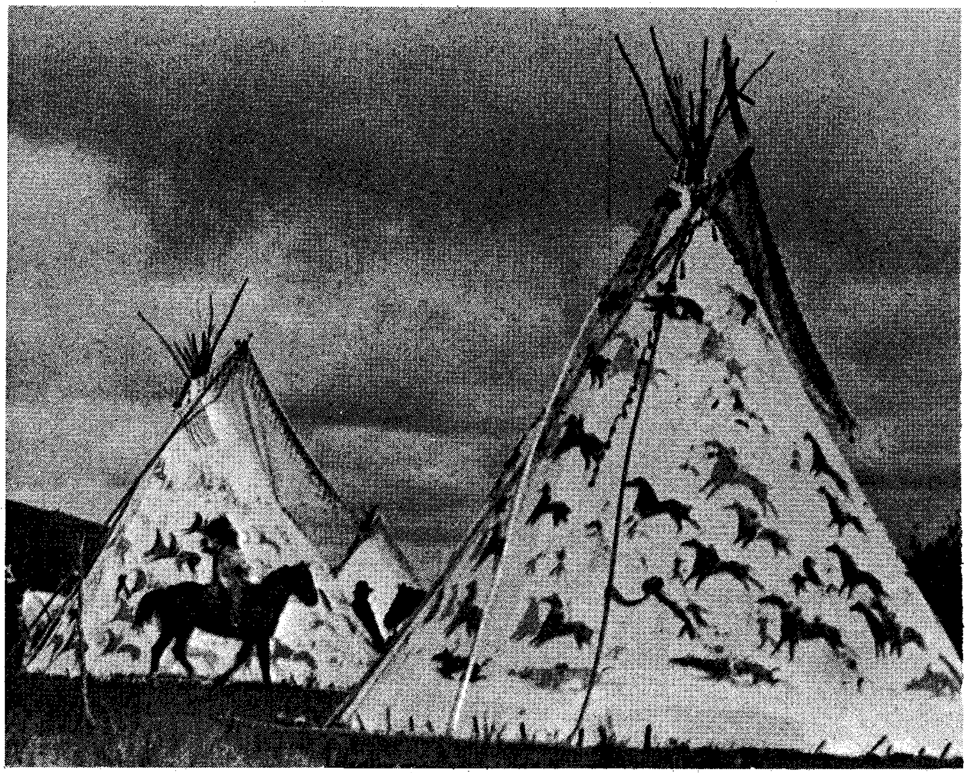
I went along with Colonel Marshall's detachment, the train measuring about four miles in length. At Henderson, which we reached on the 11th, we found the streets crowded with an angry and excited populace, cursing, shouting, and crying. Men, women, and children, armed with guns, knives, clubs, and stones, rushed upon the Indians as the train was passing by and, before the soldiers could interfere and stop them, succeeded in pulling many of the old men and women, and even children, from the wagons by the hair of the head and beating them, and otherwise inflicting injury upon the helpless and miserable creatures.

I saw an enraged white woman rush up to one of the wagons and snatch a nursing babe from its mother's breast and dash it violently upon the ground. The soldiers instantly seized her and led, or rather dragged, the woman away and restored the papoose to its mother, limp and almost dead. Although the child was not killed outright it died a few hours later. The body was quietly laid away in the crotch of a tree a few miles below Henderson and not far from Faxon. I witnessed the ceremony, which was, perhaps, the last of the kind within the limits of Minnesota—that is, the last Sioux Indian "buried" according to one of the oldest and most cherished customs of the tribe.

And here my thoughts reverted to the case of the Indian brave at the dance who boasted that he had roasted a babe in the oven, and I contrasted it with the case before me. An uncivilized heathen in the one case, and a civilized Christian white woman in the other!

There was another incident that took place at Henderson which is worth mentioning. I refer to a brave and noble act by one of the bravest and noblest of men—Lieutenant-Colonel Marshall, afterwards governor of Minnesota.

While the train was passing through the town one of the citizens, with blood in his eyes and half-crazed with drink, rushed up with a gun leveled at Charles Crawford, one of the friendlies, and was about to fire, when "the bold charger of the plains," Lieutenant-Colonel Marshall, who happened along on horseback, rushed between them and struck down the gun with his sabre and got Crawford out of the way, thus saving a life at the risk of his own.


A closeup of Sioux teepee from the *Fiske Collection.*

Prior to the outbreak my father was a major-general of the State Militia and had a uniform of that rank in his house at the time it was ransacked and plundered by the Indians. Crawford secured this and wore it in camp, at dances, feasts, etc. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man, a good rider and fine figure on horseback, and having pants with stripes down the legs, a coat with epaulettes, a cocked hat, sash, sword, spurs, and a prancing steed, he was a noticeable figure at all gatherings. The captives noticing this, and not knowing it was done for their benefit, naturally supposed he was a hostile of the worst kind, and hence the feeling against him.

As the records of the military commission that tried the Indians—of which Governor Marshall was a member—shows that Crawford was brought before it twice and underwent a most searching examination each time and was adjudged "not guilty" on every charge, there ought to be no doubt of the man's innocence. Crawford rendered valuable service in the war following the outbreak, and later became pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Goodwill, South Dakota.

ON the 14th we reached Fort Snelling and placed the Indians in camp. Here most of them remained—in charge of the military—until the following spring, when they were turned over to the Interior Department, put into steamboats, and taken down the Mississippi River to the Missouri, and up the latter stream to a point called Fort Usher, or Usher's Landing, but afterwards as Fort Thompson or Crow Creek Agency, Dakota Territory, about 200 miles above Yankton. In 1866 these Indians were removed down the Missouri to a point now known as Santee Agency, Nebraska.

Of the condemned Indians sent to Mankato, 38 were hanged there on the 26th of December, and the residue, except those who died from sickness, remained there until the following spring, when they too were dumped into a steamboat and taken down the river to a military prison near Davenport, Iowa, where the most of them remained in durance vile until 1866, when they were released and returned to their friends and relatives on the Missouri.

Explanatory—Earlier in this account in defining the relations of the Upper and Lower Sioux tribes, it was stated that 17 of the former 286 of the latter were condemned to death. This was the finding of the court, as we understand it, afterwards modified by President Lincoln's review and decree; but Mr. Brown wishes the words "or imprisonment" added, which would correctly read "condemned to death or imprisonment." Of the Indians hung at Mankato two belonged to the upper bands and thirty-six to the lower bands. In addition, Little Six and Medicine Bottle were hanged at Fort Snelling in 1863 or 1864, and John Campbell at Mankato in 1865, making in all thirty-nine of the lower bands hung during the Indian war which commenced August 18, 1862, and ended June 1, 1866, according to official records. Inquiry has also been made as to the fate of Standing Buffalo. He was killed in a fight with the Crow Indians, Mr. Brown thinks, in 1866. "He was always a friend of the whites—loyal to the last—a truly good Indian."

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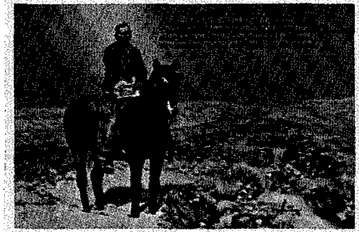
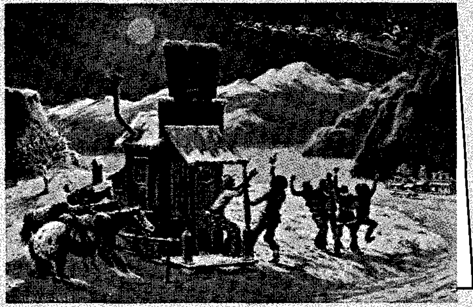
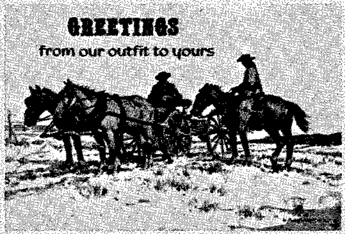


1025 A Cowboy's Prayer — May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you, etc. — **Snidow**



1008 A Toast to Santa — He sails thru the moonlit heavens to bring us joy . . . Merry Christmas — **Mitchell**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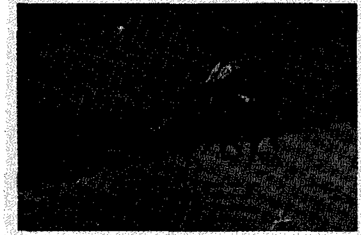
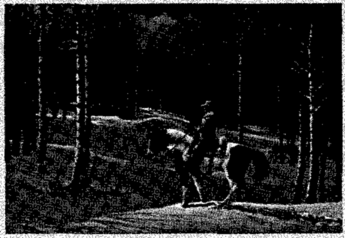
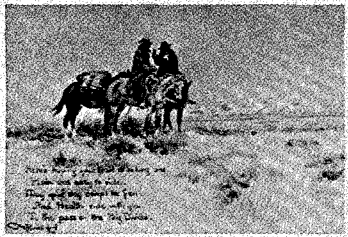


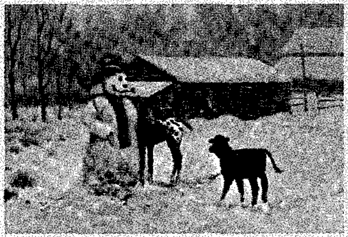
T920 "The Star of Christmas" — Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year — **Snidow**



1006 A Cowboy's Christmas Carol — Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year — **Shaddix**

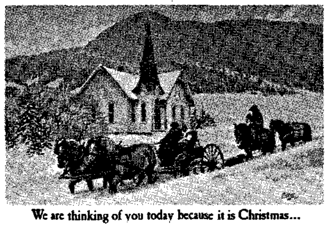


T200 "Hoping your trail is a long one" — Merry Christmas! Good friends, good times, etc. — **Russell**

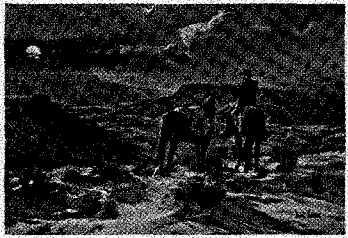


1016 Playmates — It's Christmas again! May yours be a joyful one and your New Year happy! — **Bender**

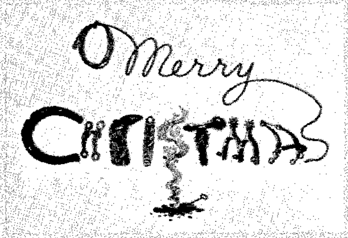
T907 "Happy Tracks" — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Christoffersen**


We are thinking of you today because it is Christmas...

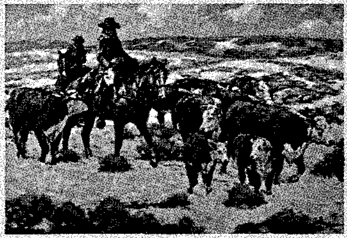
1020 "The Spirit of Christmas" — We are thinking of you today because it is Christmas, etc. — **Lougheed**



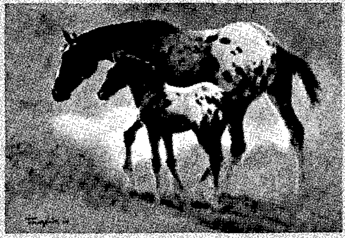
1018 Brotherhood of Man — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Sanders**



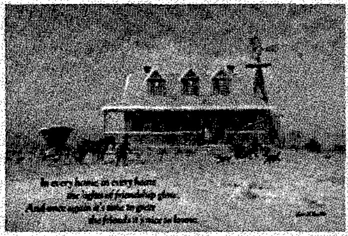
1039 Merry Christmas — It's roundup time out in the West of wishes warm and true, etc. — **Lorenz**



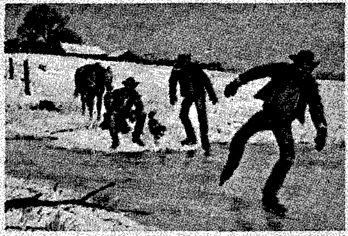
1015 A Cowboy's Good Feelin's — Peace and Good Will at Christmas, etc. — **Salisbury**



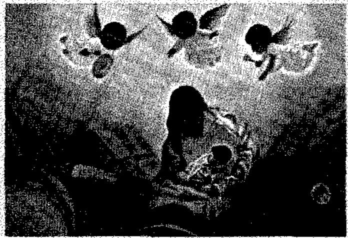
1246 "The wonder of Christmas" — May its light shine upon your pathway and bless you, etc. — **Touraine**



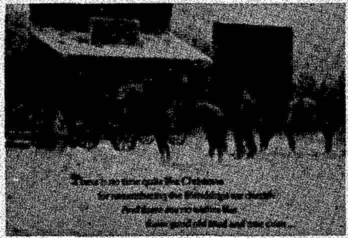
1003 "It's time to greet the friends it's nice to know" — Merry Christmas — **Smith**



1007 Sea Legs — Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year — **Bryers**



T107 Tidings of Great Joy — May the love that is all around us at Christmas time, etc. — **EchoHawk**



1024 "Remembering friendships we cherish" — Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year — **Harvey**

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NAME AND BRAND	6.00	8.25	10.90	13.50	18.25	22.50	27.00	31.50	40.50	58.50	93.00
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